

H Y M N S

A N D

Sacred Poems.

Mat.

B Y

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A N D

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Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in You richly in all
Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another,
in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing
with Grace in your Hearts to the LORD.

Col. iii. 16.

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M. DCC. XLIII.

Come O'er my one th
draw nigh, tis god
in with the fallen race
mercy and grace
salvation. buy own
and milk goat begin
cattle

112-131

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Mrs. ~~Franklin~~ Hamilton

The P R E F A C E.

1. **S**OME Verses, it may be observ'd, in the following Collection, were wrote upon the Scheme of the Mystick Divines. And these 'tis own'd, we had once in great Veneration, as the best Explainers of the Gospel of CHRIST. But we are now convinced that we therein greatly err'd; not knowing the Scriptures, neither the Power of GOD. And because this is an Error which many serious Minds are sooner or later exposed to, and which indeed most easily besets those, who seek the LORD JESUS in Sincerity; we believe ourselves indispensibly obliged, in the Presence of GOD and Angels, and Men, to declare wherein we apprehend those Writers, Not to teach the Truth as it is in JESUS.

2. And first, we apprehend them to lay Another Foundation. They are careful indeed to pull down our own Works, and to prove, that by the DEEDS of the Law shall no Flesh be justified. But why is this? Only, to establish our own Righteousnes in the Place of our own Works. They speak largely and well, against expecting to be accepted of GOD for our Virtuous Actions: And then teach, That we are to be accepted, For our Virtuous Habits or Tempers. Still the Ground of our Acceptance is placed in ourselves. The Difference is only this: Common Writers suppose we are to be justified, for the Sake of our Outward Righteousness. These suppose we are to be justified, for the Sake of our Inward Righteousnes: Whereas in Truth, we are no more justified, for the Sake of one than of the other. For neither our own Inward nor Outward Righteousness, is the Ground of our Justification. Holiness of Heart, as well as Holiness of Life, is not the Cause, but the Effect of it. The Sole Cause of our Acceptance with GOD (or, That for the Sake of which, on the Account of which we are accepted) is the

Righteousness and the Death of CHRIST, who fulfilled GOD's Law, and died in our Stead. And even the Condition of it, is not (as they suppose) our Holiness either of Heart or Life: But our FAITH ALONE; Faith contradicting'd from Holiness as well as from Good Works. Other Foundation therefore can no Man lay, without being an Adversary to CHRIST and his Gospel, than FAITH ALONE, Faith, though necessarily producing both, yet not including either Good Works, or Holiness.

3. But supposing them to have laid the Foundation right, the Manner of building thereon which they advise, is quite opposite to that prescribed by CHRIST. He commands to build up one another. They advise, "To the Desert, to the Desert, and GOD will build you up." Numberless are the Commendations that occur in all their Writings, not of Retirement intermix'd with Conversation, but of an entire Seclusion from Men, (perhaps for Months or Years) in order to purify the Soul. Whereas, according to the Judgment of our Lord, and the Writings of his Apostles, it is only when we are knit together, that we have Nourishment from Him, and increase with the Increase of GOD. Neither is there any time, when the weakest Member can say to the strongest, or the strongest to the weakest, "I have no Need of Thee." Accordingly our Blessed Lord, when his Disciples were in their weakest State, sent them forth, not alone, but Two by Two. When they were strengthen'd a little, not by Solitude, but by abiding with him and one another, he commanded them to wait, not separate but being assembled together, for the Promise of the Father. And they were all with one Accord in one Place, when they received the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Express mention is made in the same Chapter, that when there were added unto them Three Thousand Souls, all that believed were together, and continued stedfastly not only in the Apostles

postles Doctrine but also in Fellowship and in breaking of Bread and in praying with one Accord. Agreeable to which is the Account the Great Apostle gives of the Manner which he had been taught of GOD, for the perfecting of the Saints, for the edifying of the Body of CHRIST, even to the End of the World. And according to St. Paul, all who will ever come, in the Unity of the Faith, unto a perfect Man, unto the Measure of the Stature of the Fulness of CHRIST, must together grow up into Him: From whom the whole Body fitly join'd together and compacted (or strengthen'd) by that which every Joint supplieth, according to the effectual Working in the Measure of every Part, maketh Increase of the Body, unto the Edifying of itself in Love. *Epheſians iv. 15, 16.*

4. So widely distant is the Manner of Building up Souls in CHRIST taught by St. Paul, from that taught by the Mysticks! Nor do they differ as to the Foundation, or the Manner of Building thereon, more than they do with Regard to the Superstructure. For the Religion these Authors wou'd edify us in, is Solitary Religion. If Thou wilt be Perfect, say they, " trouble not thyſelf about Outward Works. It is better to work Virtues in the Will. He hath attained the True Resignation, who hath estranged himself from all Outward Works, that GOD may work inwardly in him, without any turning to Outward Things. These are the true Worshippers, who worship GOD, in Spirit and in Truth." For Contemplation is with them, the fulfilling of the Law, even a Contemplation that " consists in a Ceſſation from all Works."

5. Directly opposite to this is the Gospel of CHRIST. Solitary Religion is not to be found there. " Holy Solitaries" is a Phrase no more conſistent with the Gospel than Holy Adulterers. The Gospel of CHRIST knows of no Religion, but Social; no Holiness but Social Holiness. Faith working by Love, is the Length and Breadth and Depth and Height of Christian Perfection. This Command-

ment have we from CHRIST, that he who love GOD, love his Brother also: *And that we manifest our Love by doing good unto all Men; especially to them that are of the Household of Faith. And in truth, whosoever loveth his Brethren not in Word only, but as CHRIST loved him, cannot but be zealous of Good Works. He feels in his Soul a burning, restless Desire, of spending and being spent for them.* My Father, will be say, worketh hitherto and I work. *And at all possible Opportunities, he is, like his Master, going about doing good.*

6. *This then is the Way: Walk Ye in it, whosoever Ye are that have believed in his Name. Ye know, Other Foundation can no Man lay, than that which is laid, even JESUS CHRIST. Ye feel that by Grace Ye are saved thro' Faith; saved from Sin, by CHRIST form'd in your Hearts, and from Fear, by his Spirit bearing Witness with your Spirit, that Ye are the Sons of GOD. Ye are taught of GOD, not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together, as the Manner of some is; but to instruct, admonish, exhort, reprove, comfort, confirm and every Way build up one another. Ye have an Unction from the Holy One, that teacheth you to renounce any other or higher Perfection, than Faith working by Love, Faith zealous of Good Works, Faith as it hath Opportunity doing good unto all Men. As Ye have therefore received JESUS CHRIST the LORD, so Walk ye in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and establish'd in the Faith and abounding therein more and more. Only, beware lest any Man spoil you thro' Philosophy and vain Deceit, after the Tradition of Men, after the Rudiments of the World, and not after CHRIST. For Ye are complete in Him. He is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, the First and the Last. Only continue in Him, grounded and settled and be not moved away from the Hope of the Gospel: And when CHRIST, who is our Life shall appear, then shall Ye also appear with Him in Glory!*

HYMNS

HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS.

PART I.

EUPOLIS' *Hymn to the Creator.*

From the Greek.

UTHOR of Being, Source of Light,
With unsading Beauties bright,
A Fulness, Goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair Orb without a Bound:
Whether Thee Thy Suppliants call
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
Ei, or *Iao*; Thee we hail
Essence that can never fail,
Grecian or Barbaric Name,
Thy stedfast Being still the same.

Thee, when Morning greets the Skies
With rosy Cheeks and humid Eyes;
Thee, when sweet-declining Day
Sinks in purple Waves away;
Thee will I sing, O Parent *Jove*,
And teach the World to praise and love.

Yonder azure Vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid Sky,
Earth on its firm Basis plac'd,
And with circling Waves embrac'd,
All Creating Pow'r confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.

Thou

2. HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Thou shak'st all Nature with thy Nod,
Sea, Earth, and Air confess the GOD:
Yet does Thy pow'rful Hand sustain
Both Earth and Heaven, both Firm and Main.

Scarce can our daring Thought arise
To thy Pavilion in the Skies;
Nor can *Plato's* self declare
The Bliss, the Joy, the Rapture there.
Barren above Thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious Train,
The Sons of GOD, the Sons of Light,
Ever joying in Thy Sight:
(For Thee their silver Harps are strung.)
Ever beauteous, ever young,
Angelic Forms their Voices raise,
And thro' Heav'n's Arch resound Thy Praise.

The Feather'd Souls that swim the Air,
And bathe in liquid Ether there,
The Lark, Precentor of their Choir
Leading them higher still and higher,
Listen and learn; th' angelic Notes
Repeating in their warbling Throats:
And e're so soft Repose they go,
Teach them to their Lords below:
On the green Turf, their mossy Nest,
The Ev'ning Anthem swells their Breast.
Thus like thy Golden Chain from high,
Thy Praise unites the Earth and Sky.

Source of Light, Thou bidst the Sun
On his burning Axles run;
The Stars like Dust around him fly,
And strew the Area of the Sky.
He drives so swift his Race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So smooth his Course, oblique or strait,
Olympus shakes not with his Weight.

As

As the Queen of solemn Night
Fills at his Vase her Orb of Light,
Imparted Lustre ; Thus we see,
The Solar Virtue shines by Thee.

Firestone we'll no more,
Imaginary Pow'r, adore ;
Since Oil, and Wool, and cheerful Wine,
And Life-sustaining Bread are thine.

Thy Herbage, O Great *Pan*, sustains
The Flocks that graze our *Attic* Plains ;
The Olive, with fresh Verdure crown'd,
Rises pregnant from the Ground ;
At Thy Command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand Blessings brings.

Minerva, only is thy Mind,
Wisdom, and Bounty to Mankind.
The fragrant Theime, the bloomy Rose,
Herb, and Flow'r, and Shrub that grows
On *Theffalian Tempe*'s Plain,
Or where the rich *Sabeans* reign,
That treat the Taste, or Smell, or Sight,
For Food, for Med'cine or Delight ;
Planted by Thy Parent Care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.

O ye Nurfes of soft Dreams,
Reedy Brooks, and winding Streams,
Or murmur'ring o'er the Pebbles sheen,
Or sliding thro' the Meadows green,
Or where thro' matted Sedge you creep,
Travelling to your Parent Deep :
Sound his Praise, by whom you rose,
That Sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal Woods and Groves,
Which the enamour'd Student loves ;
Beneath whose venerable Shade,
For Thought and friendly Converse made,

4. HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Fam'd *Hecadem*, old Hero, lies,
Whose Shrine is shaded from the Skies,
And thro' the Gloom of silent Night
Projects from far its trembling Light;
You, whose Roots descend as low,
As high in Air your Branches grow;
Your leafy Arms to Heav'n extend,
Bend your Heads, in Homage bend:
Cedars, and Pines that wave above,
And the Oak belov'd of *Jove*.

Omen, Monster, Prodigy,
Or nothing are, or *Jove* from Thee!
Whether various Nature play,
Or re-invers'd thy Will obey,
And to Rebel Man declare
Famine, Plague or Wasteful War.
Laugh, ye Profane, who dare despise
The Threatning Vengeance of the Skies,
Whilst the Pious, on his Guard,
Undismay'd is still prepar'd:
Life or Death, his Mind's at rest,
Since what Thou send'st must needs be best.

No Evil can from Thee proceed:
'Tis only suffer'd, not Decreed.
Darknes is not from the Sun,
Nor mount the Shades 'till he is gone:
Then does Night obscene arise
From *Erebus*, and fill the Skies,
Fantastic Forms the Air invade,
Daughters of Nothing and of Shade.

Can we forget Thy Guardian Care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare!
Thou brak'st the haughty *Persian's* Pride,
That dar'd old Ocean's Pow'r deride;
Their Shipwrecks strew'd the *Eubean* Wave,
At *Marathon* they found a Grave.

O ye

O ye blest Greeks who there expir'd,
For Greece with pious Ardour fir'd,
What Shrines or Altars shall we raise
To secure your endless Praife?
Or need we Monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die!

And yet a Greater Hero far
(Unlesis Great Socrates could err)
Shall rise to bleſſe ſome future Day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, Unknown Inſtructor, come!
Our leaping Hearts ſhall make Thee Room:
Thou with Jove our Vows ſhalt ſhare,
Of Jove and Thee We are the Care.

O Father King, whose heav'nly Face
Shines ſerene on All Thy Race,
We Thy Magnificence adore,
And Thy well-known Aid implore:
Nor vainly for Thy Help we call;
Nor can we want: For Thou art All!

S O L I T U D E.

From the Latin.

SO L I T U D E! where ſhall I find
Thee, pleasing to the thoughtful Mind!
Sweet Delights to Thee belong,
Untaſted by the vulgar Throng.
Weary of Vice and Noife I flee,
Sweeteft Comforter, to Thee.
Here the Mild and Holy Dove
Peace inspires, and Joy, and Love.
Thy unmoleſted, ſilent Shade
No tumultuous Sounds invade:
No Stain of Guilt is ſeen in Thee,
To ſoil thy spotleſs Purity.

Here

S

6 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Here the smiling Fields around
Softest Harmony resound.
Here with Angel Quires combin'd,
The Lord of his own peaceful Mind
Glides thro' Life, from Business far,
And noisy Strife, and eating Care.
Here retir'd from Pomp and State
(The envy'd Torment of the Great)
Innocent he leads his Days,
Far from giddy Thirst of Praife.
Here his Accounts with studious Care
Preparing for the last great Bar,
He weeps the Stains of Guilt away,
And ripens for Eternal Day.

Hoarded Wealth desire who please,
Tow'rs and gilded Palaces.
Fraudless Silence may I find,
Solitude and Peace of Mind ;
To all the busy World unknown,
Seen and lov'd by GOD alone.

Ye Rich, ye Learn'd, ye Great, confess
This in Life is Happiness,
To live (unknown to all abroad)
To myself only and my GOD.

The Mystery of Life.

1 **S**O many Years I've seen the Sun,
And call'd these Eyes and Hands my own,
A thousand little Acts I've done,
And Childhood have and Manhood known:
O what is Life! and this dull Round
To tread, why was a Spirit bound?

2 So many airy Draughts and Lines,
And warm Excursions of the Mind,
Have fill'd my Soul with great Designs,
While Practice grovel'd far behind:

O what is Thought! and where withdraw
The Glories which my Fancy saw?

3 So many tender Joys and Woes

Have on my quiv'ring Soul had Pow'r;
Plain Life with height'ning Passions rose,
The Boast or Burden of their Hour:
O what is All we feel! why fled
Those Pains and Pleasures o'er my Head?

4 So many human Souls Divine,

Some at one Interview display'd,
Some oft and freely mixt with mine,
In lasting Bonds my Heart have laid:
O what is Friendship! why imprest
On my weak, wretched, dying Breast?

5 So many wond'rous Gleams of Light,

And gentle Ardors from above,
Have made me fit, like Seraph bright,
Some Moments on a Throne of Love:
O what is Virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a Taste so high?

6 Ere long, when Sov'reign Wisdom wills,

My Soul an unknown Path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This Frame, and waft me to the Dead:
O what is Death?----'tis Life's last Shore,
Where Vanities are vain no more;
Where all Pursuits their Goal obtain,
And Life is all retouch'd again;
Where in their bright Result shall rise
Thoughts, Virtues, Friendships, Griefs and
Joys.

E P I T A P H.

ASK not, who ended here his Span?
 His Name, Reproach and Praise, was Man.
 Did no great Deeds adorn his Course?
 No Deed of His, but shew'd him worse:
 One Thing was great, which GOD supply'd,
 He suffer'd Human Life----and Dy'd.
 What Points of Knowledge did he gain?
 That Life was sacred all----and Vain:
 Sacred how high, and vain how low?
 He knew not here, but dy'd to know.

V I R T U E.

Alter'd from HERBERT.

- 1 **S**WEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The Bridal of the Earth and Sky:
 The Dew shall weep thy Fall to Night,
 For Thou with all thy Sweets must die!
- 2 Sweet Rose, so fragrant and so brave,
 Dazzling the rash Beholder's Eye:
 Thy Root is ever in its Grave,
 And Thou with all thy Sweets must die!
- 3 Sweet Spring, so beauteous and so gay,
 Storehouse, where Sweets unnumber'd lie:
 Not long thy fading Glories stay,
 But Thou with all thy Sweets must die!
- 4 Only a Sweet and Virtuous Mind,
 When Nature all in Ruins lies,
 When Earth and Heav'n a Period find,
 Begins a Life that never dies!

Upon

*Upon list'ning to the Vibrations of
a Clock.*

INSTRUCTIVE Sound! I'm now convinc'd by
Thee
Time in its Womb may bear Infinity.
How the past Moment dies, and throbs no more!
What Worlds of Parts compose the rolling Hour!
The least of these a serious Care demands;
For tho' they're little, yet they're Golden Sands:
By some great Deeds distinguish'd all in Heav'n,
For the same End to me by Number given!
Cease, Man, to lavish Sumis thou ne'er hast told!
Angels, tho' Deathless, dare not be so bold!

D O O M S D A Y.

From HERBERT.

- 1 "COME to Judgment, come away!"
(Hark, I hear the Angel say,
Summoning the Dust to rise)
" Haste, resume, and lift your Eyes;
" Hear, ye Sons of *Adam*, hear,
" Man, before thy GOD appear!"
- 2 Come to Judgment, come away!
This, the Last, the Dreadful Day.
Sov'reign Author, Judge of all,
Dust obeys Thy quick'ning Call,
Dust no other Voice will heed:
Thine the Trump that wakes the Dead.
- 3 Come to Judgment, come away!
Ling'ring Man no longer stay;

10 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Thee let Earth at length restore,
Pris'ner in her Womb no more;
Burst the Barriers of the Tomb,
Rise to meet thy instant Doom!

4 Come to Judgment, come away!

Wide disperst howe'er ye stray,
Lost in Fire, or Air, or Main,
Kindred Atoms meet again;
Sepulchred where'er ye rest,
Mix'd with Fish, or Bird, or Beast.

5 Come to Judgment, come away!

Help, O CHRIST, thy Works Decay:
Man is out of Order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the World;
LORD, thy broken Concert raise,
And the Musick shall be Praife.

SPIRITUAL SLUMBER.

From the German.

1 O Thou, who all Things canst controul,
Chase this dead Slumber from my Soul;
With Joy and Fear, with Love and Awe
Give me to keep thy perfect Law.

2 O may one Beam of Thy blest Light
Pierce thro', dispel the Shades of Night:
Touch my cold Breast with heav'nly Fire,
With holy, conq'ring Zeal inspire.

3 For Zeal I sigh, for Zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my Soul and faint:
With Steps unwav'ring, undismay'd
Give me in all thy Paths to tread.

With

4 With out-stretch'd Hands, and streaming
Eyes

Oft I begin to grasp the Prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:
But ah! how soon it dies away!

5 The deadly Slumber soon I feel

Afresh upon my Spirit steal:
Rise, LORD; stir up Thy quick'ning Pow'r,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

6 Single of Heart O may I be,

Nothing may I desire but Thee:
Far, far from me the World remove,
And all that holds me from Thy Love!

Z E A L.

1 DEAD as I am, and cold my Breast,
Untouch'd by Thee, 'Celestial Zeal,'
How shall I sing th' unwonted Guest?
How paint the Joys I cannot feel?

2 Assist me Thou, at whose Command
The Heart exults, from Earth set free!
'Tis Thine to raise the drooping Hand,
Thine to confirm the feeble Knee.

3 'Tis Zeal must end this inward Strife,
Give to know That War inth Divine!
Thro' all my Verse, thro' all my Life
The Active Principle shall shine.

4 Where shall we find its high Abode?
To Heav'n the Sacred Ray aspires,
With ardent Love embraces GOD,
Parent, and Object of its Fires.

5 There its peculiar Influence known
 In Breasts Seraphic learns to glow ;
 Yet darted from th' Eternal Throne,
 It sheds a clearing Light below.

6 Thro' Earth diffus'd, the Active Flame
 Intensely for GOD's Glory burns,
 And always mindful whence it came,
 To Heav'n in ev'ry Wish returns.

7 Yet vain the fierce Enthusiast's Aim
 With This to sanctify his Cause ;
 To skreen beneath this Awful Name
 The persecuting Sword he draws.

8 In vain the mad Fanatick's Dreams
 To this mysteriously pretend ;
 On Fancy built, his airy Schemes
 Or flight the Means, or drop the End.

9 Where Zeal holds on its even Course,
 Blind Rage, and Bigotry retires ;
 Knowledge assists, not checks its Force,
 And Prudence guides, not damps its Fires.

10 Resentless then it wins its Way ;
 Yet deigns in humble Hearts to dwell :
 The Humble Hearts confess its Sway,
 And pleas'd the strange Expansion feel.

11 Superior far to mortal Things,
 In grateful Extasy they own,
 (Such antededated Heav'n it brings)
 That Zeal and Happiness are one.

12 Now vary'd Deaths their Terrors spread,
 Now threat'ning Thousands rage -- In vain !
 Nor Tortures can arrest its Speed,
 Nor Worlds its Energy restrain.

13 That Energy, which quells the Strong,
Which cloaths with Strength the abject
Weak,
Looses the stamm'ring Infant's Tongue,
And bids the Sons of Thunder speak.

14 While Zeal its heav'nly Influence sheds,
What Light o'er *Moses'* Visage plays!
It wings th' immortal Prophet's Steeds,
And brightens fervent *Stephen's* Face.

15 Come then, bright Flame, my Breast inspire;
To me, to me be Thou but giv'n,
Like them I'll mount my Car of Fire,
Or view from Earth an op'ning Heav'n.

16 Come then, if mighty to redeem,
CHRIST purchas'd thee with Blood Divine:
Come, Holy Zeal! for Thou thro' Him,
JESUS Himself thro' Thee is Mine!

On Reading Mons^t. de Renty's Life.

WE deem the Saints, from mortal Flesh
releas'd, and is it not a noble thing
With brighter Day, and bolder Raptures blest:
Sense now no more precludes the distant Thought,
And naked Souls now feel the GOD they sought,
But thy great Soul, which walk'd with GOD on
Earth
Can scarce be nearer by that second Birth:
By Change of Place dull Bodies may improve,
But Spirits to their Bliss advance by Love.
Thy Change insensible brought no Surprise,
Inur'd to Innocence and Paradise:
For Earth, not Heav'n, thou thro' a Glas
didst view,
The Glas was Love; and Love no Evil knew,
But in all Places only Heav'n did shew.

Can't

Can't Thou love more, when from a Body
freed,
Which so much Life, so little had of Need?
So pure, it seem'd for This alone design'd,
To usher forth the Virtues of the Mind?
From Nature's Chain, from Earthly Dross set
free,
One only Appetite remain'd in Thee:
That Appetite it mourn'd but once deny'd,
For when it ceas'd from serving GOD, it dy'd.

FAREWEL to the WORLD.

From the French.

- 1 **W**ORLD adieu, Thou real Cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful Charms
Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
Foolish Hopes and false Alarms:
Now I see as clear as Day,
How thy Follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining Sights,
False thy Promises renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
Object of the noblest Love.
- 3 Farewel Honour's empty Pride!
Thy own nice, uncertain Gutz,
If the least Mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Worldly Honours end in Gall,
Rise to Day, to Morrow fall.

Foolish

4 Foolish Vanity farewell,
 More inconstant than the Wave!
 Where thy soothng Fancies dwell,
 Purest Tempers they deprave:
 He, to whom I fly, from Thee
 JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

5 Never shall my wand'ring Mind
 Follow after fleeting Toys,
 Since in GOD alone I find
 Solid and substantial Joys:
 Joys that never overpast,
 Thro' Eternity shall last.

6 LORD, how happy is a Heart
 After Thee while it aspires!
 True and faithful as Thou art,
 Thou shalt answer its Desires:
 It shall see the glorious Scene
 Of Thine Everlasting Reign.

G I D D I N E S S.

From HERBERT.

1 O WHAT a Thing is Man! from Rest
 How widely distant, and from Pow'r!
 Some twenty sev'ral Men at least
 He seems, he is, each sev'ral Hour.

2 Heav'n his sole Treasure now he loves;
 But let a tempting Thought creep in,
 His Coward Soul he soon reproves,
 That starts t'admit a pleasing Sin.

3 Eager he rushes now to War,
 Inglorious now dissolves in Ease;
 Wealth now engrosses all his Care;
 And lavish now he scorns Increase.

4 A stately Dome he raises now :
 But soon the Dome his Change shall feel ;
 See, level lies its lofty Brow,
 Crush'd by the Whirlwind of his Will !

5 O what were Man, if his Attire
 Still vary'd with his varying Mind !
 If we his ev'ry new Desire
 Stamp'd on his alt'ring Form could find.

6 Could each one see his Neighbour's Heart,
 Brethren and Social made in vain,
 All would disband and range apart,
 And Man detest the Monster Man.

7 If GOD refuse our Heart to turn,
 Vain will his first Creation be :
 O make us daily ! Or we spurn
 Our own Salvation, L O R D , and Thee !

To a FRIEND in LOVE.

ACEPT, dear Youth, a sympathizing Lay,
 The only Tribute pitying Love can pay :
 Tho' vain the Hope thine Anguish to asswage,
 Charm down Desire, or calm fierce Passion's Rage ;
 Yet still permit me in thy Griefs to grieve,
 Relief to offer, if I can't relieve ;
 Near thy sick Couch with fond Concern t'attend,
 And reach out Cordials to my Dying Friend.

Poor hapless Youth ! what Words can ease thy
 Pain,
 When Reason pleads, and Wisdom cries in vain !
 Can feeble Verse impetuous Nature guide,
 Or stem the Force of blind Affection's Tide ?
 If Reason checks, or Duty disallows,
 " Reason, you cry, and Duty are my Foes :
 " Religion's

“ Religion’s Dictates ineffectual prove,

“ And GOD Himself’s Impertinence in Love.

What art Thou, Love? Thou strange mysterious Ill,

Whom none aright can know, tho’ all can feel.

From careless Sloth thy dull Existence flows,

And feeds the Fountain whence itself arose:

Silent its Waves with baleful Influence roll,

Damp the young Mind, and sink th’ aspiring Soul,

Poison its Virtues, all its Pow’rs restrain,

And blast the Promise of the future Man.

To Thee, curst Fiend, the captive Wretch consign’d,

“ His Passions rampant, and his Reason blind,

Reason, Heav’ns great Vicegerent, dares disown,

And place a foolish Idol in its Throne:

Or wildly raise his frantick Raptures higher,

And pour out Blasphemies at thy Desire.

At thy Desire he bids a Creature shine,

He decks a Worm with Attributes Divine;

Hers to Angelic Beauties dares prefer,

“ Angels are painted fair to look like He

Before her Shrine the lowly Suppliant laid,

Adores the Idol that himself has made:

From her Almighty Breath his Doom receives,

Dies by her Frown, as by her Smile he lives.

Supreme she reigns in all-sufficient State,

To her he bows, from her expects his Fate,

“ Heav’n in her Love, Damnation in her Hate.

He rears unhallow’d Altars to her Name,

Where Lust lights up a black, polluted Flame;

Where Sighs impure, as impious Incense rise,

Himself the Priest, his Heart the Sacrifice:

And thus GOD’s Sacred Word his Horrid Pray’r supplies.

“ Center of all Perfection, Source of Bliss,

“ In whom thy Creature lives, and moves, and is,

“ Save,

18 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

“ Save, or I perish! hear my humble Pray'r,
“ Spare Thy poor Servant---O in Mercy spare,
“ Thou art my Joy, on Thee alone I Trust,
“ Hide not Thy Face, nor frown me into Dust.
“ Send forth Thy Breath, and rais'd again I see
“ My Joy, my Life, my Final Bliss in Thee.
“ For Thee I Am: for Thee I all resign,
“ Be Thou my One thing Needful, Ever Mine!

But O forbear, presumptuous Muse forbear,
Nor wound with Rant prophane the Christian Ear:
A just Abhorrence in my Friend I see,
He starts from Love, when Love's Idolatry.
“ Give me thy Heart,” if the Creator cries,
“ 'Tis given the Creature,” What bold Wretch
replies?

Not so my Friend---he wakes, he breaths again,
And “ Reason takes once more the slacken'd
Rein.”

In vain rebellious Nature claims a Part,
When Heav'n requires, he gives up All his Heart:
“ For Love Divine no Partnership allows,
“ And Heav'n averse rejects divided Vows)
Fixt tho' she be, he rends the Idol thence,
Nor lets her Pow'r exceed Omnipotence.
Commands his G O D, “ Cut off th' offending
Hand?”

He hears, Obedient to his G O D's Command:
“ Pluck out thine Eye,” let the Redeemer say;
He tears, and casts the bleeding Orb away.
Victorius now to Nobler Joys aspires,
His Bosom, touch'd with more than Earthly Fires:
He leaves rough Passion for calm Virtue's Road,
Gives Earth for Heav'n, and quits a Worm for
G O D.

I TIM. V. 6.

She that liveth in Pleasure, is Dead while She liveth.

How hapless is th' applauded Virgin's Lot,
Her GOD forgetting, by her GOD forgot!
Stranger to Truth, unknowing to obey,
In Error nurst, and disciplin'd to stray;
Swoln with Self-will, and principled with Pride,
Sense all her Good, and Passion all her Guide:
Pleasure its Tide, and Flatt'ry lends its Breath,
And smoothly waft her to Eternal Death!

A Goddess Here, she sees her Vo'tries meet,
Crowd to her Shrine, and tremble at her Feet;
She hears their Vows, Believes their Life and Death
Hangs on the Wrath and Mercy of her Breath;
Supreme in fancy'd State she reigns her Hour,
And glories in her Plenitude of Pow'r:
Herself the Only Object worth her Care,
Since all the kneeling World was made for Her.

For Her, Creation all its Stores displays,
The Silkworms labour, and the Diamonds blaze:
Air, Earth, and Sea conspire to tempt her Taste,
And ransack'd Nature furnishes the Feast.
Life's gaudiest Pride attracts her willing Eyes,
And Balls, and Theaters, and Courts arise:
Italian Songsters pant her Ear to please,
Bid the first Cries of infant Reason cease,
Save her from Thought, and lull her Soul to Peace. }

Deep funk in Sense th'imprison'd Soul remains,
Nor knows its Fall from GOD, nor feel its Chains:
Unconscious still, sleeps on in Errors Night,
Nor strives to rise, nor struggles into Light:
Heav'n-born in vain, degen'rate cleaves to Earth,
(No Pangs experienc'd of the Second Birth)
She only Faln, yet Unawaken'd found,
While all th'enthralld Creation groans around.

*Know ye not that the Friendship of
the World is Enmity with GOD.*

JAMES iv. 4.

1 **W**HERE has my slumb'ring Spirit been,
So late emerging into Light?

So imperceptible, within,
The Weight of this *Egyptian* Night!

2 Where have they hid the WORLD so long,
So late presented to my View?
Wretch! tho' myself encreas'd the Throng,
Myself a Part I never knew.

3 Secure beneath its Shade I sat,
To me were all its Favours shown:
I could not taste its Scorn or Hate;
Alas, it ever lov'd its Own!

4 JESUS, if half discerning now,
From Thee I gain this glimm'ring Light,
Retouch my Eyes, anoint them Thou,
And grant me to receive my Sight.

5 O may I of Thy Grace obtain
The World with other Eyes to see:
Its Judgments false, its Pleasures vain,
Its Friendship Enmity with Thee.

6 Delusive World, thy Hour is past,
The Folly of thy Wisdom shew!
It cannot now retard my Haste,
I leave thee for the Holy Few.

7 No! Thou blind Leader of the Blind,
I bow my Neck to Thee no more;
I cast thy Glories all behind,
And flight thy Smiles, and dare thy Pow'r.

8 Excluded from my SAVIOUR's Pray'r,
 Stain'd, yet not hallow'd, with His Blood,
 Shalt Thou my fond Affection share,
 Shalt Thou divide my Heart with GOD ?

9 No ! Tho' it rouze thy utmost Rage,
 Eternal Enmity I vow :
 Tho' Hell with thine its Pow'rs engage,
 Prepar'd I meet your Onset now.

10 Load me with Scorn, Reproach and Shame ;
 My patient Master's Portion give :
 As Evil still cast out my Name,
 Nor suffer such a Wretch to live.

11 Set to thy Seal that I am His ;
 Vile as my LORD I long to be :
 My Hope, my Crown, my Glory this,
 Dying to conquer Sin, and Thee !

HYMN to CONTEMPT.

1 **W**ELOMCE, Contempt ! Stern, faithful Guide,
 Unpleasing, healthful Food !
 Hail pride-sprung Antidote of Pride,
 Hail Evil turn'd to Good !

2 Thee when with awful Pomp array'd
 Ill-judging Mortals see,
 Perverse they fly with coward Speed,
 To Guilt they fly from Thee.

3 Yet if one haply longing stands
 To choose a Nobler Part,
 Ardent from Sin's ensnaring Bands
 To vindicate his Heart :

22 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

4 Present to end the doubtful Strife,
Thy Aid he soon shall feel ;
Confirm'd by Thee, tho' warm in Life,
Bid the vain World farewell.

5 Thro' Thee he treads the shining Way
That Saints and Martyrs trod,
Shakes off the Frailty of his Clay,
And wings his Soul for GOD.

6 His Portion Thou, he burns no more,
With fond Desire to please ;
The fierce, distracting Conflict's o'er,
And all his Thoughts are Peace.

7 Sent by Almighty Pity down,
To Thee alone 'tis giv'n
With glorious Infamy to crown
The Favourites of Heav'n.

8 With Thee Heav'n's Fav'rite Son, when made
Incarnate, deign'd t'abide ;
To Thee He meekly bow'd his Head,
He bow'd His Head, and dy'd.

9 And shall I still the Cup decline,
His Suff'rings disesteem,
Disdain to make this Portion mine
When sanctify'd by Him ?

10 Or firm thro' Him and undismay'd,
Thy sharpest Darts abide ?
Sharp as the Thorns that tore His Head,
The Spear that pierc'd His Side.

11 Yes---since with Thee my Lot is cast,
I bless my GOD's Decree,
Embrace with Joy what He embrac'd,
And live and die with Thee !

12 So when before th' Angelic Host

To each his Lot is giv'n,

Thy Name shall be in Glory lost,

And Mine be found in Heav'n!

GRACE before MEAT.

1 **F**OUNTAIN of Being, Source of Good!

At whose Almighty Breath

The Creature proves our Bane or Food,

Dispensing Life or Death;

2 Thee we address with humble Fear,

Vouchsafe Thy Gifts to crown;

Father of All, Thy Children hear,

And send a Blessing down.

3 O may our Souls for ever pine

Thy Grace to taste and see;

Athirst for Righteousness Divine,

And hungry after Thee!

4 For this we lift our longing Eyes,

We wait the Gracious Word;

Speak--and our Hearts from Earth shall rise,

And feed upon the LORD.

Another.

1 **E**NSLAV'D to Sense, to Pleasure prone,

Fond of Created Good;

Father, our Helplessness we own,

And trembling taste our Food.

2 Trembling we taste: for ah! no more

To Thee the Creatures lead;

Chang'd they exert a Fatal Pow'r,

And poison while they feed.

24 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

3 Curst for the Sake of wretched Man,
They now engross Him whole,
With pleasing Force on Earth detain,
And sensualize His Soul.

4 Grov'ling on Earth we still must lie,
'Till CHRIST the Curse repeal ;
'Till CHRIST descending from on high
Infected Nature heal.

5 Come then, our Heav'nly Adam, come !
Thy healing Influence give ;
Hallow our Food, reverse our Doom,
And bid us eat and live.

6 The Bondage of Corruption break !
For this our Spirits groan ;
'Thy only Will we fain would seek ;
O save us from our own.

7 Turn the full Stream of Nature's Tide :
Let all our Actions tend
To Thee their Source ; Thy Love the Guide,
Thy Glory be the End.

8 Earth then a Scale to Heav'n shall be,
Sense shall point out the Road ;
The Creatures all shall lead to Thee,
And all we taste be GOD !

GRACE after MEAT.

1 BEING of Beings, GOD of Love,
To Thee our Hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining Pow'r we prove,
And gladly sing Thy Praise.

2 Thine,

2 Thine, wholly Thine we pant to be,
Our Sacrifice receive ;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by Thee,
To Thee Ourselves we give.

3 Heav'nward our ev'ry Wish aspires :
For all Thy Mercy's Store
The sole Return Thy Love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask, we open then
Our Hearts t' embrace Thy Will :
Turn and beget us, **Lord**, again,
With all Thy Fulness fill !

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the SAVIOUR's Love
Shed in our Hearts abroad ;
So shall we ever live and move,
And Be, with CHRIST, in GOD.

On Clemens Alexandrinus's Description of a Perfect Christian.

1 **H**ERE from afar the finish'd Height
Of Holiness is seen :
But O, what heavy Tracts of Toil,
What Deserts lie between ?

2 Man for the Simple Life Divine
What will it cost to break ;
Ere Pleasure soft and wily Pride
No more within him speak ?

3 What ling'ring Anguish must corrode
The Root of Nature's Joy ?
What secret Shame and dire Defeats
The Pride of Heart destroy ?

4 Learn Thou the whole of Mortal State
 In Stilnes to sustain ;
 Nor sooth with false Delights of Earth
 Whom GOD hath doom'd to Pain.

5 Thy Mind now Multitude of Thoughts,
 Now Stupor shall distress ;
 The Venom of each latent Vice
 Wild Images impress.

6 Yet darkly safe with GOD thy Soul
 His Arm still onward bears,
 'Till thro' each Tempest on her Face
 A Peace beneath appears.

7 'Tis in that Pease we see and aet
 By Instincts from above ;
 With finer Taste of Wisdom fraught,
 And mystick Pow'rs of Love.

8 Yet ask not in mere Ease and Pomp
 Of Ghostly Gifts to shine :
 'Till Death the Lownesses of Man,
 And Pitying Griefs are Thine.

The C O L L A R.

From HERBERT.

1 **N**O more, I cry'd, shall Grief be mine,
 I will throw off the Load ;
 No longer weep, and sigh, and pine
 To find an absent GOD.

2 Free as the Muse, my Wishes move,
 Thro' Nature's Wilds they roam :
 Loofe as the Wind, ye Wand'rers rove,
 And bring me Pleasures home !

3 Still

3 Still shall I urge with endless Toil,
Yet not obtain my Suit?
Still shall I plant th' ungrateful Soil,
Yet never taste the Fruit?

4 Not so, my Heart!—for Fruit there is,
Seize it with eager Haste;
Riot in Joys, dissolve in Bliss,
And pamper ev'ry Taste.

5 On Right and Wrong thy Thoughts no more
In cold Dispute employ;
Forsake thy Cell, the Bounds pass o'er,
And give a Loose to Joy.

6 Conscience and Reason's Pow'r deride,
Let stronger Nature draw,
Self be thy End, and Sense thy Guide,
And Appetite thy Law.

7 Away, ye Shades, while light I rise,
I tread you all beneath!
Grasp the dear Hours my Youth supplies,
Nor idly dream of Death.

8 Whoe'er enslav'd to Grief and Pain,
Yet starts from Pleasure's Road,
Still let him weep, and still complain,
And sink beneath his Load----

9 But as I rav'd, and grew more wild
And fierce at ev'ry Word,
Methought I heard One calling " Child!"
And I reply'd---- " My LORD!"

G R A C E

From the same.

- 1 MY Stock lies dead, and no Increase
Does Thy Past Gifts improve:
O let Thy Graces without cease
Drop gently from above.
- 2 If still the Sun should hide His Face,
Earth would a Dungeon prove,
Thy Works Night's Captives: O let Grace
Drop gently from above.
- 3 The Dew unsought each Morning falls,
Leis bounteous is Thy Dove?
The Dew for which my Spirit calls
Drop gently from above.
- 4 Death is still digging like a Mole
My Grave, where'er I move;
Let Grace work too, and on my Soul
Drop gently from above.
- 5 Sin is still spreading o'er my Heart
A Hardness void of Love;
Let suppling Grace, to cross her Art,
Drop gently from above.
- 6 O come; for Thou dost know the Way!
Or if Thou wilt not move,
Translate me, where I need not say
Drop gently from above.

G R A T E F U L N E S S.

From the same.

1 **T**hou, who hast giv'n so much to me,
O give a grateful Heart:
See how Thy Beggar works on Thee
By acceptable Art!

2 He makes thy Gifts occasion more;
And says, if here he's crost,
All Thou hast giv'n him heretofore,
Thyself, and All is lost.

3 But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Our Wants Thy Aid did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
Such needy Worms to save.

4 Perpetual Knockings at Thy Door,
Tears suff'ring all Thy Rooms;
Gift upon Gift; much would have more,
And still Thy Suppliant comes.

5 Yet Thy unweary'd Love went on;
Allow'd us all our Noise;
Nay Thou hast dignify'd a Groan,
And made a Sigh Thy Joys.

6 Wherefore I cry, and cry again,
Nor canst Thou quiet be,
'Till my repeated Suit obtain
A Thankful Heart from Thee.

7 Hear then, and Thankfulness impart
Continual as Thy Grace;
O add to all Thy Gifts a Heart
Whose Pulse may beat Thy Praise!

The

The FLOW'R.

From the same.

1 WHILE sad my Heart, and blasted mourns,
How chearing, LORD, are Thy Returns,
How sweet the Life, the Joys they bring !
Grief in Thy Presence melts away :
Refresh'd I hail the gladsome Day,
As Flow'rs salute the rising Spring.

2 Who would have thought my wither'd Heart
Again should feel Thy sov'reign Art,
A kindly Warmth again should know ?
Late like the Flow'r, whose drooping Head
Sinks down, and seeks its native Bed
To see the Mother-Root below.

3 These are Thy Wonders, LORD of Pow'r,
Killing and Quick'ning ! One short Hour
Lifts up to Heav'n, and sinks to Hell :
Thy Will supreme disposes All ;
We prove Thy Justice in our Fall,
Thy Mercy in our Rise we feel.

4 O that my Latest Change were o'er !
O were I plac'd where Sin no more
With its Attendant Grief, could come !
Stranger to Change, I then should rise
Amidst the Plants of Paradise,
And flourish in Eternal Bloom.

5 Many a Spring since here I grew,
I seem'd my Verdure to renew,
And higher still to rise and higher :
Water'd by Tears, and fan'd by Sighs,
I pour'd my Fragrance thro' the Skies,
And heay'nward ever seem'd t'aspire.

6 But while I grow, as Heav'n were mine,
Thine Anger comes, and I decline ;
Faded my Bloom, my Glory lost :
Who can the deadly Cold sustain,
Or stand beneath the chilling Pain
When blasted by Thine Anger's Frost ?

7 And now in Age I bud again,
Once more I feel the Vernal Rain,
Tho' dead so oft, I live, and write :
Sure I but dream ! It cannot be
That I, my GOD, that I am He
On whom Thy Tempests fell all Night.

8 These are Thy Wonders, **Lord of Love**,
Thy Mercy thus delights to prove
We are but Flow'r's that Bloom and die,
Soon as This saving Truth we see,
Within Thy Garden plac'd by Thee,
Time we survive, and Death defy.

B I T T E R - S W E E T.

From the same.

1 **A**h my dear, angry **L o r d**,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike,
Cast down, and yet Thy Help afford,
Sure I will do the like.

2 I will complain, yet praise,
Bewail, and yet approve,
And all my mournful, joyful **D a y s**,
I will lament, and love.

A MIDNIGHT-HYMN for one under the Law.

1 **W**HILE Midnight Shades the Earth o'er spread,
And veil the Bosom of the Deep,
Nature reclines her weary Head,
And Care respires, and Sorrows sleep :
My Soul still aims at Nobler Rest,
Aspiring to her Saviour's Breast.

2 **A**id me, ye hov'ring Spirits near,
Angels and Ministers of Grace :
Who ever, while you guard us here,
Behold your Heav'ly Father's Face !
Gently my raptur'd Soul convey
To Regions of Eternal Day.

3 **F**ain would I leaye this Earth below,
Of Pain and Sin the dark Abode ;
Where shadowy Joy, or solid Woe
Allures, or tears me from my GOD :
Doubtful, and insecure of Bliss,
Since Death alone confirms me His.

4 **T**ill then, to Sorrow born I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after Home ;
Upward I send my streaming Eye,
Expecting 'till the Bridegroom come :
Come quickly, LORD ! Thy own receive,
Now let me see Thy Face, and live.

5 **A**bsent from Thee, my exil'd Soul
Deep in a Fleshly Dungeon groans ;
Around me Clouds of Darknes roll,
And lab'ring Silence speaks my Moans :
Come quickly, LORD ! Thy Face display,
And look my Midnight into Day.

6 Error and Sin, and Death are o'er,
 If Thou reverse the Creature's Doom,
 Sad Rachel weeps her Loss no more,
 If Thou the GOD, the Saviour come?
 Of Thee possest, in Thee we prove,
 The Light, the Life, the Heav'n of Love.

After considering some of his Friends.

1 WHY do the Deeds of happier Men
 Into a Mind return,
 Which can, opprest by Bands of Sloth,
 With no such Ardors burn?

2 GOD of my Life and all my Pow'rs,
 The Everlasting Friend!
 Shall Life, so favour'd in its Dawn,
 Be fruitless in its End?

3 To Thee, O LORD, my tender Years
 A trembling Duty paid,
 With Glimpses of the mighty GOD
 Delighted and afraid.

4 From Parent's Eye, and Paths of Men,
 Thy Touch I ran to meet;
 It swell'd the Hymn, and seal'd the Pray'r,
 'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!

5 Oft when beneath the Work of Sin
 Trembling and dark I stood,
 And felt the Edge of eager Thought,
 And felt the kindling Blood:

6 Thy Dew came down — my Heart was Thine,
 It knew nor Doubt nor Strife;
 Cool now, and peaceful as the Grave,
 And strong to Second Life.

34 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

7 Full of myself I oft forsook
The Now, the Truth, and Thee,
For sanguine Hope, or sensual Guilt,
Or earth-born Sophistry :

8 The Folly thriv'd, and came in Sight
Too gross for Life to bear ;
I smote the Breast for Man too base,
I smote—and GOD was there !

9 Still will I hope for Voice and Strength
To glorify thy Name ;
Tho' I must die to all that's Mine,
And suffer All my Shame.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE.

TO speak for GOD, to sound Religion's Praise,
Of sacred Passions the wise Warmth to raise ;
T'infuse the Contrite Wish to Conquest nigh,
And point the Steps mysterious as they lie ;
To seize the Wretch in full Career of Lust,
And sooth the silent Sorrows of the Just :
Who would not bless for this the Gift of Speech,
And in the Tongue's Beneficence be rich ?

But who must talk ? Not the mere modern Sage,
Who suits the soften'd Gospel to the Age ;
Who ne'er to raise degen'rate Practice strives,
But brings the Precept down to Christian Lives.
Not He, who Maxims from cold Reading took,
And never saw Himself but thro' a Book :
Not He, who Hasty in the Morn of Grace,
Soon sinks extinguish'd as a Comet's Blaze.
Not He, who strains in Scripture phrase t'abound,
Deaf to the Sense, who stuns us with the Sound :
But He, who Silence loves ; and never dealt
In the false Commerce of a Truth Unfelt.

Guilty

Guilty you speak, if subtle from within
 Blows on your Words the Self-admiring Sin ;
 If unresolv'd to choose the Better Part,
 Your forward Tongue belies your languid Heart ;
 But then speak safely, when your peaceful Mind
 Above Self-seeking blest, on GOD reclin'd,
 Feels Him at once suggest unlabour'd Senie,
 And ope a Sluice of sweet Benevolence.
 Some high Behests of Heav'n you then fulfil,
 Sprung from His Light your Words, and issaing by
 His Will,

Nor yet expect so *Mystically* long,
 'Till Certain Inspiration loose your Tongue ;
 Express the Precept runs, " Do good to all ; "
 Nor adds, " Whene'er you find an inward Call."
 'Tis GOD commands : no farther Motive seek,
 Speak or without, or with Reluctance speak :
 To Love's Habitual Sense by Acts aspire,
 And kindle, 'till you catch the Gospel-Fire.

Discoveries immature of Truth decline,
 Nor prostitute the Gospel Pearl to Swine.
 Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,
 The Vileness, or the Treasures of your Soul.
 If spurn'd by some, where weak on Earth you lie,
 If judg'd a Cheat or Dreamer, where you fly ;
 Here the Sublimer Strain, th' exerted Air
 Forego ; you're at the Bar, not in the Chair.

To the pert Reas'ner if you speak at all,
 Speak what within his Cognizance may fall :
 Expose not Truths Divine to Reason's Rack,
 Give him his own belov'd Ideas back ;
 Your Notions 'till they look like His, dilute ;
 Blind he must be---but save him from Dispute !
 But when we're turn'd of Reason's noontide Glare,
 And Things begin to shew us what they are,

D. 3. More

More free to such your true Conceptions tell ;
 Yet graft them on the Arts where they excel.
 If sprightly Sentiments detain their Taste ;
 If Paths of various Learning they have trac'd ;
 If their cool Judgment longs, yet fears to fix :
 Fire, Erudition, Hesitation mix.

All Rules are dead: 'tis from the Heart you draw
 The living Lustre, and unerring Law.
 A State of Thinking in your Manner shew,
 Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low :
 Others their Lightness and each inward Fault
 Quench in the Stillness of your deeper Thought.
 Let all your Gestures fixt Attention draw,
 And wide around diffuse infectious Awe ;
 Present with GOD by Recollection seem,
 Yet present, by your Cheerfulness, with Them.

Without Elation Christian Glories paint,
 Nor by fond am'rous Phrase assume the Saint.
 Greet not frail Men with Compliments untrue ;
 With Smiles to Peace confirm'd and Conquest due,
 There are who watch t'adore the Dawn of Grace,
 And pamper the young Proselyte with Praise :
 Kind, humble Souls! They with a right good Will
 Admire His Progress--till he stands stock still.

Speak but to Thirsty Minds of Things Divine,
 Who strong for Thought, are free in yours to join.

The Bury from his Channel parts with Pain,
 The Lanquid loathes an Elevated Strain :
 With these you aim but at good-natur'd Chat,
 Where all, except the Love, is low and flat.

Not one Address will diff'rent Tempers fit,
 The Grave and Gay, the Heavy and the Wit.

Wits

Wits will sift you; and most Conviction find
Where least 'tis urg'd, and seems the least design'd.
Slow Minds are merely passive; and forget
Truths not inculcated: to these repeat, }
Avow your Counsel, nor abstain from Heat.

Some gentle Souls to gay Indiff'rence true,
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you:
Let Love turn Babler here, and Caution sleep,
Blush not for shallow Speech, nor muse for deep;
These to your Humour, not your Sense attend,
'Tis not th'Advice that sways them, but the
Friend.

Others have large Recesses in their Breast:
With penive Proces all they hear digest:
Here well-weigh'd Words with wary Foresight sow,
For all you say will sink, and ev'ry Seed will grow.

At first Acquaintance pres each Truth severe,
Stir the whole Odium of your Character:
Let harshest Doctrines all your Words engross,
And Nature bleeding on the Daily Cross.
Then to yourself th'Asctic Rule enjoin,
To others stoop surprizingly benign;
Pitying, if from Themselves with Pain they part,
If stubborn Nature long holds out the Heart.
Their Outworks now are gain'd; forbear to pres;
The more you urge them, you prevail the less;
Let Speech lay by its Roughnes to oblige,
Your speaking Life will carry on the Siege:
By your Example struck, to GOD they strive
To live, no longer to Themselves alive.

To positive Adepts insidious yield,
T'ensure the Conquest, seem to quit the Field:
Large in your Grants; be their Opinion shown:
Approve, amend----and wind it to your own.

Couch

Couch in your Hints, if more resign'd they hear,
Both what they will be soon, and what they are:
Pleasing These Words now to their conscious Breast,
Th'anticipating Voice hereafter blest.

In Souls just wak'd the Paths of Light to choose,
Convictions keen, and Zeal of Pray'r infuse.
Let them love Rules; 'till freed from Passion's
Reign, 'till blameless Moral Rectitude they gain.

But left reform'd from each Extremer Ill,
They should but Civilize old Nature still,
The loftier Charms and Energy display
Of Virtue model'd by the Godhead's Ray;
The Lineaments Divine, Perfection's Plan,
And all the Grandeur of the Heavenly Man.
Commences thus the Agonizing Strife
Previous to Nature's Death, and second Life:
Struck by their own inclement piercing Eye,
Their feeble Virtues blush, subside, and die:
They view the Scheme that mimick Nature made,
A fancy'd Goddess, and Religion's Shade;
With angry Scorn they now reject the whole,
Unchang'd their Heart, undify'd their Soul;
'Till Indignation sleeps away to Faith,
And GOD's own Pow'r and Peace take Root in sacred Wrath.

Aim less to Teach than Love. The Work begun
In Words, is crown'd by artless Warmth alone.
Love to your Friend a Second Office owes,
Yourself and Him before Heav'n's Footstool throws:
You place his Form as Suppliant by your Side,
(A helpless Worm, for whom the Saviour dy'd)
Into his Soul call down th'Etherial Beam,
And longing ask to spend, and to be spent for Him.

M I S E R Y.

From the same.

- 1 **L**ORD, let the Angels praise thy Name,
Man is a Feeble, Foolish Thing!
Folly and Sin play all his Game,
Still burns his House, He still doth sing;
To-day he's here, To-morrow gone,
The Madman knows it—and sings-on.
- 2 How canst Thou brook his Foolishness?
When heedless of the Voice Divine,
Himself alone he seeks to please,
And carnal Joys prefers to Thine;
Eager thro' Nature's Wilds to rove,
Nor aw'd by Fear, nor charm'd by Love.
- 3 What strange Pollutions does he wed,
Slave to his Senses and to Sin!
Naked of GOD, his Guilty Head
He strives in Midnight Shades to screen:
Fondly he hopes from Thee to fly,
Unmark'd by Thine all-seeing Eye.
- 4 The best of Men to Evil yield,
If but the slightest Trial come:
They fall, by Thee no more upheld:
And when Affliction calls them home,
Thy gentle Rod they scarce endure,
And murmur to accept their Cure.
- 5 Wayward they haste, while Nature leads,
T'escape Thee; but thy gracious Dove
Still mildly o'er their Folly spreads.
The Wings of his expanded Love:
Thou bring'ſt them back, nor suff'reſt thoſe
Who Would be, to Remain Thy Foes.

6 My GOD, Thy Name Man cannot praise,
All Brightness Thou, all Purity!

The Sun in his Meridian Blaze
Is Darkness, if compar'd to Thee.

O how shall sinful Worms proclaim,
Shall Man presume to speak Thy Name?

7 Man cannot serve Thee: All his Care

Engross'd by grov'ling Appetite,

Is fixt on Earth; his Treasure there,

His Portion, and his base Delight.

He starts from Virtue's thorny Road,

Alive to Sin, but dead to GOD!

8 Ah, foolish Man, where are thine Eyes?

Lost in a Crowd of Earthly Cares:

Thy Indolence neglects to rise,

While Husks to Heav'n thy Soul prefers;

Careless the starry Crown to seize,

By Pleasure bound, or lull'd by Ease.

9 To GOD, thro' all Creation's Bounds

Th' Unconscious Kinds their Homage bring;

His Praise thro' Ev'ry Grove resounds,

Nor know the Warblers whom they sing:

But Man, Lord of the Creatures, knows

The Source from whence their Being flows.

10 He owns a GOD—but eyes him not,

But lets his mad Disorders reign:

They make his Life a constant Blot,

And Blood Divine an Off'ring vain.

Ah Wretch! thy Heart unsearchable,

Thy Ways mysterious who can tell!

11 Perfect at first, and blest his State,

Man in his Maker's Image shone;

In Innocence divinely great

He liv'd; he liv'd to GOD alone:

His

His Heart was Love, his Pulse was Praise,
And Light and Glory deck'd his Face.

12 But alter'd now and *fals* he is,
Immerit in Flesh, and *dead within* ;
Dead to the Taste of native Bliss, *in TAIN* ;
And ever sinking into Sin : *in TAIN* ;
Nay by his wretched Self undone.
Such is Man's State—and such *my own!* *in TAIN*

The S I N N E R.

From the same.

WHEN all the Secrets of my Heart
With Horror, LORD, I see,
Thine is, I find, the smallest Part,
Tho' All be due to Thee.
Thy Footsteps scarce appear within,
But Lusts a countless Crowd ;
Th' immense Circumference is Sin,
A Point is all my Good.

2 O break my Bonds, let Sin enthrall
My struggling Soul no more ;
Hear thy fall'n Creature's feeble Call,
Thine Image now restore !
And tho' my Heart senseless and *hard*,
To Thee can scarcely groan,
Yet O remember, gracious LORN,
Thou once didst write in Stone !

HOME.

H O M E.

From the same.

1 FAINT is my Head, and sick my Heart,
While Thou dost ever, ever stay !
Fixt in my Soul I feel Thy Dart,
Groaning I feel it Night and Day :
Come, LORD, and shew Thyself to me,
Or take, O take me up to Thee !

2 Canst Thou with-hold Thy healing Grace,
So kindly lavish of Thy Blood ;
When swiftly trickling down Thy Face,
For Me the purple Current flow'd !
Come, LORD, and shew, &c.

3 When Man was lost, LOVE look'd about,
To see what Help in Earth or Sky :
In vain ; for none appear'd without ;
The Help did in Thy Bosom lie !
Come, LORD, &c.

4 There lay Thy Son : But left His Rest
Thraldom and Mis'ry to remove
From those who Glory once possest,
But wantonly abus'd Thy Love.
Come, LORD, &c.

5 He came — O my dear Redeemer dear !
And canst Thou after this be strange ?
Not yet within my Heart appear !
Can Love like Thine or fail or change ?
Come, LORD, &c.

6 But if Thou tarriest, why must I ?
My GOD, what is this World to me !
This World of Woe — hence let them fly,
The Clouds that part my Soul and Thee.
Come, LORD, &c. Why

7 Why should this weary World delight,
Or Sense th'immortal Spirit bind !

Why should frail Beauty's Charms invite,
The trifling Charms of Womankind ?

Come, LORD, &c.

8 A Sigh Thou breath'st into my Heart,
And earthly Joys I view with Scorn :

Far from my Soul, ye Dreams depart,
Nor mock me with your vain Return !

Come, LORD, &c.

9 Sorrow and Sin, and Loss and Pain

Are all that here on Earth we see ;

Restless we pant for Ease in vain,
In vain----'till Ease we find in Thee.

Come, LORD, &c.

10 Idly we talk of Harvests here,

Eternity our Harvest is : I

Grace brings the great Sabbatick Year,
When ripen'd into Glorious Blis.

Come, LORD, &c.

11 O loose this Frame, Life's Knot untie,

That my free Soul may use her Wing ;

Now pinion'd with Mortality,

A weak, entangled, wretched Thing !

Come, LORD, &c.

12 Why should I longer stay and groan ?

The most of me to Heav'n is fled :

My Thoughts and Joys are thither gone ;

To all below I now am dead.

Come, LORD, &c.

14 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

13 Come, dearest LORD! my Soul's Desire
With eager Pantings gasps for Home:
Thee, Thee my restless Hopes require;
My Flesh and Spirit bid Thee come!
Come, LORD, and shew Thyself to me,
Or take, O take me up to Thee!

L O N G I N G.

From the same.

1 **W**ITH bending Knees, and aking Eyes,
Weary and faint, to Thee my Cries,
To Thee my Tears, my Groans I send:
O when shall my Complainings end?

2 Wither'd my Heart, like barren Ground
Accurst of GOD; my Head turns round,
My Throat is hoarse: I faint, I fall,
Yet falling still for Pity call.

3 Eternal Streams of Pity flow
From Thee their Source to Earth below:
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
Thy Tenderness o'erflows their Heart.

4 **L**ORD of my Soul, bow down thine Ear,
Hear, Bowels of Compassion, hear!
O give not to the Winds my Pray'r:
Thy Name, thy Hallow'd Name is there!

5 Look on my Sorrows, mark them well,
The Shame, the Pangs, the Fires I feel:
Consider, LORD, thine Ear incline!
Thy Son hath made my Suff'rings Thine.

6 Thou, JESU, on th'acursed Tree
Didst bow thy Dying Head for me;

Incline

Incline it now! Who made the Ear,
Shall He, shall He forget to hear?

7 See Thy poor Dust, in Pity see;
It stirs, it creeps, it aims at Thee!
Haste, save it from the greedy Tomb!
Come! — Ev'ry Atom bids Thee come!

8 'Tis Thine to help! Forget me not!
O be thy Mercy ne'er forgot!
Lock'd is thy Ear? Yet still my Plea
May speed: For Mercy keeps the Key.

9 Thou tarriest, while I sink, I die,
And fall to Nothing! Thou on high
Seest me Undone: Yet am I stil'd
By Thee (lost as I am) thy Child!

10 Didst Thou for This forsake thy Throne?
Where are thy ancient Mercies gone?
Why should my Pain, my Guilt survive,
And Sin be dead, yet Sorrow live?

11 Yet Sin is dead; and yet abide
Thy Promises; they speak, they chide;
They in thy Bosom pour my Tears,
And my Complaints present as Theirs.

12 Hear, JESU! hear my broken Heart!
Broken so long, that ev'ry Part
Hath got a Tongue that ne'er shall cease,
'Till Thou pronounce "Depart in Peace."

13 My Love, my SAVIOUR, hear my Cry;
By these dear Feet, at which I lie!
Pluck out thy Dart, regard my Sighs;
Now heal my Soul, or now it dies.

The S E A R C H.

From the same.

1 **W**HITHER, O whither art Thou fled,
My Saviour and my Love?
My Searches are my daily Bread,
Yet unsuccessful prove.
My Knees on Earth, on Heav'n mine Eye
Is fixt; and yet the Sphere,
And yet the Center both deny
That Thou, my GOD, art there.

2 Yet can I mark that Herbs below
Their fragrant Greens display,
As if to meet Thee They did know,
While wither'd I decay.
Yet can I mark how Stars above
With conscious Lustre shine,
Their Glories borrowing from thy Love,
While I in Darkness pine.

3 I sent a Sigh to seek Thee out,
Drawn from my Heart in Pain,
Wing'd like an Arrow; but my Scout
Return'd, alas! In vain.
Another from my endless Store
I turn'd into a Groan,
Because the Search was dumb before:
But all, alas! was one.

4 Where is my GOD? What secret Place
Still holds, and hides Thee still?
What Covert dares eclipse thy Face?—
Is it thy Awful Will?
O let not That thy Presence bound;
Rather let Walls of Brass,
Let Seas and Mountains gird Thee round,
And I thro' all will pass.

5 Thy

5 Thy Will so vast a Distance is, I
 Remoteſt Points combine,
 East touches West, compar'd to this,
 And Heav'n and Hell conjoin.
 Take then these Bars, these Lengths away,
 Turn and restore my Soul:
 Thy Love Omnipotent display,
 Approach, and make me whole.

6 When Thou, my LORD, my GOD art nigh,
 Nor Life, nor Death can move,
 Nor deepest Hell, nor Pow'rs on high
 Can part me from thy Love.
 For as thy Absence passes far,
 The widest Distance known,
 Thy Presence brings my Soul so near,
 That Thou and I are One!

D I S C I P L I N E.

From the same.

1 O Throw away thy Rod,
 O throw away thy Wrath!
 My Gracious SAVIOUR and my GOD,
 O take the gentle Path.

2 Thou feest, my Heart's Desire
 Still unto Thee is bent:
 Still does my longing Soul aspire
 To an entire Consent.

3 Not ev'n a Word or Look
 Do I approve or own,
 But by the Model of thy Book,
 Thy sacred Book alone.

48 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

4 Altho' I fail, I weep;
Altho' I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling Steps I creep
Unto the Throne of Grace.

5 O then let Wrath remove:
For Love will do the Deed!
Love will the Conquest gain; with Love
E'en stony Hearts will bleed.

6 For Love is swift of Foot,
Love is a Man of War;
Love can resistless Arrows shoot,
And hit the Mark from far.

7 Who can escape his Bow?
That which hath wrought on Thee,
Which brought the King of Glory low,
Must surely work on me.

8 O throw away thy Rod;
What tho' Man frailties hath?
Thou art my SAVIOUR and my GOD!
O throw away thy Wrath!

D I V I N E L O V E

From the German.

THou hidden Love of GOD, whose Height,
Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I sigh for thy Repose:
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, 'till it finds Rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret Voice invites me still
 The Sweetness of thy Yoke to prove;
 And fain I would: But tho' my Will
 seem fixt, yet wide my Passions rove:
 Yet Hindrances strew all the Way;
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis Mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My Mind to seek her Peace in Thee?
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No Peace my wandring Soul shall see.
 O when shall all my Wandrings end,
 And all my Steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
 That strives with Thee my Heart to share?
 Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry Motion there!
 Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
 When it has found Repose in Thee.

5 O hide this SELF from me, that I
 No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
 My vile Affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling Lust survive.
 In all Things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but Thee!

6 O LOVE, thy Sov'reign Aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted Care:
 Chase this Self-will thro' all my Heart,
 Thro' all its latent Mazes there:
 Make me Thy dutious Child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba-Father cry.

7 Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
 Thine wholly, Thine alone I am!
 Thrice happy He, who views with Scorn
 Earth's Toys for Thee his constant Flame.

O help

O help, that I may never move
From the blest Footsteps of thy Love !

8 Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call ;
Speak to my inmost Soul, and say
I am thy Love, thy GOD, thy All !
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love, is all my Choice !

Written in the Beginning of a Recovery from Sickness.

1 PEACE, flutt'ring Soul ! the Storm is o'er,
Ended at last the doubtful Strife ;
Respiring now, the Cause explore
That bound thee to a wretched Life.

2 When on the Margin of the Grave,
Why did I doubt my SAVIOUR's Art ?
Ah ! why mistrust his Will to save ?
What meant that Fault'ring of my Heart ?

3 'Twas not the searching Pain within
That fill'd my coward Flesh with Fear ;
Nor Consciousness of Outward Sin ;
Nor Sense of Dissolution near.

4 Of Hope I felt no Joyful Ground,
The Fruit of Righteousness alone ;
Naked of CHRIST my Soul I found,
And started from a GOD unknown.

5 Corrupt my Will, nor half subdu'd,
Could I his purer Presence bear ?
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrenew'd
Could I before his Face appear ?

6 Father of Mercies, hear my Call !
 Ere yet returns the Fatal Hour,
 Repair my Loss, retrieve my Fall,
 And raise me by thy quick'ning Pow'r.

7 My Nature re-exchange for Thine ;
 Be Thou my Life, my Hope, my Gain ;
 Arm me in Panoply Divine,
 And Death shall shake his Dart in vain.

8 When I thy promis'd CHRIST have seen,
 And clasp'd Him in my Soul's Embrace,
 Possest of my Salvation, Then —
 Then, let me, LORD, depart in Peace !

After a Recovery from Sickness.

1 AND live I yet by Pow'r Divine !
 And have I still my Course to run ?
 Again brought back in its Decline
 The Shadow of my parting Sun ?

2 Wondring I ask, Is This the Breast
 Struggling so late and torn with Pain ?
 The Eyes that upward look'd for Rest,
 And dropt their weary Lids again !

3 The recent Horrors still appear :
 O may they never cease to awe !
 Still be the King of Terrors near,
 Whom late in all his Pomp I saw.

4 Torture and Sin prepar'd his Way,
 And pointed to a yawning Tomb ?
 Darkneis behind eclips'd the Day,
 And check'd my forward Hopes of Home.

My

52 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

5 My feeble Flesh refus'd to bear
Its strong redoubled Agonies :
When Mercy heard my speechless Pray'r ,
And saw me faintly gasp for Ease.

6 Jesus to my Deliv'rance flew ,
Where sunk in mortal Pangs I lay :
Pale Death his Ancient Conq'ror knew ,
And trembled , and ungrasp'd his Prey !

7 The Fever turn'd its backward Course ,
Arrested by Almighty Pow'r ;
Sudden expir'd its Fiery Force ,
And Anguish gnaw'd my Side no more..

8 GOD of my Life , what just Return
Can sinful Dust and Ashes give ?
I only live my Sin to mourn ,
To love my GOD I only live !

9 To Thee , benign and saving Power ,
I consecrate my lengthen'd Days ;
While mark'd with Blessings , ev'ry Hour
Shall speak thy co-extended Praife.

10 How shall I teach the World to love ,
Unchang'd myself , unloos'd my Tongue ?
Give me the Pow'r of Faith to prove ,
And Mercy shall be all my Song.

11 Be all my Added Life employ'd
Thy Image in my Soul to see :
Fill with Thyself the Mighty Void ;
Enlarge my Heart to compass Thee !

12 O give me , SAVIOUR , give me more !
Thy Mercies to my Soul reveal :
Alas ! I see their endless Store ,
Yet O ! I cannot , cannot feel !

13 The Blessing of thy Love bestow:
 For this my Cries shall never fail;
 Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
 I will not, 'till my Suit prevail.

14 I'll weary Thee with my Complaint;
 Here at thy Feet for ever lie,
 With longing sick, with groaning faint.
 O give me Love, or else I die!

15 Without this best, divinest Grace
 'Tis Death, 'tis worse than Death to live;
 'Tis Hell to want thy Blissful Face,
 And Saints in Thee their Heav'n receive.

16 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my LORD,
 And fix in me thy lasting Home!
 Be mindful of thy gracious Word,
 Thou with thy promis'd Father, come!

17 Prepare, and then possest my Heart,
 O take me, seize me from above:
 Thee do I love, for GOD Thou art;
 Thee do I feel, for GOD is Love!

A Prayer under Convictions.

1 FATHER of Light, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er thy Ev'ry Creature needs,
 Whose Goodness providently nigh
 Feeds the young Ravens when they cry;
 To thee I look; my Heart prepare,
 Suggest, and hearken to my Pray'r.

2 Since by thy Light Myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
 Thine Eyes must all my Thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my Lips would say:

Thou

54 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Thou seest my Wants ; for Help they call,
And e'er I speak, Thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the Baseness of my Mind
Wayward, and impotent, and blind,
Thou know'st how unfeud'd my Will,
Averse to Good, and prone to Ill :
Thou know'st how wide my Passions rove,
Nor check'd by Fear, nor charm'd by Love.

4 Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
And feel the Indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my Vileness own,
And deep beneath the Burthen groan :
Abhor the Pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and Sin.

5 Ah give me, LORD, myself to feel,
My total Misery reveal :
Ah give me, LORD, (I still would say)
A Heart to mourn, a Heart to pray ;
My Busines this, my only Care,
My Life, my ev'ry Breath be Pray'r.

6 Scarce I begin my sad Complaint,
When all my warmest Wishes faint ;
Hardly I lift my weeping Eye,
When all my kindling Ardors die ;
Nor Hopes nor Fears my Bosom move,
For still I cannot, cannot love.

7 Father, I want a thankful Heart ;
I want to taste how good Thou art,
To plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,
And comprehend thy Love to me ;
The Breadth, and Length, and Depth, and Height,
Of Love divinely infinite.

8 Father

8 Father, I long my Soul to raise,
And dwell for ever on thy Praise,
Thy Praise with Glorious Joy to tell,
In Extasy unspeakable;
While the Full Pow'r of FAITH I know,
And reign triumphant here below,

The 53^d Chapter of Isaiah.

1 WHO hath believ'd the Tidings? Who?
Or felt the Joys our Words impart?
Gladly confess'd our Record true,
And found the Saviour in his Heart?
Planted in Nature's barren Ground,
And cherish'd by JEHOVAH's Care,
There shall th' Immortal Seed be found,
The Root Divine shall flourish there!

2 See, the Desire of Nations comes;
Nor outward Pomp bespeaks him near:
A Veil of Flesh the G O D assumes,
A Servant's Form he stoops to wear:
He lays his every Glory by,
Ignobly low, obscurely mean,
Of Beauty void, in Reason's Eye,
The Source of Loveliness is seen.

3 Rejected and despis'd of Men,
A Man of Griefs, emur'd to Woe;
His only Intimate is Pain,
And Grief is all his Life below:
We saw, and from the irksome Sight
Disdainfully our Faces turn'd;
Hell follow'd Him with fierce Despight,
And Earth the humble Abject scorn'd.

4 Surely for Us He humbled was,
 And griev'd with Sorrows, not his own:
 Of all his Woes were We the Cause,
 We fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown.
 Yet Him th' Offender we esteem'd,
 Striken by Heav'ns vindictive Rod,
Afflicted for Himself we deem'd,
 And punish'd by an Angry GOD.

5 But O! with our Transgressions stain'd,
 For our Offence He wounded was;
 Ours were the Sins that bruis'd, and pain'd,
 And scourg'd, and nail'd Him to the Cros.
 The Chastisement that bought our Peace,
 To Sinners due, on Him was laid:
 Conscience be still! thy Terrors cease!
 The Debt's discharg'd, the Ransom's paid.

6 What tho' we All, as wand'ring Sheep,
 Have left our GOD, and lov'd to stray,
 Refus'd his mild Commands to keep,
 And madly urg'd the downward Way;
 Father, on Him thy Bolt did fall,
 The mortal Law thy Son fulfill'd,
 Thou laid'st on Him the Guilt of All,
 And by his Stripes we All are heal'd.

7 Accus'd, his Mouth He open'd not,
 He answer'd not by Wrongs oppress'd;
 Pure tho' He was from sinful Spot,
 Our Guilt He *Silently* confess'd!
 Meek as a Lamb to Slaughter led,
 A Sheep before his Shearers dumb,
 To suffer in the Sinner's Stead,
 Behold the Spotless Victim come!

8 Who could his Heavenly Birth declare,
 When bound by Man He silent stood,
 When Worms arraign'd Him at their Bar,
 And doom'd to Death th' Eternal GOD!
 Patient the Sufferings to sustain
 The Vengeance to Transgressors due,
 Guiltless He groan'd, and died for Man:
 Sinners rejoice, He died for you!

9 For your *imputed* Guilt He bled,
 Made Sin a sinful World to save;
 Meekly He sunk among the Dead:
 The Rich supplied an Honour'd Grave
 For O! devoid of Sin, and free
 From Actual or Intail'd Offence,
 No Sinner in Himself was He,
 But pure and perfect Innocence..

10 Yet Him th' Almighty Father's Will
 With bruising Chastisements purse'd,
 Doom'd Him the Weight of Sin to feel,
 And sternly just requir'd his Blood.
 But lo! the Mortal Debt is paid,
 The costly Sacrifice is o'er,
 His Soul for Sin an Offering made
 Revives, and He shall die no more.

11 His numerous Seed He now shall see,
 Scatter'd thro' all the Earth abroad,
 Blest with His Immortality,
 Begot by him, and born of GOD.
 Head to his Church o'er all below,
 Long shall He here his Sons sustain;
 Their bounding Hearts his Power shall know,
 And bless the lov'd Messiah's Reign.

12 'Twixt GOD and Them He still shall stand,
 The Children whom his Sire hath given,
 Their Cause shall prosper in his Hand,
 While RIGHTEOUSNESS looks down from Hea-

While pleas'd He counts the ransom'd Race,
 And calls, and draws them from above ;
 The Travail of his Soul surveys,
 And rests in his Redeeming Love.

13 'Tis done ! my Justice asks no more,
 The Satisfaction's fully made :
 Their Sins He in his Body bore ;
 Their Surety all the Debt has paid.
 My Righteous Servant and my Son
 Shall each believing Sinner clear,
 And All, who stoop t'abjure their own,
 Shall in his Righteousness appear.

14 Them shall He claim his just Desert,
 Them his Inheritance receive,
 And many a contrite humble Heart
 Will I for his Possession give.
 Satan He thence shall chase away,
 Assert his Right, his Foes o'ercome ;
 Stronger than Hell retrieve the Prey,
 And bear the Spoil triumphant Home.

15 For charg'd with all their Guilt he stood,
 Sinners from Suffering to redeem,
 For Them He pour'd out all his Blood,
 Their Substitute, He died for Them.
 He died ; and rose his Death to plead,
 To testify Their Sins forgiven —
 And still I hear Him intercede,
 And still He makes Their Claim to Heaven !

Waiting for Redemption.

1 **W**EARY of struggling with my Pain,
 Hopeless to burst my Nature's Chain,
 Hardly

Hardly I give the Contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own Works at last I cease,
GOD must create and seal my Peace ;
Fruitless my Toil, and Vain my Care,
For all my Fitness is Despair.

3 LORD, I despair myself to heal,
I see my Sin, but cannot feel :
I cannot, 'till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' Obedient Waters flow.

4 'Tis Thine an Heart of Flesh to give,
Thy Gifts I only can receive :
Here then to Thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is Thine.

5 With simple Faith, to Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All :
I wait the Moving of the Pool ;
I wait the Word that speaks me Whole.

6 Speak, gracious LORD, my Sickness cure,
Make my infected Nature pure :
Peace, Righteousness, and Joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my Heart.

GAI. iii. 22.

The Scripture hath concluded all under Sin, that the Promise by Faith of JESUS CHRIST might be given to them that believe.

1 JESU, the Sinner's Friend, to Thee
Lost and undone for Aid I flee,

Weary.

60 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS

Weary of Earth, Myself, and Sin :
Open thine Arms, and take me in.

2 Pity, and heal my Sin-fick Soul,
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole,
Fal'n, 'till in Me thine Image shine,
And curst I am, 'till Thou art mine.

3 Hear, JESU, hear my helpless Cry,
O save a Wretch condemn'd to die !
The Sentence in Myself I feel,
And all my Nature teems with Hell.

4 When shall Concupiscence and Pride
No more my tortur'd Heart divide !
When shall this Agony be o'er,
And the Old *Adam* rage no more !

5 Awake, the Woman's Conqu'ring Seed,
Awake, and bruise the Serpent's Head,
Tread down thy Foes, with Power controul
The Beast and Devil in my Soul.

6 The Mansion for Thyself prepare,
Dispose my Heart by Ent'ring there !
'Tis This alone can make me clean,
'Tis This alone can cast out Sin.

7 Long have I vainly hop'd and strove
To force my Hardness into Love,
To give Thee all thy Laws require ;
And labour'd in the Purging Fire :

8 A thousand specious Arts essay'd,
Call'd the deep *Mystic* to my Aid :
His boasted Skill the Brute refin'd,
But left the subtler Fiend behind.

9 Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
Nor hope to break my Nature's Chain:
The fond self-emptying Scheme is past,
And lo! constrain'd I yield at last.

10 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit Myself for Thee:
Here then to Thee, I all resign,
Thine is the Work, and only Thine.

11 No more to lift my Eyes I dare
Abandon'd to a just Despair;
I Have my Punishment in View,
I Feel a thousand Hells my Due.

12 What shall I say thy Grace to move?
LORD I am Sin---but Thou art Love:
I give up every Plea beside,
LORD I am damn'd---but Thou hast died!

13 While groaning at thy Feet I fall,
Spurn me away, refuse my Call,
If Love permit, contract thy Brow,
And, if Thou canst, destroy me now!

Hoping for GRACE.

From the German.

3 MY Soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee her Source my Spirit flies,
My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see:
O let thy Presence set me free!

2 Lost and undone, for Aid I cry;
In thy Death, SAVIOUR, let me die!
Griev'd with thy Grief, pain'd with thy Pain,
Ne'er may I feel Self-love again.

3 JESU,

62. HYMNS and SACRED POEMS..

3. JESU, vouchsafe my Heart and Will;
With thy meek Lowliness to fill;
No more her Pow'r let Nature boast,
But in thy Will may mine be lost.

4. In Life's short Day let me yet more
Of thy enliv'ning Pow'r implore:
My Mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My Foot stand firm from Wandring free.

5. Ye Sons of Men, here nought avails
Your Strength, here all your Wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful Heart be clean?
Thou only, LORD, supreme of Men.

6. And well I know thy tender Love;
Thou never didst unfaithful prove:
And well I know Thou stand'ft by me,
Pleas'd from Myself to set me free.

7. Still will I watch, and labour still
To banish ev'ry Thought of Ill;
'Till Thou in thy good Time appear,
And sav'st me from the Fowler's Snare.

8. Already springing Hope I feel;
GOD will destroy the Pow'r of Hell;
GOD from the Land of Wars and Pain
Leads me where Peace and Safety reign.

9. One only Care my Soul shall know,
Father, all thy Commands to do.
Ah deep engrave it on my Breast,
That I in Thee ev'n now am blest.

10. When my warm Thought I fix on Thee,
And plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,
Then ev'n on me thy Face shall shine,
And quicken this dead Heart of mine.

11 So ev'n in Storms my Zeal shall grow;
 So shall I thy Hid Sweetness know;
 And feel (what endless Age shall prove)
 That Thou, my Lord, my GOD, art Love.

The DAWNING.

From HERBERT.

1 **A**WAKE, sad Heart, whom Sorrows drown,
 Lift up thine Eyes, and cease to mourn,
 Unfold thy Forehead's settled Frown;
 Thy SAVIOUR, and thy Joys return.

2 Awake, sad drooping Heart awake!
 No more lament, and pine, and cry:
 His Death Thou ever dost partake,
 Partake at last his Victory.

3 Arise; if thou dost not withstand,
 CHRIST's Resurrection Thine may be:
 O break not from the Gracious Hand
 Which, as it rises, raises Thee.

4 Clear'd by thy SAVIOUR's Sorrows rise;
 He griev'd, that Thou mayst cease to grieve;
 Dry with his Burial Cloths thine Eyes,
 He dy'd Himself that Thou mayst live!

PSAL. CXXXIX. 23.

*Try me, O GOD, and seek the
 Ground of my Heart.*

1 **J**ESU! my great High-priest above,
 My Friend before the Throne of Love!
 If now for Me prevails thy Prayer,
 If now I find Thee pleading there;

64 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

If Thou the Secret Wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my Heart to pray,
Hear; and my weak Petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to Thine!

2 Fain would I know my utmost Ill,
And groan my Nature's Weight to feel,
To feel the Clouds that round me roll,
The Night that hangs upon my Soul;
The Darkness of my Carnal Mind,
My Will perverse, my Passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the Earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from GOD.

3 JESU! my Heart's Desire obtain,
My earnest Suit present, and gain,
My Fulness of Corruption shew,
The Knowledge of Myself bestow;
A deeper Displience at Sin,
A sharper Sense of Hell within,
A stronger Struggling to get free,
A keener Appetite for Thee.

4 For Thee my Spirit often pants,
Yet often in pursuing faints,
Drooping it soon neglects t'aspire,
Nor fans the ever-dying Fire:
No more thy Glory's Skirts are seen,
The World, the Creature steals between;
Heavenward no more my Wishes move,
And I forget that Thou art Love.

5 O Sovereign Love, to Thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die.
Save me from Death, from Hell set free,
Death, Hell, are but the Want of Thee:
Quickned by thy imparted Flame,
Sav'd, when possest of Thee, I am;
My Life, my only Heav'n Thou art;
O might I feel Thee in my Heart!

The C H A N G E.

From the German.

1 JESU, whose Glory's streaming Rays,
Tho' duteous to thy high Command
Not Seraphs view with open Face,
But veil'd before thy Presence stand:
How shall weak Eyes of Flesh, weigh'd down
With Sin, and dim with Error's Night,
Dare to behold thy awful Throne,
Or view thy unapproached Light?

2 Restore my Sight! let thy free Grace
An Entrance to the Holiest give!
Open my Eyes of Faith! thy Face
So shall I see; yet seeing live.
Thy Golden Scepter from above
Reach forth; see my whole Heart I bow:
Say to my Soul, Thou art my Love,
My Chosen midst ten thousand Thou.

3 O JESU, full of Grace! the Sighs
Of a sick Heart with Pity view!
Hark how my Silence speaks; and cries,
Mercy, Thou GOD of Mercy, shew!
I know Thou canst not but be Good!
How shouldst Thou, LORD, thy Grace restrain?
Thou, LORD, whose Blood so largely flow'd
To save me from all Guilt and Pain.

4 Into thy gracious Hands I fall,
And with the Arms of Faith embrace!
O King of Glory, hear my Call!
O raise me, heal me by thy Grace!
--- Now Righteous thro' thy Wounds I am:
No Condemnation now I dread:
I taste Salvation in thy Name,
Alive in Thee my Living Head!

5 Still let thy Wisdom be my Guide,

Nor take thy Light from me away:

Still with me let thy Grace abide,

That I from Thee may never stray:

Let thy Word richly in me dwell;

Thy Peace and Love my Portion be,

My Joy t' endure, and do thy Will,

'Till perfect I am found in Thee!

6 Arm me with thy whole Armour, Lord,

Support my Weakness with thy Might:

Gird on my Thigh thy conq'ring Sword,

And shield me in the threat'ning Fight

From Faith to Faith, from Grace to Grace,

So in thy Strength shall I go on,

'Till Heav'n and Earth flee from thy Face,

And Glory end what Grace begun.

H Y M N S

A N D

SACRED POEMS.

P A R T II.

CHRIST *the Friend of Sinners.*



1 HERE shall my wondring Soul begin?
How shall I All to Heav'n aspire?
A Slave redeem'd from Death and Sin,
A Brand pluck'd from Eternal Fire;
How shall I equal Triumphs raise,
And sing my Great Deliverer's Praise!

2 O how shall I the Goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast show'd,
That I, a Child of Wrath, and Hell,
I should be call'd a Child of GOD!
Should know, should feel my Sins forgiven,
Blest with this Antepast of Heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's Love,
Or basely fear his Gifts to own?
Unmindful of his Favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd Croſs to ſhun,
Refuse his Righteousneſs t'impart,
By hiding it within my Heart?

4 No: Tho' the Antient Dragon rage,
 And call forth all his Host to War,
 Tho' Earth's Self-righteous Sons engage?
 Them, and their God alike I dare:
 JESUS, the Sinner's Friend proclaim,
 JESUS, to Sinners still the same.

5 Outcasts of Men, to You I call,
 Harlots, and Publicans, and Thieves!
 He spreads his Arms t' embrace you all;
 Sinners alone his Grace receives:
 No Need of Him the Righteous have,
 He came the Lost to seek and save!

6 Come all ye *Magdalens* in Lust,
 Ye Ruffians fell in Murders old;
 Repent, and live; despair, and trust!
 JESUS for you to Death was sold;
 Tho' Hell protest, and Earth repine,
 He died for Crimes like Yours----and Mine.

7 Come, O my guilty Brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your Load of Sin!
 His bleeding Heart shall make you room,
 His open Side shall take you in:
 He calls you Now, invites you home—
 Come, O my guilty Brethren, come!

8 For you the purple Current flow'd
 In Pardons from his wounded Side:
 Languish'd for you th'Eternal GOD,
 For you the Prince of Glory dy'd.
 Believe; and All your Sin's forgiven,
 Only Believe----and yours is Heaven.

On the Conversion of a Common Harlot.

LUKE XV. 10.

*There is Joy in the Presence of the
Angels of GOD over one Sinner
that repenteth.*

1 SING ye Heavens, and Earth rejoice,
Make to GOD a chearful Noise ;
He the Work alone hath done,
He hath glorified his Son.

2 Sons of GOD exulting rise,
Join the Triumph of the Skies,
See the Prodigal is come,
Shout to bear the Wanderer home !

3 Strive in Joy with Angels strive,
Dead She was, but now's alive,
Loud repeat the glorious Sound,
Lost She was, but now is found !

4 This through Ages all along,
This be still the Joyous Song,
Wide diffus'd o'er Earth abroad,
Musick in the Ears of GOD.

5 Rescued from the Fowler's Snare,
JESUS spreads his Arms for Her,
JESU's Arms her sacred Fence :
Come, ye Fiends, and pluck her thence !

6 Thence she never shall remove,
Safe in his Redeeming Love :
This the Purchase of his Groans !
This the Soul he died for once !

7 Now the gracious Father smiles,
 Now the SAVIOUR boasts his Spoils :
 Now the Spirit grieves no more :
 Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth adore !

*Looking unto JESUS the Author and
 Finisher of our Faith.*

1 **L**ORD, if to Me thy Grace hath given,
 A Spark of Life, a Taste of Heaven,
 The Gospel Pearl, the Woman's Seed,
 The Bruiser of the Serpent's Head :

2 Why sleeps my Principle Divine ?
 Why hastens not my Spark to shine ?
 The Saviour in my Heart to move,
 And all my Soul to flame with Love ?

3 Buried, o'erwhelm'd, and lost in Sin,
 And seemingly extinct within,
 Th'Immortal Seed unactive lies,
 The Heav'nly *Adam* sinks, and dies :

4 Dies, and revives the Dying Flame.
 Cast down, but not destroy'd I am,
 'Midst thousand Lusts I still respire,
 And tremble, unconsum'd, in Fire.

5 Suffer'd awhile to want my G O D,
 To groan beneath my Nature's Load,
 That All may own, that All may see,
 Th'Ungodly justified in Me.

ANOTHER.

- 1 SAVIOUR of Men, how long shall I
Forgotten at thy Footstool lie!
Close by the Fountain of thy Blood,
Yet groaning still to be renew'd;
- 2 A Miracle of Grace and Sin;
Pardon'd, yet still, alas, unclean!
Thy Righteousness is *counted* Mine:
When will it in my Nature shine?
- 3 Darksome I still remain and void,
And painfully unlike my GOD,
'Till Thou diffuse a brighter Ray,
And turn the Glimm'ring into Day.
- 4 Why didst Thou the First Gift impart,
And sprinkle with thy Blood my Heart,
But that my sprinkled Heart might prove,
The Life and Liberty of Love?
- 5 Why didst Thou bid my Terrors cease,
And sweetly fill my Soul with Peace,
But that my peaceful Soul might know
The Joys that from Believing flow?
- 6 See then thy Ransom'd Servant, see,
I hunger, LORD, I thirst for Thee!
Feed me with Love, thy Spirit give,
I gasp, in Him, in Thee to live.
- 7 The Promis'd Comforter impart;
Open the Fountain in my Heart;
There let Him flow with springing Joys,
And into Life Eternal rise.

8 There let Him ever, ever dwell,
 The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal ;
 I'll glory then in Sin forgiven,
 In CHRIST my Life, my Love, my Heaven !

HYMN of THANKSGIVING to the FATHER.

1 **T**HEE, O my G OD and King,
 My Father, Thee I sing !
 Hear well-pleas'd the joyous Sound,
 Praise from Earth and Heav'n receive ;
 Lost, I now in CHRIST am found,
 Dead, by Faith in CHRIST I live.

2 Father, behold thy Son,
 In CHRIST I am thy own.
 Stranger long to Thee and Rest,
 See the Prodigal is come :
 Open wide thine Arms and Breast,
 Take the weary Wand'r home.

3 Thine Eye observ'd from far,
 Thy Pity look'd me near :
 Me thy Bowels yearn'd to see,
 Me thy Mercy ran to find,
 Empty, poor, and void of Thee,
 Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my Neck didst fall,
 Thy Kifs forgave me all :
 Still the gracious Words I hear,
 Words that made the S A V I O U R mine,
 Haste, for him the Robe prepare,
 His be Righteousness Divine !

5 Thee then, my GOD and King,
 My Father, Thee I sing!
 Hear well-pleas'd the joyous Sound,
 Praise from Earth and Heav'n receive;
 Lost, I now in CHRIST am found,
 Dead, by FAITH in CHRIST I live.

HYMN to the SON.

1 O Filial Deity,
 Accept my New-born Cry!
 See the Travail of thy Soul,
 SAVIOUR, and be satisfy'd;
 Take me now, possess me whole,
 Who for Me, for Me hast dy'd!

2 Of Life Thou art the Tree,
 My Immortality!
 Feed this tender Branch of Thine,
 Ceaseless Influence derive,
 Thou the true, the Heav'nly Vine,
 Grafted into Thee I live.

3 Of Life the Fountain Thou,
 I know----I feel it Now!
 Faint and dead no more I droop:
 Thou art in me: Thy Supplies
 Ev'ry Moment springing up
 Into Life Eternal rise.

4 Thou the Good Shepherd art,
 From Thee I ne'er shall part:
 Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
 Make me still thy tender Care,
 Gently lead me by thy Side,
 Sweetly in thy Bosom bear.

5 Thou art my Daily Bread;
 O CHRIST, Thou art my Head:

Motion, Virtue, Strength to Me,
Me thy Living Member flow,
Nourish'd I, and fed by Thee,
Up to Thee in all Things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect Will.
Never Mortal spake like Thee,
Human Prophet like Divine :
Loud and strong their Voices be,
Small and still and inward Thine !

7 On Thee my Priest I call,
Thy Blood aton'd for All.
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still Thou stand'ft before the Throne,
Ever off'ring up thy Pray'rs,
These presenting with thy own.

8 JESU ! Thou art my King,
From Thee my Strength I bring !
Shadow'd by thy mighty Hand,
SAVIOUR, who shall pluck me thence ?
FAITH supports, by FAITH I stand
Strong as thy Omnipotence,

9 O Filial Deity,
Accept my New-born Cry !
See the Travail of thy Soul,
SAVIOUR, and be satisfy'd ;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for Me, for Me haft dy'd !

HYMN to the HOLY GHOST.

10 HEAR, Holy Spirit, hear,
My Inward Comforter !

Loos'd

1 Loos'd by Thee my stamm'ring Tongue
 First essays to praise Thee now,
 This the New, the Joyful Song,
 Hear it in thy Temple Thou!

2 Long o'er my Formless Soul
 The dreary Waves did roll;
 Void I lay, and sunk in Night:
 Thou, the overshadowing Dove,
 Call'dst the Chaos into Light,
 Bad'st me Be, and live, and love.

3 Thee I exult to Feel,
 Thou in my Heart dost dwell:
 There Thou bear'st thy Witness true,
 Shed'st the Love of GOD abroad;
 I in CHRIST a Creature New,
 I, ev'n I, am born of GOD!

4 Ere yet the Time was come
 To fix in Me thy Home,
 With me oft Thou didst reside:
 Now, my GOD, Thou In me art!
 Here Thou ever shalt abide;
 One we are, no more to part.

5 Fruit of the SAVIOUR's Pray'r,
 My Promis'd Comforter!
 Thee the World cannot receive,
 Thee they neither know nor see,
 Dead is all the Life they live,
 Dark their Light, while void of Thee,

6 Yet I partake thy Grace
 Thro' CHRIST my Righteousness;
 Mine the Gifts Thou dost impart,
 Mine the Unction from above,
 Pardon written on my Heart,
 Light, and Life, and Joy, and Love.

76 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

7 Thy Gifts, best Paraclete,
I glory to repeat:
Sweetly Sure of Grace I am,
Pardon to my Soul apply'd,
Int'rest in the spotless Lamb;
Dead for All, for me He dy'd.

8 Thou art Thyself the Seal;
I more than Pardon feel:
Peace, Unutterable Peace,
Joy that Ages ne'er can move,
Faith's Assurance, Hope's Increase,
All the Confidence of Love!

9 Pledge of the Promise giv'n,
My Ante-past of Heav'n;
Earnest Thou of Joys Divine,
Joys Divine on Me bestow'd,
Heav'n, and CHRIST, and All is mine,
All the Plenitude of GOD.

10 Thou art My Inward Guide,
I ask no Help beside:
Arm of GOD, on Thee I call,
Weak as Helpless Infancy!
Weak I am ---- yet cannot fall.
Stay'd by FAITH, and led by Thee!

11 Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,
My Inward Comforter!
Loos'd by Thee my stamm'ring Tongue
First essays to praise Thee now;
This the New, the Joyful Song,
Hear it in thy Temple Thou!

The G L A N C E.

From HERBERT.

- 1 **W**HEN first thy gracious Eye's Survey,
Ev'n in the midst of Youth and Night,
Mark'd me, where sunk in Sin I lay,
I felt a strange, unknown Delight.
- 2 My Soul, as all at once renew'd
Own'd the Divine Physician's Art,
So swift the healing Look bedew'd,
Embalm'd, o'er-ran, and fill'd my Heart.
- 3 Since then I many a bitter Storm
Have felt, and feeling sure had dy'd,
Had the malicious Fatal Harm
Roll'd on its unmolested Tide:
- 4 But working still, within my Soul,
Thy sweet Original Joy remain'd;
Thy Love did all my Griefs controul,
Thy Love the Victory more than gain'd.
- 5 If the first Glance, but open'd now
And now seal'd up, so pow'rful prove,
What wondrous Transports shall we know
When glorying in thy full-ey'd 'Love'?
- 6 When Thou shalt look us out of Pain,
And raise us to thy Blissful Sighr,
With open Face strong to sustain
The Blaze of thy unclouded Light!

FREE GRACE.

1 **A**ND can it be, that I should gain
 An Int'rest in the Saviour's Blood !
 Dy'd He for Me ? ---- who caus'd his Pain ?
 For Me ? ---- who him to Death pursu'd ?
 Amazing Love ! how can it be
 That Thou, my GOD shouldest die for Me ?

2 'Tis Myst'ry all ! th'Immortal dies !
 Who can explore his strange Design ?
 In vain the first-born Seraph tries
 To found the Depths of Love Divine.
 'Tis Mercy all ! let Earth adore ;
 Let Angel Minds enquire no more.

3 He left his Father's Throne above,
 (So free, so infinite his Grace !)
 Empty'd himself of All but Love,
 And bled for *Adam*'s helpless Race :
 'Tis Mercy all, immense and free !
 For O my GOD ! it found out Me !

4 Long my imprison'd Spirit lay,
 Fast bound in Sin and Nature's Night :
 Thine Eye diffus'd a quick'ning Ray ;
 I woke ; the Dungeon flam'd with Light ;
 My Chains fell off, my Heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.

5 Still the small inward Voice I hear,
 That whispers all my Sins forgiv'n ;
 Still the Atoning Blood is near,
 That quench'd the Wrath of hostile Heav'n :
 I feel the Life his Wounds impart ;
 I feel my SAVIOUR in my Heart.

6 No Condemnation now I dread,
 JESUS, and all in Him, is Mine :
 Alive in Him, my Living Head,
 And cloath'd in Righteousness Divine,
 Bold I approach th'Eternal Throne,
 And claim the Crown, thro' CHRIST, my own.

The C A L L.

From HERBERT.

1 COME, O my Way, my Truth, my Life!
 A Way that gives us Breath,
 A Truth that ends its Followers Strife,
 A Life that conquers Death!

2 Come, O my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
 A Light that shews a Feast ;
 A Feast that still improves by Length,
 A Strength that makes the Guest !

3 Come, O my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
 A Joy that none can move ;
 A Love that none can ever part,
 A Heart that joys in Love !

The DIALOGUE.

From the same.

1 SAVIOUR, if Thy precious Love
 Could be merited by mine,
 FAITH these Mountains would remove ;
 FAITH would make me ever Thine :
 But when all my Care and Pains,
 Worth can ne'er create in Me,
 Nought by me thy Fulness gains ;
 Vain the Hope to purchase Thee.

H

2 C. Cease,

80 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

2 C. Cease, my Child, thy Worth to weigh,
Give the needless Contest o'er:

Mine Thou art! while thus I say,
Yield Thee up, and ask no more.

What thy Estimate may be,

Only can by Him be told,

Who to ransom wretched Thee,

Thee to gain, Himself was sold.

3 S. But when All in Me is Sin,

How can I thy Grace obtain?

How presume Thyself to win?

GOD of Love, the Doubt explain —

Or if Thou the Means supply,

Lo! to Thee I All resign!

Make me, LORD, (I ask not why,

How, I ask not) ever Thine!

4 C. This I would — That humbly still

Thou submit to my Decree,

Meekly subjecting thy Will,

Closely copying after Me:

That as I did leave my Throne;

Freely from my Glory part;

Die, to make thy Heart my own —

S. Ah! no more — Thou break'st my Heart!

Subjection to CHRIST.

From the German.

1 JESU, to Thee my Heart I bow,
Strange Flames far from my Soul remove;
Fairest among ten thousand Thou,
Be Thou my LORD, my Life, my Love.

2 All

2 All Heav'n Thou fill'st with pure Desire ;
 O shine upon my frozen Breast ;
 With sacred Warmth my Heart inspire,
 May I too thy hid Sweetness taste.

3 I see thy Garments roll'd in Blood,
 Thy streaming Head, thy Hands, thy Side :
 All hail, Thou Suff'ring Conqu'ring GOD !
 Now Man shall live ; for GOD hath dy'd.

4 O kill in Me this Rebel Sin,
 And triumph o'er my willing Breast :
 Restore thy Image, LORD, therein,
 And lead me to my Father's Rest.

5 Ye earthly Loves, be far away !
 SAVIOUR, be Thou my Love alone ;
 No more may Mine usurp the Sway,
 But in me thy great Will be done !

6 Yea, Thou true Witness, spotless Lamb,
 All Things for Thee I count but Loss ;
 My sole Desire, my constant Aim,
 My only Glory be thy Cross !

Renouncing all for CHRIST.

From the French.

1 COME, SAVIOUR JESU, from above,
 Assist me with thy heav'nly Grace,
 Withdraw my Heart from worldly Love,
 And for Thyself prepare the Place.

2 O let thy sacred Presence fill
 And set my longing Spirit free,
 Which pants to have no other Will,
 But Night and Day to feast on Thee.

82 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

3 While in these Regions here below,
 No other Good will I pursue ;
I'll bid this World of Noise and Show
 With all its flatt'ring Snares, adieu.

4 That Path, with humble Speed I'll seek,
 Wherein my SAVIOUR's Footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
 Of any other Love than Thine.

5 To Thee my earnest Soul aspires,
 To Thee I offer all my Vows,
Keep me from false and vain Desires,
 My GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my Spouse.

6 Henceforth may no prophane Delight
 Divide this consecrated Soul ;
Possess it Thou, who hast the Right,
 As LORD and Master of the whole.

7 Wealth, Honour, Pleasure, or what else
 This short-enduring World can give,
Tempt as you will, my Heart repels,
 To CHRIST alone resolv'd to live.

8 Thee I can love, and Thee alone
 With holy Peace, and Inward Bliss ;
To find Thou tak'ft me for thy own,
 O what a Happiness is This !

9 Nor Heav'n nor Earth do I desire,
 But thy pure Love within my Breast,
This, this I always will require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

10 Thy Gifts, if call'd for, I resign,
 Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore ;
Gifts are thy Work ; it shall be mine
 The Giver only to adore.

The INVITATION.

From HERBERT.

1 COME hither All, whose grov'ling Taste
 Inslaves your Souls, and lays them waste ;
 Save your Expence, and mend your Cheer :
 Here GOD Himself's prepar'd and drest,
 Himself vouchsafes to be your Feast,
 In whom Alone all Dainties are.

2 Come hither All, whom tempting Wine
 Bows to your Father *Belial's* Shrine,
 Sin all your Boast, and Sense your GOD :
 Weep now for what you've drank amiss,
 And loose your Taste for sensual Blis
 By drinking here your SAVIOUR's Blood.

3 Come hither All, whom searching Pain,
 Whom Conscience's loud Cries arraign
 Producing all your Sins to view :
 Taste ; and dismiss your Guilty Fear,
 O taste and see that GOD is here
 To heal your Souls, and Sin subdue.

4 Come hither All, whom Careless Joy
 Does with alluring Force destroy,
 While loose ye range beyond your Bounds :
 True Joy is here, that passes quite,
 And all your transient mean Delight
 Drowns, as a Flood the lower Grounds.

5 Come hither All, whose Idol-love,
 While fond the pleasing Pain ye prove,
 Raises your foolish Raptures high :
 True Love is here ; whose dying Breath
 Gave Life to Us ; who tasted Death,
 And tasting once no more can die.

6 LORD, I have now invited All,
 And instant still the Guests shall call,
 Still shall I All invite to Thee :
 For O my GOD, it seems but right
 In mine, thy meanest Servants Sight,
 That where All Is, there All should be !

The B A N Q U E T.

From the same.

1 **W**E L C O M E, delicious Sacred Cheer,
 Welcome, my GOD, my S A V I O U R dear,
 O with me, In me live and dwell !
 Thine, Earthly Joy surpasses quite,
 The Depths of thy supreme Delight
 Not Angel Tongues can taste or tell.

2 What Streams of Sweetness from the Bowl
 Surprize and deluge all my Soul,
 Sweetness that is, and makes Divine !
 Surely from GOD's Right Hand they flow,
 From thence deriv'd to Earth below,
 To cheer us with Immortal Wine.

3 Soon as I taste the Heav'nly Bread,
 What Manna o'er my Soul is shed,
 Manna that Angels never knew !
 Victorious Sweetness fills my Heart,
 Such as my GOD delights t'impart,
 Mighty to save, and Sin subdue.

4 I had forgot my Heav'nly Birth,
 My Soul degen'rate clave to Earth,
 In Sense and Sins base Pleasures drown'd :
 When GOD assum'd Humanity,
 And spilt his Sacred Blood for me,
 To find me grov'ling on the Ground.

5 Soon

5 Soon as his Love has rais'd me up,
He mingles Blessings in a Cup,
And sweetly meets my ravish'd Taste,
Joyous I now throw off my Load,
I cast my Sins and Care on GOD,
And Wine becomes a Wing at last.

6 Upborn on This, I mount, I fly ;
Regaining swift my Native Sky,
I wipe my streaming Eyes, and see
Him, whom I seek, for whom I sue,
My GOD, my SAVIOUR there I view,
Him, who has done so much for me !

7 O let thy wondrous Mercy's Praise,
Inspire, and consecrate my Lays,
And take up all my Lines and Life ;
Thy Praise my ev'ry Breath employ :
Be all my Busines, all my Joy
To strive in This, and love the Strife !

Therefore with Angels, &c.

1 L ORD and GOD of Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs ; yet O ! benignly Ours ;
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name.

2 Thee to laud in Songs Divine,
Angels and Archangels join ;
We with them our Voices raise,
Echoing thy Eternal Praise :

3 Holy, Holy, Holy L ORD,
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd !
Full of Thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to GOD most High !

Glory

Glory be to GOD on high, &c.

- 1 **G**LORY be to GOD on high,
GOD whose Glory fills the Sky;
Peace on Earth to Man forgiy'n,
Man the Well-belov'd of Heav'n!
- 2 **S**ov'reign Father, Heav'nly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 **H**ail! by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail! the everlasting LORD!
Thee, with thankful Hearts, we prove
LORD of Pow'r, and GOD of Love.
- 4 **C**HRIST our LORD and GOD we own,
CHRIST the Father's only Son!
Lamb of GOD, for Sinners slain,
SAVIOUR of offending Man!
- 5 **B**ow Thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear, the World's Atonement Thou!
JESU, in thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our Sins away.
- 6 **P**ow'rful Advocate with GOD,
Justify us by thy Blood!
Bow Thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear, the World's Atonement Thou!
- 7 **H**ear; for Thou, O CHRIST alone
Art with thy great Father One;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme Eternal Three.

HYMN to CHRIST.

Alter'd from Dr. Hicks's Reform'd Devotions.

- 1 JESU, behold the Wise from far,
 Led to thy Cradle by a Star,
 Bring Gifts to Thee, their GOD and King !
O guide us by Light, that we
 The Way may find, and still to Thee
 Our Hearts, our All for Tribute bring.
- 2 JESU, the pure, the spotless Lamb,
 Who to the Temple humbly came,
 Duteous the Legal Rights to pay :
O make our proud, our stubborn Will,
 All thy wise, gracious Laws fulfil,
 Whate'er rebellious Nature say.
- 3 JESU, who on the fatal Wood
 Pour'dst out thy Life's last Drop of Blood,
 Nail'd to th'accursed shameful Cross :
O may we bless thy Love, and be
 Ready, dear LORD, to bear for Thee
 All Shame, all Grief, all Pain, all Loss.
- 4 JESU, who by Thine own Love slain,
 By Thine own Pow'r took'ft Life again,
 And Conqueror from the Grave didst rise :
O may thy Death our Souls revive,
 And ev'n on Earth a new Life give,
 A glorious Life that never dies.
- 5 JESU, who to thy Heav'n again
 Return'dst in Triumph, there to reign
 Of Men and Angels Sov'reign King :
O may our parting Souls take Flight
 Up to that Land of Joy and Light,
 And there for ever grateful sing.

6 All Glory to the sacred Three,
 One undivided Deity,
 All Honour, Pow'r, and Love and Praise ;
 Still may thy blessed Name shine bright
 In Beams of uncreated Light,
 Crown'd with its own eternal Rays.

On the CRUCIFIXION.

1 BEHOLD the SAVIOUR of Mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful Tree !
 How vast the Love that Him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for Thee !

2 Hark how he groans ! while Nature shakes,
 And Earth's strong Pillars bend !
 The Temple's Veil in funder breaks,
 The solid Marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious Ransom's paid ;
 Receiye my Soul, he cries ;
 See where he bows his sacred Head !
 He bows his Head and dies.

4 But soon He'll break Death's envious Chain,
 And in full Glory shine !
 O, Lamb of GOD, was ever Pain,
 Was ever Love like Thine !

The MAGNIFICAT.

1 MY Soul extols the mighty LORD,
 In GOD the SAVIOUR joys my Heart :
 Thou hast not my low State abhorr'd ;
 Now know I, Thou my SAVIOUR art.

2 Sorrow and Sighs are fled away,
 Peace now I feel, and Joy and Rest:
 Renew'd, I hail the Festal Day,
 Henceforth by endless Ages blest.

3 Great are the Things which Thou hast done,
 How holy is thy Name, O LORD!
 How wondrous is thy Mercy shewn
 To all that tremble at thy Word!

4 Thy conq'ring Arm with Terror crown'd,
 Appear'd the Humble to sustain:
 And all the Sons of Pride have found
 Their boasted Wisdom void and vain.

5 The Mighty from their native Sky
 Cast down, Thou hast in Darkness bound:
 And rais'd the Worms of Earth on high,
 With Majesty and Glory crown'd.

6 The Rich have pin'd amidst their Store,
 Nor e'er the Way of Peace have trod;
 Mean while the hungry Souls thy Pow'r
 Fill'd with the Fulness of their GOD.

7 Come, SAVIOUR, come, of old decreed!
 Faithful and true be Thou confess'd:
 By all Earth's Tribes in *Abraham's* Seed
 Henceforth thro' endless Ages blest.

Trust in PROVIDENCE.

From the German.

COMMIT thou all thy Griefs
 And Ways into his Hands;
 To his sure Truth and tender Care,
 Who Earth and Heav'n commands.

2 Whe

2 Who points the Clouds their Course,
Whom Winds and Seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wand'ring Feet,
He shall prepare thy Way.

3 Thou on the L ORD rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his Work thy stedfast Eye,
So shall thy Work be done.

4 No Profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming Care ;
To Him commend thy Cause, his Ear
Attends the softest Pray'r.

5 Thy Everlasting Truth,
Father, thy ceaseless Love
Sees all thy Children's Wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of Kings ;
What thy unerring Wisdom chose,
Thy Pow'r to Being brings.

7 Thou ev'ry where hast Way,
And all Things serve thy Might ;
Thy ev'ry Act pure Blessing is,
Thy Path unsulky'd Light.

8 When Thou arisest, L ORD,
What shall thy Work withstand ?
When all thy Children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay thy Hand ?

9 Give to the Winds thy Fears ;
Hope, and be undismay'd ;
GOD hears thy Sighs, and counts thy Tears,
GOD shall lift up thy Head.

10 Thro' Waves, and Clouds, and Storms
He gently clears thy Way ;
Wait Thou his Time, so shall this Night
Soon end in joyous Day.

11 Still heavy is thy Heart ?
Still sink thy Spirits down ?
Cast off the Weight, let Fear depart,
And ev'ry Care be gone.

12 What tho' Thou rulest not ?
Yet Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell
Proclaim, G O D fitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all Things well !

13 Leave to his Sov'reign Sway
To choose, and to command ;
So shalt thou wondring own, his Way
How wise, how strong his Hand.

14 Far, far above thy Thought
His Counsel shall appear,
When fully He the Work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless Fear.

15 Thou seest our Weakness, L O R D,
Our Hearts are known to Thee ;
O lift Thou up the sinking Hand,
Confirm the feeble Knee !

16 Let us in Life, in Death,
Thy stedfast Truth declare,
And publish with our latest Breath
Thy Love and Guardian Care !

In AFFLCTION.

1 ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted Love,
In whom the FATHER's Glories shine,
Thro' Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;

2 JESU! the weary Wand'rer's Rest;
Give me thy easy Yoke to bear,
With stedfast Patience arm my Breast,
With spotless Love, and lowly Fear.

3 Thankful I take the Cup from Thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy Skill:
Tho' bitter to the Taste it be,
Pow'rful the wounded Soul to heal.

4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages nigh:
So shall each murmur'ring Thought be gone,
And Grief, and Fear, and Care shall fly
As Clouds before the Mid-day Sun.

5 Speak to my warring Passions, "Peace;
Say to my trembling Heart, "Be still:
Thy Pow'r my Strength and Fortress is,
For all Things serve thy Sov'reign Will.

6 O Death, where is thy Sting? Where now
Thy boasted Victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with G O D: Or, Who
Can hurt whom G O D delights to save?

In-AFFLICION, or PAIN.

From the German.

1. **T**HOU Lamb of GOD, Thou Prince of Peace,
For Thee my thirsty Soul doth pine!
My longing Soul implores thy Grace,
O make me in thy Likeness shine.

2. With fraudless, even, humble Mind,
Thy Will in all Things may I see:
In love be ev'ry Wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole Heart to Thee.

3. When Pain o'er my weak Flesh prevails,
With Lamb-like Patience arm my Breast;
When Grief my wounded Soul affails,
In lowly Meekness may I rest.

4. Close by thy Side still may I keep,
Howe'er Life's various Current flow;
With steadfast Eye mark ev'ry Step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

5. THOU, LORD, the dreadful Fight hast won;
Alone Thou hast the Wine-press trod:
In me thy strengthening Grace be shewn,
O may I conquer thro' thy Blood!

6. So when on *Sion* Thou shalt stand,
And all Heav'n's Host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy Right Hand,
And free from Pain thy Glories sing.

A N O T H E R.

From the same.

- 1 **A** LL Glory to th'Eternal Three,
Of Light and Love th'unfathom'd Sea!
Whose boundless Pow'r, whose saving Grace,
Reliev'd me in my deep Distress.
- 2 Still, **LORD**, from thy exhaustless Store,
Pure Blessing, and Salvation shew'r;
'Till Earth I leave, and soar away
To Regions of unclouded Day.
- 3 My Heart from all Pollution clean,
O purge it, tho' with Grief and Pain:
To Thee lo! I my All resign,
Thine be my Will, my Soul be Thine.
- 4 O guide me, lead me in thy Ways:
"Tis Thine the flinking Hand to raise!
O may I ever lean on Thee:
"Tis Thine to prop the seeble Knee.
- 5 O Father, sanctify this Pain,
Nor let one Tear be shed in vain!
Soften, yet arm my Breast: No Fear,
No Wrath, but Love alone be there.
- 6 O leave not, cast me not away
In fierce Temptation's dreadful Day:
Speak but the Word; instant shall cease
The Storm, and all my Soul be Peace!

In DESERTION or TEMPTATION.

- 1 **A** H! my dear LORD, whose changeless Love
To Me, nor Earth nor Hell can part ;
When shall my Feet forget to rove ?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless Heart ?
- 2 Why do these Cares my Soul divide,
If Thou indeed hast set me free ?
Why am I thus, if GOD hath dy'd ;
If GOD hath dy'd to ransom Me ?
- 3 Around me Clouds of Darknes roll,
In deepest Night I still walk on ;
Heavily moves my fainting Soul,
My Comfort and my GOD are gone.
- 4 Chearless and all forlorn I droop ;
In vain I lift my weary Eye ;
No Gleam of Light, no Ray of Hope
Appears throughout the darken'd Sky.
- 5 My feeble Knees I bend again,
My drooping Hands again I rear :
Vain is the Task, the Effort vain,
My Heart abhors the irksome Pray'r.
- 6 Oft with thy Saints my Voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless Song :
Faintly ascends th'imperfect Praise,
Or dies upon my thoughtless Tongue.
- 7 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread Courts I oft repair ;
By Conscience drag'd, or Custom led
I come ; nor know that GOD is there !

8 Nigh with my Lips to Thee I draw,
 Unconscious at thy Altar found ;
 Far off my Heart : Nor touch'd with Awe,
 Nor mov'd - tho' Angels tremble round.

9 In All I do, Myself I feel,
 And groan beneath the wonted Load,
 Still unrenew'd, and carnal still,
 Naked of CHRIST, and void of G O D.

10 Nor yet the Earthly *Adam* dies,
 But lives, and moves, and fights again,
 Still the fierce Gusts of Passion rise,
 And rebel Nature strives to reign.

11 Fondly my foolish Heart essays
 T'augment the Source of perfect Bliss,
 Love's All-sufficient Sea to raise
 With Drops of Creature-Happiness.

12 O Love ! thy Sov'reign Aid impart,
 And guard the Gifts thyself haft giv'n :
 My Portion Thou, my Treasure art,
 And Life, and Happiness, and Heav'n.

13 Would ought with Thee my Wishes share,
 Tho' dear as Life the Idol be,
 The Idol from my Breast I'll tear,
 Resolv'd to seek my All from Thee.

14 Whate'er I fondly counted Mine,
 To Thee, my L O R D, I here restore :
 Gladly I all for Thee resign :
 Give me Thyself, I ask no more !

A N O T H E R.

1 **M**Y GOD (if I may call Thee Mine
From Heav'n and Thee remov'd so far)
Draw nigh ; thy pitying Ear incline,
And cast not out my languid Pray'r.
Gently the Weak Thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble Knee,
O break not then a bruised Reed,
Nor quench the smoaking Flax in me.

2 Buried in Sin, thy Voice I hear,
And burst the Barriers of my Tomb,
In all the Marks of Death appear,
Forth at thy Call, tho' bound, I come,
Give me, O give me fully, **LORD**,
Thy Resurrection's Pow'r to know ;
Free me indeed ; repeat the Word,
And loose my Bands, and let me go.

3 Fain would I go to Thee, my **G O D**,
Thy Mercies, and my Wants to tell :
I feel my Pardon seal'd in Blood ;
SAVIOUR, thy Love I wait to feel.
Freed from the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin ;
When shall my Soul triumphant prove ?
Why breaks not out the Fire within
In Flames of Joy, and Praise, and Love ?

4 When shall my Eye affect my Heart,
Sweetly dissolv'd in gracious Tears ?
Ah, **LORD**, the Stone to Flesh convert !
And 'till thy lovely Face appears,
Still may I at thy Footstool keep,
And watch the Smile of op'ning Heav'n :
Much would I pray, and love, and weep ;
I would ; for I have much forgiv'n.

5 Yet

5 Yet O! ten Thousand Lusts remain,
 And vex my Soul, absolv'd from Sin,
 Still rebel Nature strives to reign,
 Still am I all unclean, unclean!
 Assail'd by Pride, allur'd by Sense,
 On Earth the Creatures court my Stay ;
 False flatt'ring Idols, get ye hence,
 Created Good be far away!

6 JESU, to Thee my Soul aspires,
 JESU, to Thee I plight my Vows,
 Keep me from Earthly, base Desires,
 My GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my Spouse.
 Fountain of all-sufficient Bliss,
 Thou art the Good I seek below ;
 Fulness of Joys in Thee there is,
 Without 'tis Mis'ry all, and Woe.

7 Take this poor, wandring, worthleſs Heart,
 Its Wandrings all to Thee are known,
 May no false Rival claim a Part,
 Nor Sin diffeize Thee of Thine own.
 Stir up thy interposing Pow'r,
 Save me from Sin, from Idols save,
 Snatch me from fierce Temptation's Hour,
 And hide, O hide me in the Grave!

8 I know Thou wilt accept me Now,
 I know my Sins are now forgiv'n !
 My Head to Death O let me bow,
 Nor keep my Life, to lose my Heav'n.
 Far from this Snare my Soul remove,
 This only Cup would I decline,
 I deprecate a Creature-Love,
 O take me, to secure me Thine.

9 Or if thy Wiser Will ordain
 The Trial, I would die to shun,
 Welcome the Strife, the Grief, the Pain,
 Thy Name be prais'd, thy Will be done !

I from thy Hand the Cup receive,
 Meekly submit to thy Decree,
 Gladly for Thee consent to live!
 Thou, LORD, hast liv'd, had died for Me!

ISAIAH xliii. 2.

*When thou passest thro' the Waters,
 I will be with thee; and thro'
 the Rivers, they shall not overflow
 thee: When thou walkest thro' the
 Fire thou shalt not be burnt; nei-
 shall the Flame kindle upon thee.*

¹ PEACE, doubting Heart—my GOD's I am!
 Who form'd me Man forbids my Fear:
 The LORD hath call'd me by my Name,
 The LORD protects for ever near:
 His Blood for Me did once atone,
 And still he loves and guards his own.

² When passing thro' the Watry Deep,
 I ask in FAITH his promis'd Aid,
 The Waves an awful Distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted Head:
 Fearless their Violence I dare;
 They cannot harm, for GOD is there!

³ To Him my Eye of FAITH I turn,
 And thro' the Fire pursue my Way;
 The Fire forgets its Pow'r to burn,
 The lambent Flames around me play:
 I own his Pow'r, accept the Sign,
 And shout to prove the SAVIOUR Mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my SAVIOVR, stand,
 And guard in fierce Temptation's Hour;
 Hide in the Hollow of thy Hand,
 Shew forth in me thy Saving Pow'r,
 Still be thy Arm my sure Defence,
 Nor Earth, nor Hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
 (Good as Thou art, and strong to save)
 I'll walk o'er Life's tempestuous Sea,
 Upborn by the unyielding Wave;
 Dauntless, tho' Rocks of Pride be near,
 And yawning Whirlpools of Despair.

6 When Darkness intercepts the Skies,
 And Sorrow's Waves around me roll,
 When high the Storms of Passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking Soul;
 My Soul a sudden Voice shall feel,
 And hear a Whisper, " Peace, be still."

7 Tho' in Affliction's Furnace tried,
 Unhurt, on Snares and Deaths I'll tread;
 Tho' Sin assail, and Hell thrown wide,
 Pour all its Flames upon my Head,
 Like Moses' Bush I'll mount the higher,
 And flourish, unconsum'd in Fire.

The BELIEVER'S SUPPORT.

From the German.

1 **O** Thou, to whose all-searching Sight
 The Darkness shineth as the Light,
 Search, prove my Heart; it pants for Thee:
 O burst these Bands, and set it free.

2 Wash out its Stains, refine its Dross,
Nail my Affections to the Cross!
Hallow each Thought: Let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my LORD, art clean.

3 If in this darksome Wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way:
No Foes, no Violence I fear,
No Fraud, while Thou, my GOD, art near.

4 When rising Floods my Soul o'erflow,
When sinks my Heart in Waves of Woe,
JESU, thy timely Aid impart,
And raise my Head, and cheer my Heart.

5 SAVIOUR, where'er thy Steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow Thee:
O let thy Hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy Hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the Way,
My Strength proportion to my Day:
'Till Toil, and Grief, and Pain shall cease,
Where all is Calm, and Joy, and Peace.

Living by CHRIST.

From the same.

1 JESU, thy boundless Love to me
No Thought can reach, no Tongue declare:
O knit my thankful Heart to Thee,
And reign without a Rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am:
Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my Soul
 May dwell, but thy pure Love alone :
 O may thy Love possess me whole,
 My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown.
 Strange Fires far from my Soul remove,
 My ev'ry Act, Word, Thought, be Love,

3 O Love, how clearing is thy Ray ?
 All Pain before thy Presence flies !
 Care, Anguish, Sorrow melt away,
 Where'er thy healing Streams arise :
 O JESU, nothing may I see,
 Nothing hear, feel, or think but Thee !

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the High Prize aspire ;
 Hourly within my Breast renew
 This holy Flame, this heav'nly Fire ;
 And Day and Night be all my Care
 To guard this sacred Treasure there.

5 My SAVIOUR, Thou thy Love to me
 In Want, in Pain, in Shame hast show'd ;
 For me on the accursed Tree,
 Thou pouredit forth thy guiltless Blood :
 Thy Wounds upon my Heart impress,
 Nor ought shall the lov'd Stamp efface.

6 More hard than Marble is my Heart,
 And foul with Sins of deepest Stain :
 But Thou the mighty SAVIOUR art,
 Nor flow'd thy cleansing Blood in vain.
 Ah ! soften, melt this Rock, and may
 Thy Blood wash all these Stains away.

7 O that my Heart, which opens stands,
 May catch each Drop, that torturing Pain,
 Arm'd by my Sins, wrung from thy Hands,
 Thy Feet, thy Head, thy ev'ry Vein :

That

That still my Breast may heave with Sighs,
Still Tears of Love o'erflow my Eyes.

8 O that I as a little Child
May follow Thee, nor ever rest,
'Till sweetly Thou hast pour'd thy mild
And lowly Mind into my Breast.
Nor ever may we parted be
'Till I become one Spirit with Thee.

9 O draw me, SAVIOUR, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire:
With gracious Words still comfort me;
Be Thou my Hope, my sole Desire:
Free me from ev'ry Weight: Nor Fear,
Nor Sin can come, if Thou art here.

10 My Health, my Light, my Life, my Crown,
My Portion, and my Treasure Thou!
O take me, seal me for Thine own;
To Thee alone my Soul I bow:
Without Thee all is Pain; my Mind
Repose in nought but Thee can find.

11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In Thee alone is all my Rest:
Be Thou my Flame; within me burn,
JESU, and I in Thee am blest.
Thou art the Balm of Life: My Soul
Is faint; O save, O make it whole!

12 What in thy Love posses I not?
My Star by Night, my Sun by Day;
My Spring of Life when parch'd with Drought,
My Wine to cheer, my Bread to stay,
My Strength, my Shield, my safe Abode,
My Robe before the Throne of GOD!

13 Ah Love! Thy Influence withdrawn

What profits me that I am born?
 All my Delight, my Joy is gone,
 Nor know I Peace, 'till Thou return:
 Thee may I seek 'till I attain;
 And never may we part again.

14 From all Eternity with Love

Unchangeable Thou hast me view'd;
 Ere knew this beating Heart to moye,
 Thy tender Mercies me pursu'd:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on ev'ry Side.

15 Still let thy Love point out my Way,

(How wondrous Things thy Love hath wrought!)
 Still lead me lest I go astray,
 Direct my Work, inspire my Thought:
 And when I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy Voice, and know that Love is near.

16 In Suff'ring be thy Love my Peace,

In Weakness be thy Love my Pow'r;
 And when the Storms of Life shall cease,
 JESU, in that important Hour,
 In Death as Life be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died!

*GOD's Love to Mankind.**From the same.*

O GOD, of Good th'unfathom'd Sea,
 Who would not give his Heart to Thee?
 Who would not love Thee with his Might?
 O JESU, Lover of Mankind,
 Who would not his whole Soul and Mind
 With all his Strength to Thee unite?

2 Thou

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting Rays;
 Before the unsufferable Blaze
 Angels with both Wings veil their Eyes:
 Yet free as Air thy Bounty streams
 On all thy Works; thy Mercy's Beams
 Diffusive as thy Sun's arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning Brow,
 Earth, Hell, and Heav'ns strong Pillars bow,
 Terrible Majesty is Thine!
 Who then can that vast Love express
 Which bows Thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, 'till Thou art mine?

4 High-thron'd on Heav'ns eternal Hill,
 In Number, Weight, and Measure still
 Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is:
 And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my Steps, that I with Thee
 Enthron'd may reign in endless Bliss.

5 Fountain of Good, all Blessing flows
 From Thee; no Want thy Fulness knows:
 What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
 Yes: Self-sufficient as Thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless Heart,
 This, only this Thou dost require.

6 Primeval Beauty! in thy Sight
 The first-born, fairest Sons of Light
 See all their brightest Glories fade:
 What then to me thy Eyes could turn,
 In Sin conceiv'd, of Woman born,
 A Worm, a Leaf, a Blast, a Shade?

7 Hell's Armies tremble at thy Nod,
 And trembling own th' Almighty G O D,
 Sov'reign of Earth, Air, Hell and Sky.

But who is This that comes from far,
 Whose Garments roll'd in Blood appear?
 'Tis GOD made Man for Man to die!

8 O GOD of Good th'unfathom'd Sea,
 Who would not give his Heart to Thee?
 Who would not love Thee with his Might?
 O JESU, Lover of Mankind,
 Who would not his whole Soul and Mind
 With all his Strength to Thee unite?

GOD's GREATNESS.

From the same.

1 O GOD, Thou bottomless Abyss,
 Thee to Perfection who can know?
 O Height immense! what Words suffice
 Thy countless Attributes to show:
 Unfathomable Depths Thou art!
 O plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea;
 Void of true Wisdom is my Heart,
 With Love embrace and cover me.
 While Thee All-infinite I set
 By FAITH before my ravish'd Eye,
 My Weakness bends beneath the Weight,
 O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.

2 Eternity thy Fountain was,
 Which, like Thee, no Beginning knew;
 Thou wast e'er Time began his Race:
 Ere glow'd with Stars th'Etherial Blue:
 Greatness unspeakable is Thine,
 Greatness, whose undiminish'd Ray,
 When short-liv'd Worlds are lost, shall shine,
 When Earth and Heav'n are fled away.

Unchangeable, all-perfect L O R D ,
 Essential Life's unbounded Sea,
 What lives and moves, lives by thy Word,
 It lives, and moves, and is from Thee.

3 Thy Parent Hand, thy forming Skill
 Firm fix'd this Universal Chain ;
 Else empty, barren Darkness still
 Had held his unmolested Reign :
 Whate'er in Earth, or Sea, or Sky
 Or shuns, or meets the wand'ring Thought,
 Escapes or strikes the searching Eye,
 By Thee was to Perfection brought.
 High is thy Pow'r above all Height :
 Whate'er thy Will decrees is done :
 Thy Wisdom equal to thy Might
 Only to Thee, O G O D , is known.

4 Heaven's Glory is thy awful Throne,
 Yet Earth partakes thy gracious Sway ;
 Vain Man ! thy Wisdom Folly own,
 Lost is thy Reason's feeble Ray.
 What his dim Eye could never see,
 Is plain and naked to thy Sight ;
 What thickest Darkness veils, to Thee
 Shines clearly as the Morning Light.
 In Light Thou dwell'st : Light that no Shade
 No Variation ever knew :
 And Heav'n and Hell stand all display'd,
 And open to thy piercing View.

5 Thou, true and only G O D , lead'st forth.
 Th' immortal Armies of the Sky :
 Thou laugh'st to scorn the Gods of Earth ;
 Thou thunder'st, and amaz'd they fly.
 With down-cast Eye th' Angelick Choir
 Appear before thy awful Face,
 Trembling they strike the golden Lyre,
 And thro' Heav'n's Vault resound thy Praise.

In Earth, in Heav'n, in all Thou art:
 The conscious Creature feels thy Nod,
 Whose forming Hand on every Part
 Imprest the Image of its G O D.

6 Thine, L O R D, is Wisdom, Thine alone ;
 Justice, and Truth before Thee stand ;
 Yet nearer to thy sacred Throne
 Mercy with-holds thy lifted Hand.
 Each Ev'ning flews thy tender Love,
 Each rising Morn thy plenteous Grace ;
 Thy waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,
 Thy willing Mercy flies apace.
 To thy benign, indulgent Care,
 Father, this Light, this Breath we owe,
 And all we have, and all we are
 From Thee, great Source of Being flow.

7 Parent of Good, thy bounteous Hand
 Incessant Blessing's down distills,
 And all in Air, or Sea, or Land
 With plenteous Food and Gladness fills.
 All Things in Thee live, move, and are,
 Thy Pow'r infus'd doth all sustain ;
 Ev'n those thy daily Favours share
 Who thankless spurn thy easy Reign.
 Thy Sun Thou bidst his genial Ray
 Alike on All impartial pour ;
 To all who hate or bleſs thy Sway
 Thou bidst descend the fruitful Show'r.

8 Yet while at length, who scorn'd thy Might
 Shall feel Thee a conſuming Fire,
 How sweet the Joys, the Crown how bright
 Of those who to thy Love aspire !
 All Creatures praise th'Eternal Name !
 Ye Hosts that to his Courts belong,
 Cherubic Quires, Seraphic Flames,
 Awake the everlasting Song.

Thrice

Thrice Holy, Thine the Kingdom is,
 The Pow'r omnipotent is Thine,
 And when created Nature dies
 Thy never-ceasing Glories shine.

HYMN on the Titles of CHRIST.

1 **A**RISE, my Soul, arise
 Thy SAVIOUR's Sacrifice!
 All the Names that Love could find,
 All the Forms that Love could take
 JESUS in Himself has join'd,
 Thee, my Soul his own to make.

2 Equal with GOD, most High,
 He laid his Glory by:
 He, th'Eternal GOD, was born,
 Man with Men He deign'd t'appear,
 Object of his Creature's Scorn,
 Pleas'd a Servant's Form to wear.

3 Hail everlasting LORD,
 Divine, Incarnate *Word!*
 Thee let all my Pow'rs confess,
 Thee my latest Breath proclaim;
 Help, ye Angel Choirs, to bles,
 Shout the lov'd *Immanuel's Name.*

4 Fruit of a Virgin's Womb
 The promis'd Blessing's come:
 CHRIST the Father's Hope of old,
 CHRIST the *Woman's conqu'ring Seed,*
 CHRIST the SAVIOUR long foretold,
 Born to bruise the Serpent's Head.

5 Refulgent from afar
 See the bright *Morning Star!*

See

See the *Day-spring* from on high
 Late in deepest Darkness rise,
 Night recedes, the Shadows fly,
 Flame with Day the Op'ning Skies!

6 Our Eyes on Earth survey
 The Dazzling *Shechinah!*
 Bright, in endless Glory bright,
 Now in Flesh He stoops to dwell,
 GOD of GOD, and Light of Light,
 Image of th'Invisible.

7 He shines on Earth ador'd
 The *Presence of the LORD*:
 GOD, the mighty GOD and true,
 GOD by highest Heav'n confess,
 Stands display'd to Mortal View,
 GOD Supreme, for ever blest.

8 JESU! to Thee I bow
 Th'Almighty's *Fellow* Thou!
 Thou, the Father's Only Son;
 Pleas'd He ever is in Thee,
 Just and Holy Thou alone,
 Full of Grace and Truth for Me.

9 High above ev'ry Name
 JESUS, the great *I AM!*
 Bows to JESUS ev'ry Knee,
 Things in Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell,
 Saints adore Him, Demons flee,
 Fiends, and Men, and Angels feel.

10 He left his Throne above
 Emptied of all, but Love:
 Whom the Heav'ns cannot contain
 GOD vouchsaf'd a Worm t'appear,
 LORD of Glory, Son of Man,
 Poor, and vile, and abject here.

HYMNS and SACRED POEMS. III

11 His own on Earth he sought
His own receiv'd Him not:
Him, a Sign by All blasphem'd,
Outcast and despis'd of Men,
Him they all a Madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the *Nazarine*.

12 Hail *Galilean King*!
Thy humble State I sing;
Never shall my Triumphs end,
Hail derided *Majesty*,
JESUS, hail! the Sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans—and Me!

13 Thine Eye observ'd my Pain,
Thou good *Samaritan*!
Spoil'd I lay, and bruis'd by Sin,
Gasp'd my faint expiring Soul,
Wine and Oil thy Love pour'd in,
Clos'd my Wounds, and made me whole.

14 Hail the Life-giving *LORD*,
Divine, Engrafted *Word*!
Thee the *Life* my Soul has found,
Thee the *Resurrection* prov'd:
Dead I heard the Quick'ning Sound,
Own'd thy Voice; Believ'd, and Lov'd!

15 With Thee gone up on high
I live, no more to die;
First and *Last*, I feel Thee now,
Witness of thy Empty Tomb,
Alpha and *Omega* Thou
Wast, and Art, and Art to come!

II^d HYMN to CHRIST.

1 SAVIOUR, the World's and Mine,
Was ever Grief like Thine !
Thou my Pain, my Curse hast took,
All my Sins were laid on Thee ;
Help me, LORD ; to Thee I look,
Draw me, SAVIOUR, after Thee.

2 'Tis done ! My GOD hath died,
My Love is Crucify'd !
Break this stony Heart of mine,
Pour my Eyes a ceaseless Flood,
Feel, my Soul, the Pangs Divine,
Catch, my Heart, the issuing Blood !

3 When, O my GOD, shall I
For Thee submit to die ?
How the mighty Debt repay,
Rival of thy Passion prove ?
Lead me in Thyself the Way,
Melt my Hardness into Love.

4 To Love is all my Wish,
I only live for This :
Grant me, LORD, my Heart's Desire,
There by FAITH for ever dwell :
This I always will require
Thee and only Thee to feel.

5 Thy Pow'r I pant to prove
Rooted and fix'd in Love,
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's Might,
Wise to fathom Things Divine,
What the Length, and Breadth, and Height,
What the Depth of Love like Thine.

6 Ah! give me This to know
 With all thy Saints below.
 Swells my Soul to compass Thee,
 Gasp in Thee to live and move,
 Fill'd with All the Deity,
 All immerst and lost in Love!

III^d HYMN to CHRIST.

1 **S**TILL, O my Soul, prolong
 The never-ceasing Song!
CHRIST my Theme, my Hope, my Joy;
 His be all my Happy Days,
 Praise my ev'ry Hour employ,
 Ev'ry Breath be spent in Praise.

2 His would I wholly be
 Who liv'd and died for me:
 Grief was all his Life below,
 Pain, and Poverty, and Loss:
 Mine the Sins that bruis'd Him so,
 Scourg'd, and nail'd him to the Cross.

3 He bore the Curse of All,
 A Spotless Criminal:
 Burthen'd with a World of Guilt,
 Blacken'd with Imputed Sin,
 Man to save his Blood he spilt,
 Died, to make the Sinner clean.

4 Join Earth and Heav'n to bless
 The **L**ORD our *Righteousness!*
 Myst'ry of Redemption This,
 This the SAVIOUR's strange Design,
 Man's Offence was Counted His,
 Ours is Righteousness Divine.

5 Far as our Parent's Fall
 The Gift is come to All :
 Sinn'd we All, and died in one ?
 Just in One we All are made,
 CHRIST the Law fulfill'd alone,
 Dy'd for All, for All Obey'd.

6 In Him compleat we shine,
 His Death, his Life is Mine.
 Fully am I justify'd,
 Free from Sin, and more than free ;
 Guiltless, since for Me He dy'd,
 Righteous, since He Liv'd for Me !

7 JESU ! to Thee I bow,
 Sav'd to the Utmost now.
 O the Depth of Love Divine !
 Who thy Wisdom's Stores can tell ?
 Knowledge infinite is Thine,
 All thy Ways Unsearchable !

Hymn to CHRIST the King.

1 JESU, my GOD and King,
 Thy Regal State I sing.
 Thou, and only Thou art great,
 High thine Everlasting Throne :
 Thou the Sov'reign Potentate,
 Blest, Immortal Thou alone.

2 Essay your choicest Strains,
 The King *Messiah* reigns !
 Tune your Harps, Celestial Quire,
 Joyful all, your Voices raise,
 CHRIST than Earth-born Monarchs higher,
 Sons of Men and Angels praise.

3 Hail your dread **LORD** and Ours,
Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs!

Source of Pow'r He rules alone:

Veil your Eyes, and prostrate fall,
Cast your Crowns before his Throne,
Hail the Cause, the **LORD** of all!

4 Let Earth's remotest Bound
With echoing Joys resound;
CHRIST to praise let all conspire:
Praise doth all to **CHRIST** belong;
Shout ye first-born Sons of Fire,
Earth repeat the Glorious Song.

5 Worthy, O **LORD**, art Thou
That ev'ry Knee should bow,
Every Tongue to Thee confess,
Universal Nature join,
Strong and Mighty Thee to bles,
Gracious, Merciful, Benign!

6 Wisdom is due to Thee,
And Might, and Majesty:
Thee in Mercy rich we prove;
Glory, Honour, Praise receive,
Worthy Thou of all our Love,
More than all we pant to give.

7 Justice and Truth maintain
Thine Everlasting Reign.
One with Thine Almighty Sire,
Partner of an Equal Throne,
King of Hearts, let all conspire,
Gratefully thy Sway to own.

8 Prince of the Hosts of **GOD**,
Display thy Pow'r abroad:

Strong and high is thy Right Hand,
Terrible in Majesty!

Who can in Thine Anger stand?

Who the vengeful Bolt can flee?

9 Thee when the Dragon's Pride
To Battle vain defy'd,
Brighter than the Morning-star
Lucifer, as Lightning fell,
Far from Heav'n, from Glory far,
Headlong hurl'd to deepest Hell.

10 Sin felt of old thy Pow'r,
Thou Patient Conqueror!
Long he vex'd the World below,
Long they groan'd beneath his Reign;
Thou destroy'dst the Tyrant Foe,
Thou redeem'dst the Captive, Man.

11 Trembles the King of Fears
Whene'er thy Cross appears.
Once its dreaded Force he found:
SAVIOUR, cleave again the Sky;
Slain by an Eternal Wound
Death shall then for ever die!

II^d Hymn to CHRIST the King.

1 JESU, Thou art our King,
To Me thy Succour bring.
CHRIST the Mighty One art Thou,
Help for All on Thee is laid:
This the Word; I claim it Now,
Send me now the Promis'd Aid.

2 High on thy Father's Throne,
O look with Pity down!

Held

Help, O help! attend my Call,
 Captive lead Captivity,
 King of Glory, LORD of All,
 CHRIST, be LORD, be King to Me!

3 I pant to feel thy Sway,
 And only Thee t'obey.
 Thee my Spirit gasps to meet,
 This my one, my ceaseless Pray'r,
 Make, O make my Heart thy Seat,
 O set up thy Kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in Me,
 And spread thy Victory:
 Hell, and Death, and Sin controul,
 Pride, and Self, and ev'ry Foe,
 All subdue; thro' all my Soul
 Conqu'ring and to conquer go..

The SAVIOUR glorify'd by All.

From the German.

1 **T**HOU, JESU, art our King,
 Thy ceaseless Praise we sing:
 Praise shall our glad Tongue employ,
 Praise o'erflow our grateful Soul,
 While we vital Breath enjoy,
 While Eternal Ages roll.

2 Thou art th'Eternal Light,
 That shin'st in deepest Night.
 Wondring gaz'd th' Angelic Train,
 While Thou bow'dst the Heav'ns beneath,
 GOD with GOD wert Man with Man,
 Man to save from endless Death.

3 Thou for our Pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our Sickness born :
 All our Sins on Thee were laid ;
 Thou with unexampled Grace
 All the mighty Debt hast paid
 Due from *Adam's* helpless Race.

4 Thou hast o'erthrown the Foe,
 GOD's Kingdom fix'd below.
 Conqueror of all adverse Pow'r,
 Thou Heav'n's Gates hast open'd wide :
 Thou Thine own dost lead secure
 In thy Cross, and by thy Side.

5 Enthron'd above yon Sky
 Thou reign'st with GOD most high.
 Prostrate at thy Feet we fall :
 Pow'r supreme to Thee is giv'n ;
 Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
 Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n.

6 Cherubs with Seraphs join,
 And in thy Praise combine :
 All their Quires thy Glories sing :
 Who shall dare with Thee to vie ?
 Mighty LORD, eternal King,
 Sov'reign both of Earth and Sky !

7 Hail venerable Train,
 Patriarchs, first-born of Men !
 Hail Apostles of the Lamb,
 By whose Strength ye faithful prov'd :
 Join t'extol his sacred Name
 Whom in Life and Death ye lov'd.

8 The Church thro' all her Bounds
 With thy high Praise resounds.

Confessors undaunted here
 Unasham'd proclaim their King ;
 Children's feebler Voices there
 To thy Name Hosanna's sing.

9 'Midst Danger's blackest Frown
 Thee Hosts of Martyrs own :
 Pain and Shame alike they dare,
 Firmly, singularly Good ;
 Glorying thy Cross to bear,
 'Till they seal their Faith with Blood.

10 Ev'n Heathens feel thy Pow'r,
 Thou suff'ring Conqueror !
 Thousand Virgins, chaste and clean,
 From Love's pleasing Witchcraft free,
 Fairer than the Sons of Men,
 Consecrate their Hearts to Thee.

11 Wide Earth's remotest Bound
 Full of thy Praise is found :
 And all Heav'n's eternal Day
 With thy streaming Glory flames :
 All thy Foes shall melt away,
 From th'insufferable Beams.

12 O LORD, O GOD of Love,
 Let Us thy Mercy prove !
 King of all with pitying Eye
 Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel :
 'Midst the Snares of Death we lie,
 'Midst the banded Pow'rs of Hell.

13 Arise, stir up thy Pow'r
 Thou deathless Conqueror !
 Help us to obtain the Prize,
 Help us well to close our Race ;
 That with Thee above the Skies
 Endless Joys we may possess.

A MORNING HYMN.

- 1 "SEE the Day-spring from afar
" Usher'd by the Morning-Star!
Haste; to Him who sends the Light,
Hallow the Remains of Night.
- 2 Souls, put on your glorious Dress,
Waking into Righteousness:
Cloath'd with CHRIST aspire to shine,
Radiance He of Light Divine;
- 3 Beam of the Eternal Beam,
He in G O D, and G O D in Him!
Strive we Him in Us to see,
Transcript of the Deity.
- 4 Burst we then the Bands of Death,
Rais'd by his all-quickning Breath;
Long we to be loos'd from Earth,
Struggle into second Birth.
- 5 Spent at length is Nature's Night;
CHRIST attends to give us Light,
CHRIST attends Himself to give;
GOD we now may see, and live.
- 6 Tho' the Outward Man decay;
Form'd within us Day by Day
Still the Inner Man we view,
CHRIST creating all Things New.
- 7 Turn, O turn us, L O R D, again,
Raifer Thou of Fallen Man!
Sin destroy, and Nature's Boast,
S A V I O U R Thou of Spirits Lost!

8 Thy

8 Thy great Will in Us be done :
 Crucified and dead Our own,
 Ours no longer let us be ;
 Hide us from Ourselves in Thee !

9 Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Suffer us no more to stray ;
 Give us, L ORD, and ever give
 Thee to know, in Thee to live !

ANOTHER. *From the German.*

1 J ESU, thy Light again I view,
 Again thy Mercy's Beams I see,
 And all within me wakes, anew
 To pant for thy Immensity :
 Again my Thoughts to Thee aspire
 In fervent Flames of strong Desire.

2 But O ! what Offering shall I give
 To Thee, the L ORD of Earth and Skies ?
 My Spirit, Soul, and Flesh receive
 An holy, living Sacrifice :
 Small as it is, 'tis all my Store :
 More shouldst Thou have if I had more.

3 Now then, my G O D; Thou hast my Soul ;
 No longer mine, but Thine I am :
 Guard Thou thy own ; possess it whole,
 Chear it by Hope, with Love inflame ;
 Thou hast my Spirit ; there display
 Thy Glory, to the perfect Day.

4 Thou hast my Flesh ; Thine hallow'd Shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy Will :
 Here let thy Light for ever shine,
 This House still let thy Presence fill :
 O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move
 In Me, 'till all my Life be Love.

5 O never in these Veils of Shame,
 Sad Fruits of Sin, my Glorying be!
 Cloath with Salvation thro' thy Name
 My Soul, and may I put on Thee!
 Be living FAITH my costly Dress,
 And my best Robe thy Righteousness!

6 Send down thy Likeness from above,
 And let this my Adorning be:
 Cloath me with Wisdom, Patience, Love,
 With Lowliness, and Purity,
 Than Gold and Pearls more precious far,
 And brighter than the Morning-Star.

7 LORD, arm me with thy Spirit's Might,
 Since I am call'd by thy great Name:
 In Thee my wandring Thoughts unite,
 Of all my Works be Thou the Aim.
 Thy Love attend me all my Days,
 And my sole Busines be thy Praise!

CHRIST *protecting and sanctifying.*

From the same.

1 O JESU, Source of calm Repose,
 Thy Like nor Man, nor Angel knows,
 Fairest among ten thousand fair!
 Even those whom Death's sad Fetters bound,
 Whom thickest Darkness compast round,
 Find Light and Life, if Thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
 Ere rolling Planets knew to shine,
 Ere Time its ceaseless Course began;
 Thou, when th'appointed Hour was come,
 Didst not abhor the Virgin's Womb,
 But GOD with GOD wert Man with Man.

3 The World, Sin, Death oppose in vain,
 Thou by thy dying Death hast slain,
 My great Deliverer, and my GOD!
 In vain does the old Dragon rage,
 In vain all Hell its Pow'rs engage;
 None can withstand thy conqu'ring Blood.

4 LORD over all, sent to fulfil
 Thy gracious Father's sov'reign Will,
 To thy dread Scepter will I bow;
 With duteous Rev'rence at thy Feet,
 Like humble *Mary*, lo, I fit:
 Speak, LORD, thy Servant heareth now.

5 Renew Thine Image, LORD, in me,
 Lowly and gentle may I be;
 No Charms but these to Thee are dear:
 No Anger mayst Thou ever find,
 No Pride in my unruffled Mind,
 But FAITH and heav'n-born Peace be there.

6 A patient, a victorious Mind
 That, Life and all Things cast behind,
 Springs forth obedient to thy Call;
 An Heart, that no Desire can move,
 But still t'adore, believe, and love,
 Give me, my LORD, my Life, my All.

Supplication for Grace.

From the same.

1 O GOD of GOD, in whom combine
 The Heights, and Depths of Love Divine,
 With thankful Hearts to Thee we sing:
 To Thee our longing Souls aspire
 In fervent Flames of strong Desire:
 Come, and thy sacred Unction bring.

2 All

2 All Things in Earth, and Air, and Sea
Exist, and live, and move in Thee:

All Nature trembles at thy Voice:
With Awe ev'n we thy Children prove
Thy Pow'r: O let us taste thy Love;
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3 O pow'rful Love, to Thee we bow,
Object of all our Wishes Thou,
(Our Hearts are naked to Thine Eye)
To Thee, who from th'Eternal Throne
Cam'st, empty'd of thy Godhead, down
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

4 Grace we implore; when Billows roll
Grace is the Anchor of the Soul;
Grace ev'ry Sickness knows to heal:
Grace can subdue each fond Desire,
And Patience in all Pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious Nature swell.

5 O Love, our stubborn Wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd Frame anew;
Dispel our Darkness by thy Light:
Into all Truth our Spirit guide,
But from our Eyes for ever hide
All Things displeasing in thy Sight.

6 Be Heav'n ev'n now our Soul's Abode,
Hid be our Life with CHRIST in GOD,
Our Spirit, LORD, be One with Thine:
Let all our Works in Thee be wrought,
And fill'd with Thee be all our Thought,
'Till in us thy full Likeness shine.

HYMN to the HOLY GHOST.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, all-quicnning Fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest!
 Drawn by the Lure of strong Desire,
 O come, and consecrate my Breast:
 The Temple of my Soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred Presence there!

2 If now Thine Influence I feel,
 If now in Thee begin to live;
 Still to my Heart Thyself reveal,
 Give me Thyself, for ever give:
 A Point my Good, a Drop my Store:
 Eager I ask, and pant for more.

3 Eager for Thee I ask and pant,
 So strong the Principle Divine
 Carries me out with sweet Constraint,
 'Till all my hallow'd Soul be Thine:
 Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest Sea,
 And lost in Thine Immensity.

4 My Peace, my Life, my Comfort now,
 My Treasure, and mine All Thou art!
 True Witness of my Sonship Thou,
 Engraving Pardon on my Heart:
 Seal of my Sins in CHRIST forgiv'n,
 Earnest of Love, and Pledge of Heav'n.

5 Come then, my GOD, mark out Thine Heir,
 Of Heav'n a larger Earnest give,
 With clearer Light thy Witness bear,
 More sensibly within me live:
 Let all my Pow'rs Thine Entrance feel,
 And deeper stamp Thyself the Seal.

6 Come

6 Come, HOLY GHOST, all-quick'ning Fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest!
 Drawn by the Lure of strong Desire,
 O come, and consecrate my Breast:
 The Temple of my Soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred Presence there!

*Upon the Descent of the HOLY
 GHOST on the Day of Pentecost.*

Alter'd from Dr. H. More.

1 WHEN CHRIST had left his Flock below,
 The Loss his faithful Flock deplo'rd:
 Him in the Flesh no more they know,
 And languish for their absent LORD.

2 Not long—for He gone up on high
 Gifts to receive, and claim his Crown,
 Beheld them sorrowing from his Sky,
 And pour'd the Mighty Blessing down.

3 He, for the Presence of his Flesh,
 The Spirit's seven-fold Gifts imparts,
 And living Streams their Souls refresh,
 And Joy divine o'erflows their Hearts.

4 While all in sweet Devotion join'd,
 Humbly to wait for GOD, retire,
 The promis'd Grace in rushing Wind
 Descends, and cloven Tongues of Fire.

5 GOD's mighty Spirit fills the Dome,
 The feeble Dome beneath him shook,
 Trembled the Crowd to feel him come,
 Soon as the Sons of Thunder spoke.

Father!

6 Father! if justly still we claim
 To Us and Ours the Promise made,
 To Us be graciously the same,
 And crown with Living Fire our Head.

7 Our Claim admit, and from above
 Of Holiness the Spirit show'r,
 Of wise Discernment, humble Love,
 And Zeal, and Unity, and Pow'r.

8 The Spirit of convincing Speech
 Of Pow'r demonstrative impart,
 Such as may ev'ry Conscience reach,
 And found the Unbelieving Heart.

9 The Spirit of refining Fire,
 Searching the Inmost of the Mind,
 To purge all fierce and foul Desire,
 And kindle Life more pure and kind.

10 The Sp'rit of FAITH in this thy Day
 To break the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin,
 Tread down its Strength, o'erturn its Sway,
 And still the Conquest more than win.

11 The Spirit breath of Inward Life
 Which in our Hearts thy Laws may write ;
 Then Grief expires, and Pain, and Strife,
 'Tis Nature all, and all Delight.

12 On all the Earth thy Spirit show'r,
 The Earth in Righteousness renew ;
 Thy Kingdom come, and Hell's o'erpow'r,
 And to thy Scepter all subdue.

13 Like mighty Wind, or Torrent fierce
 Let it Opposers all o'er-run,
 And ev'ry Law of Sin reverse,
 That FAITH and Love may make all one.

14 Yea, let thy Spirit in ev'ry Place
 Its Richer Energy declare,
 While lovely Tempers, Fruits of Grace,
 The Kingdom of thy CHRIST prepare.

15 Grant this, O Holy G O D, and True !
 The Antient Seers Thou didst inspire :
 To Us perform the Promise due,
 Descend, and crown us Now with Fire.

P U B L I C K W O R S H I P.

From the German.

1 L O, G O D is here ! let us adore
 And own, how dreadful is this Place !
 Let all within us feel his Pow'r,
 And silent bow before his Face.
 Who knows his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,
 Serve him with Awe, with Rev'rence love.

2 L o, G O D is here ! Him Day and Night
 Th'united Quires of Angels sing :
 To Him enthron'd above all Height
 Heav'n's Host their noblest Praises bring :
 Disdain not, L O R D, our meaner Song,
 Who praise Thee with a stamm'ring Tongue.

3 Gladly the Toys of Earth we leave,
 Wealth, Pleasure, Fame, for Thee alone ;
 To Thee our Will, Soul, Flesh we give ;
 O take, O seal them for Thine own.
 Thou art the G O D ; Thou art the L O R D ;
 Be Thou by all thy Works ador'd !

4 Being of Beings, may our Praise
 Thy Courts with grateful Fragrance fill,
 Still may we stand before thy Face,
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign Will ;

To Thee may all our Thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted Sacrifice !

5 In Thee we move. All Things of Thee
Are full, Thou Source and Life of All !

Thou vast, unfathomable Sea !

Fall prostrate, lost in Wonder, fall,
Ye Sons of Men ; for G O D is Man !

All may we lose, so Thee we gain !

6 As Flow'rs their op'ning Leaves display,
And glad drink in the Solar Fire,

So may we catch thy ev'ry Ray,

So may thy Influence us inspire :

Thou Beam of the Eternal Beam !

Thou purging Fire, Thou quickning Flame !

PRAYER to C H R I S T before the
SACRAMENT.

From the same.

1 O Thou, whom Sinners lye, whose Care
Doth all our Sickness heal,
Thee we approach with Heart sincere,
Thy Pow'r we joy to feel.

To Thee our humblest Thanks we pay,

To Thee our Souls we bow ;

Of Hell erewhile the helpless Prey,

Heirs of thy Glory now.

2 As Incense to thy Throne above

O let our Pray'rs arise !

O wing with Flames of Holy Love

Our living Sacrifice.

Stir up thy Strength, O LORD of Might,
 Our willing Breasts inspire :
 Fill our whole Souls with heav'nly Light,
 Melt with Seraphick Fire.

3 From thy blest Wounds our Life we draw ;
 Thine all-atoning Blood
 Daily we drink with trembling Awe ;
 Thy Flesh our daily Food.
 Come, LORD, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
 Here make thy Likeness shine,
 Stamp thy whole Image on our Heart,
 And all our Souls be Thine.

HYMN after the SACRAMENT.

1 SONS of GOD, triumphant rise,
 Shout th'accomplish'd Sacrifice !
 Shout Your Sins in CHRIST forgiv'n,
 Sons of GOD, and Heirs of Heav'n !

2 Ye that round our Altars throng,
 Lift'ning Angels join the Song :
 Sing with Us, ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Pardon, Grace, and Glory Ours !

3 Love's Mysterious Work is done !
 Greet we now th'atoning Son,
 Heal'd and quicken'd by his Blood,
 Join'd to CHRIST, and one with GOD.

4 CHRIST, of all our Hopes the Seal ;
 Peace Divine in CHRIST we feel,
 Pardon to our Souls applied :
 Dead for All, for Me he died !

5 Sin shall tyrannize no more,
 Purg'd its Guilt, dissolv'd its Pow'r ;

JESUS

JESUS makes our Hearts his Throne,
There He lives, and reigns alone.

6 Grace our ev'ry Thought controuls,
Heav'n is open'd in our Souls,
Everlasting Life is won,
Glory is on Earth begun.

7 CHRIST in Us ; in Him we fee
Fulness of the Deity:
Beam of the Eternal Beam ;
Life Divine we taste in Him!

8 Him we taste ; but wait to know
Mightier Happiness below,
Him when fully Ours we prove,
Ours the Heav'n of perfect Love!

ACTS ii. 41, &c.

1 THE Word pronounc'd, the Gospel-Word,
The Crowd with various Hearts receiv'd:
In many a Soul the SAVIOUR stir'd,
Three thousand yielded, and believ'd.

2 These by th' Apostles' Counsels led,
With them in mighty Pray'rs combin'd,
Broke the Commemorative Bread,
Nor from the Fellowship declin'd.

3 GOD from above, with ready Grace
And Deeds of Wonder, guards his Flock,
Trembles the World before their Face,
By JESUS crush'd, their Conqu'ring Rock.

4 The happy Band whom CHRIST redeems,
One only Will, one Judgment know:
None this contentious Earth esteems,
Distinctions, or Delights below.

5 The Men of worldly Wealth posses
Their Selfish Happiness remove,
Sell, and divide it to the rest,
And buy the Blessedness of Love.

6 Thus in the Presence of their GOD,
JESUS their Life, and Heav'n their Care,
With single Heart they took their Food
Heighten'd by Eucharist and Pray'r.

7 GOD in their ev'ry Work was prais'd:
The People bless'd the Law benign:
Daily the Church, his Arm had rais'd,
Receiv'd the Sons of Mercy in.

To be sung at Work.

1 SON of the Carpenter, receive
This humble Work of mine;
Worth to my meanest Labour give,
By joining it to Thine.

2 Servant of all, to toil for Man
Thou wou'dst not, LORD, refuse:
Thy Majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

3 Thy bright Example I pursue,
To Thee in all Things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great Sacrifice.

4 Careless thro' outward Cares I go,
From all Distraction free:
My Hands are but engag'd below,
My Heart is still with Thee.

5 O when wilt Thou my Life appear!
How gladly would I cry,
'Tis done, the Work Thou gav'st me here,
'Tis finish'd, LORD ---- and die.

ANOTHER.

1 SUMMON'D my Labour to renew,
And glad to act my Part,
LORD, in thy Name, my Task I do,
And with a single Heart.

2 End of my every Action Thou!
Thyself in All I see:
Accept my hallow'd Labour now;
I do it unto Thee,

3 Whate'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious Eyes:
JESUS! this mean Oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.

4 Stamp'd with an Infinite Desert
My Work he then shall own;
Well pleas'd in Me, when mine Thou art,
And I his favourite Son!

GOD with us.

From the German.

1 ETERNAL Depth of Love Divine
In JESUS, GOD-with-Us, display'd,
How bright thy beaming Glories shine!
How wide thy healing Streams are spread!

With whom dost Thou delight to dwell?

Sinners, a vile, and thankless Race:

O GOD! what Tongue aright can tell

How vast thy Love, how great thy Grace!

2 The Dictates of thy Sov'reign Will

With Joy our grateful Hearts receive:

All thy Delight in us fulfill,

Lo! all we are to Thee we give.

To thy sure Love, thy tender Care,

Our Flesh, Soul, Spirit we resign;

O! fix thy sacred Presence there,

And feel th'Abode for ever Thine.

3 O King of Glory, thy rich Grace

Our short Desires surpasses far!

Yea, ev'n our Crimes, tho' numberless,

Less num'rous than thy Mercies are.

Still on Thee, Father, may we rest!

Still may we pant thy Son to know!

Thy Sp'rit still breath into our Breast,

Fountain of Peace, and Joy below!

4 Oft have we seen thy mighty Pow'r,

Since from the World Thou mad'st us free:

Still may we praise Thee more and more,

Our Hearts more firmly knit to Thee;

Still, LORD, thy saving Health display,

And arm our Souls with heav'nly Zeal:

So, fearless shall we urge our Way

Thro' all the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell!

G O D our Portion.

From the Spanish.

1 O GOD, my GOD, my All Thou art:

Ere shines the Dawn of rising Day,

Thy Sov'reign Light within my Heart,

Thine all-enliv'ning Pow'r display.

2 For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant,
While in this desert Land I live :
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy Love alone can Comfort give.

3 In a dry Land behold I place
My whole Desire on Thee, O LORD :
And more I joy to gain thy Grace
Than all Earth's Treasures can afford.

4 In Holiness within thy Gates
Of old oft have I sought for Thee :
Again my longing Spirit waits
That Fulness of Delight to see.

5 More dear than Life itself thy Love
My Heart and Tongue shall still employ,
And to declare thy Praise will prove
My Peace, my Glory, and my Joy.

6 In blessing Thee with grateful Songs
My happy Life shall glide away ;
The Praise that to thy Name belongs
Hourly with lifted Hands I'll pay.

7 Abundant Sweetness, while I sing
Thy Love, my ravish'd Soul o'erflows,
Secure in Thee, my GOD and King,
Of Glory that no Period knows.

8 Thy Name, O LORD, upon my Bed
Dwells on my Lips, and fires my Thought,
With trembling Awe in midnight Shade,
I muse on all Thine Hands have wrought.

9 In all I do I feel Thine Aid ;
Therefore thy Greatness will I sing,
O GOD, who bidst my Heart be glad
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing.

10 My Soul draws nigh, and cleaves to Thee ;
 Then let or Earth or Hell assail,
 Thy Mighty Hand shall set me free,
 For whom Thou fav'st, He ne'er shall fail.

Gratitude for our Conversion.

From the German.

1 **T**HEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
 Thee will I love with all my Power,
 In all my Works and Thee alone !
 Thee will I love 'till the pure Fire
 Fill my whole Soul with chaste Desire.

2 Ah ! why did I so late Thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the Sons of Men !
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To Thee, the only Ease in Pain ?
 Alas ! I sigh, and only mourn
 That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 In Darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I rov'd :
 For wide my wand'ring Thoughts were spread,
 Thy Creatures more than Thee I lov'd :
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'Tis thro' thy Light, and comes from Thee.

4 I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright Beams on me have shin'd :
 I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My Foes, and heal'd my wounded Mind :
 I thank Thee, whose enliv'ning Voice
 Bids my freed Heart in Thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful Race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray :
 Strengthen my Feet, with steady Pace
 Still to press forward in thy Way :
 My Soul, and Flesh, O LORD of Might,
 Fill, fatiate with thy heav'nly Light.

6 Give to my Eyes refreshing Tears,
 Give to my Heart chaste, hallow'd Fires,
 Give to my Soul with Filial Fears
 The Love that all Heav'n's Host inspires :
 That all my Pow'rs with all their Might
 In thy sole Glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown !
 Thee will I love my LORD, my GOD !
 Thee will I love, beneath thy Frown
 Or Smile, thy Scepter or thy Rod :
 What tho' my Flesh and Heart decay ?
 Thee shall I love in endless Day !

BOLDNESS in the GOSPEL.

From the same.

1 **S**HALL I, for fear of feeble Man,
 Thy Spirit's Course in me restrain ?
 Or undismay'd, in Deed and Word
 Be a true Witness to my LORD ?

2 Aw'd by a Mortal's Frown, shall I
 Conceal the Word of GOD most high ?
 How then before Thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how Thine Anger bear ?

3 Shall I, to sooth th'unholy Throng,
 Soften thy Truths, and smooth my Tongue ?
 To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee
 The Cross, endur'd, my GOD, by Thee ?

4 What then is He whose Scorn I dread ?
 Whose Wrath or Hate makes me afraid ?
 A Man ! an Heir of Death ! a Slave
 To Sin ! a Bubble on the Wave !

5 Yea let Man rage ! since Thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing Wings around my Head :
 Since in all Pain thy tender Love
 Will still my sweet Refreshment prove.

6 SAVIOUR of Men ! thy searching Eye
 Doth all mine inmost Thoughts descry :
 Doth ought on Earth my Wishes raise ;
 Or the World's Pleasures, or its Praise ?

7 The Love of CHRIST doth me constrain
 To seek the wandring Souls of Men :
 With Cries, Intreaties, Tears, to save,
 To snatch them from the gaping Grave.

8 For this let Men revile my Name,
 No Crofs I shun, I fear no Shame :
 All hail, Reproach, and welcome Pain !
 Only thy Terrors, LORD, restrain.

9 My Life, my Blood, I here present ;
 If for thy Truth they may be spent,
 Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, LORD !
 Thy Will be done ! thy Name ador'd !

10 Give me thy Strength, O GOD of Pow'r !
 Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar !
 Thy faithful Witness will I be ;
 'Tis fixt : I can do all thro' Thee !

ANOTHER.

- 1 CAPTAIN of my Salvation, hear !
Stir up thy Strength and bow the Skies ;
Be Thou, the GOD of Battles, near ;
In all thy Majesty arise !
- 2 The Day, the dreadful Day's at hand !
In Battle cover Thou my Head :
Past is thy Word : I here demand,
And confident expect Thine Aid.
- 3 Now arm me for the threatening Fight,
Now let thy Power descend from high,
Triumphant in thy Spirit's Might
So shall I every Foe defy.
- 4 I ask thy Help ; by Thee sent forth
Thy glorious Gospel to proclaim,
Be Thou my Mouth, and shake the Earth,
And spread by Me Thine awful Name.
- 5 Steel me to Shame, Reproach, Disgrace,
Arm me with all Thine Armour now,
Set like a Flint my steady Face,
Harden to Adamant my Brow.
- 6 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold
My high Commission to perform,
Nor shrink thy harshest Truths t'unfold,
But more than meet the gathering Storm.
- 7 Adverse to Earth's rebellious Throng,
Still may I turn my fearless Face,
Stand as an Iron Pillar strong,
And stedfast as a Wall of Brass.

8 Give me thy Might, Thou GOD of Power ;
 Then let no Men or Fiends assail,
 Strong in thy Strength, I'll stand a Tower
 Impregnable to Earth or Hell.

Congratulation to a Friend, upon Believing in CHRIST.

1 **W**HAT Morn on Thee with sweeter Ray,
 Or brighter Lustre e'er hath shin'd ?
 Be blest the Memorable Day
 That gave Thee JESUS CHRIST to find !
 Gave Thee to taste his Pard'ning Grace,
 From Death to Life in Him to pass !

2 O how diversify'd the Scene,
 Since first that Heart began to beat !
 Evil and few thy Days have been :
 In Suff'ring, and in Comfort, great,
 Oft hast Thou groan'd beneath thy Load,
 And sunk—into the Arms of GOD !

3 Long did all Hell its Pow'rs engage,
 And fill'd thy darken'd Soul with Fears :
 Baffled at length the Dragon's Rage,
 At length th' Atoning Blood appears :
 Thy Light is come, thy Mourning's o'er,
 Look up ; for Thou shalt weep no more.

4 Blest be the Name that sets Thee free,
 The Name that sure Salvation brings !
 The Sun of Righteousness on Thee
 Has rose with Healing in his Wings :
 Away let Grief and Sighing flee ;
 JESUS has died for Thee—for Thee !

5 And will He now forsake his own,
Or lose the Purchase of his Blood?
No! for He looks with Pity down,
He watches over Thee for Good;
Gracious He eyes Thee from above,
And guards, and feeds Thee with his Love.

6 Since Thou wast precious in his Sight,
How highly favour'd hast Thou been!
Upborn by FAITH to Glory's Height,
The SAVIOUR-GOD thine Eyes have seen,
Thy Heart has felt its Sins forgiv'n,
And tastes Anticipated Heav'n.

7 Still may his Love thy Fortress be,
And make Thee still his darling Care,
Settle, confirm, and stablish Thee,
On Eagles Wings thy Spirit bear,
Fill Thee with Heavenly Joy, and shed
His choicest Blessings on thy Head.

8 Thus may He comfort Thee below,
Thus may He all his Graces give:
Him but in part Thou here canst know:
Yet here by FAITH submit to live;
Help Me to fight my Passage thro',
Nor seize thy Heav'n, 'till I may too.

9 Or if the Sov'reign wise Decree
First number Thee among the Blest,
(The only Good I'd envy Thee)
Translating to an earlier Rest;
Near in thy latest Hour may I
Instruct, and learn of Thee, to die.

10 Mixt with the Quires that hover round
And all the Adverse Powers controul,
Angel of Peace may I be found
To animate thy parting Soul,

Point out the Crown, and smooth thy Way
To Regions of Eternal Day.

11 Fir'd with the Thought, I see Thee Now
Triumphant meet the King of Fears !
Stedfast thy Heart, serene thy Brow ;
Divinely confident appears
Thy mounting Soul, and spreads abroad,
And swells to be dissolv'd in G O D.

12 Is this the Soul so late weigh'd down
By Cares and Sins, by Griefs and Pains !
Whither are all thy Terrors gone ?
J E S U S for Thee the Vict'ry gains ;
And Death, and Sin and Satan yield
To Faith's unconquerable Shield.

13 Bless'd be the G O D, that calls Thee home ;
Faithful to Thee his Mercies prove :
Thro' Death's dark Vale he bids Thee come,
And more than conquer in his Love ;
Robes Thee in Righteousness Divine,
And makes the Crown of Glory Thine !

HYMN for CHRISTMAS-DAY.

1 H A R K how all the Welkin rings
" Glory to the King of Kings,
" Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
" G O D and Sinners reconcil'd !

2 Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumph of the Skies,
Universal Nature say
" C H R I S T the L O R D is born to Day !

3 C H R I S T, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
C H R I S T, the Everlasting Lord,

Late

1 Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

4 Veil'd in Flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear
JESUS our *Immanuel* here !

5 Hail the Heav'ly Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and Life to All he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

6 Mild he lays his Glory by ;
Born ; that Man no more may die,
Born ; to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born ; to give them Second Birth.

7 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in Us thy humble Home,
Rise, the Woman's Conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in Us the Serpent's Head.

8 Now display thy saving Pow'r,
Ruin'd Nature now restore,
Now in Mystic Union join
Thine to Ours, and Ours to Thine.

9 Adam's Likeness, L ORD, efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place,
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy Love.

10 Let us Thee, tho' lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Heav'ly Man :
O ! to All Thyself impart,
Form'd in each Believing Heart.

HYMN for the EPIPHANY.

1 SONS of Men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star !
Jacob's Star that gilds the Night,
Guides bewilder'd Nature right.

2 Fear not hence that Ill should flow,
Wars or Pestilence below,
Wars it bids and Tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the Shade of Death,
Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,
Kindling Darknes into Light.

4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your GOD appear !
Haste, for Him your Hearts prepare ;
Meet him manifested there !

5 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring Eye-sight on your Eyes,
GOD in his own Light survey,
Shining to the Perfect Day.

6 Sing, ye Morning-stars, again,
GOD descends on Earth to reign,
Deigns for Man his Life t'employ ;
Shout, ye Sons of GOD, for Joy !

HYMN for EASTER-DAY.

1 "CHRIST the LORD is ris'n To-day,"
Sons of Men and Angels say,

Raise

Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

- 2 Love's Redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won,
Lo! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in Blood no more,
- 3 Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal ;
CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell !
Death in vain forbids his Rise :
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise !
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy Sting ?
Once He died our Souls to save,
Where thy Victory, O Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now, where CHRIST has led,
Following our Exalted Head,
Made like Him, like Him we rise :
Ours the Cross ; the Grave ; the Skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd All,
Partners of our Parent's Fall,
Second Life we All receive,
In our Heav'ly *Adam* live.
- 7 Ris'n with Him, we upward move,
Still we seek the Things above,
Still pursue, and kiss the Son,
Seated on his Father's Throne ;
- 8 Scarce on Earth a Thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below,
Heav'n our Aim, and lov'd Abode,
Hid our Life with CHRIST in GOD !

9 Hid ; 'till CHRIST our Life appear,
Glorious in his Members here :
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine
All Immortal, all Divine ?

10 Hail the LORD of Earth and Heav'n !
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n :
Thee we greet Triumphant now ;
Hail the Resurrection Thou !

11 King of Glory, Soul of Bliss,
Everlasting Life is This,
Thee to know, thy Pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love !

HYMN for ASCENSION-DAY.

1 HAIL the Day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes ;
CHRIST awhile to Mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native Heav'n !

2 There the pompous Triumph waits,
" Lift your Heads, Eternal Gates,
" Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
" Take the King of Glory in !

3 Circled round with Angel Powers,
Their Triumphant LORD, and Ours,
Conqueror over Death and Sin,
Take the King of Glory in !

4 Him tho' highest Heav'n receives,
Still He loves the Earth He leaves ;
Tho' returning to his Throne,
Still He calls Mankind his own.

5 See! He lifts his Hands above,
See! He shews the Prints of Love!
Hark! His gracious Lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below!

6 Still for us his Death he pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our Place,
Harbinger of human Race.

7 Master, (will we ever say)
Taken from our Head To-day;
See thy faithful Servants, see!
Ever gazing up to Thee.

8 Grant, tho' parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the Skies.

9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after Home.

10 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of thy endless Reign,
There thy Face unclouded see,
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in Thee!

HYMN for WHITSUNDAY.

1 G RANTED is the SAVIOUR's Prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our Parting LORD,
JESUS to his Heav'n restor'd:

2 CHRIST;

2 CHRIST; who now gone up on high,
Captive leads Captivity,
While his Foes from Him receive
Grace, that GOD with Man may live.

3 GOD, the everlasting GOD,
Makes with Mortals his Abode,
Whom the Heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell with Man.

4 Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of an humble Heart;
Carrying on his Work within,
Striving 'till he cast out Sin.

5 There He helps our feeble Moans,
Deepens our imperfect Groans;
Intercedes in Silence there,
Sighs th'Unutterable Prayer.

6 Come, Divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted Breast;
HOLY GHOST, our Hearts inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel-Fire.

7 Crown the agonizing Sifice,
Principle, and LORD of Life;
Life Divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

8 Now descend and shake the Earth,
Wake us into Second Birth;
Now thy quick'ning Influence give,
Blow; and these dry Bones shall live!

9 Brood Thou o'er our Nature's Night,
Darkness kindles into Light;
Spread Thine overshadowing Wings,
Order from Confusion springs.

10 Pain and Sin, and Sorrow cease,
Thee we taste and all is Peace ;
Joy Divine in Thee we prove,
Light of Truth, and Fire of Love.

GRACE before MEAT.

1 PARENT of Good, whose plenteous Grace
O'er all thy Creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy Pow'r to bless
The Food thy Love bestows.

2 Thy Love provides the sober Feast :
A Second Gift impart,
Give us with Joy our Food to taste
And with a Single Heart.

3 Let it for Thee new Life afford,
For Thee our Strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining Word,
And sanctify'd by Prayer.

4 Thee let us taste ; nor toil below
For perishable Meat :
The Manna of thy Love bestow,
Give us thy Flesh to eat.

5 Life of the World, our Souls to feed
Thyself descend from high !
Grant us of Thee the Living Bread
To eat, and never die !

At MEALS.

1 **F**A T H E R, our Eyes we lift to Thee,
And taste our daily Bread :
'Tis now Thine Open Hand we see,
And on thy Bounty feed.

2 'Tis now the meāner Creatures join
Richly thy Grace to prove ;
Fulfil thy primitive Design,
Enjoy'd by thankful Love.

3 Still, while our Mouths are fill'd with Good,
Our Souls to Thee we raise ;
Our Souls partake of nobler Food,
And banquet on thy Praife.

4 Yet higher still our farthest Aim ;
To mingle with the Blest,
T'attend the Marriage of the Lamb,
And Heaven's Eternal Feast.

GRACE after MEAT.

1 **B**LEST be the GOD, whose tender Care
Prevents his Children's Cry,
Whose Pity providently near
Doth all our Wants supply.

2 Blest be the GOD, whose Bounteous Store
These clearing Gifts imparts ;
Who veils in Bread, the secret Power
That feeds and glads our Hearts.

3 Fountain of Blessings, Source of Good,
To Thee this Strength we owe,
Thou art the Virtue of our Food,
Life of our Life below.

When

4 When shall our Souls regain the Skies,
Thy Heav'ly Sweetness prove ;
Where Joys in all their Fulness rise,
And all our Food is Love !

A N O T H E R.

1 FOUNTAIN of all the Good we see
Streaming from Heav'n above,
Saviour, our Faith we act on Thee,
And exercise our Love.

2 'Tis not the Outward Food we eat
Doth this new Strength afford,
'Tis Thou, whose Presence makes it Meat,
Thou the Life-giving Word.

3 Man doth not live by Bread alone :
Whate'er Thou wilt can feed ;
Thy Power converts the Bread to Stone,
And turns the Stone to Bread.

4 Thou art our Food : We taste Thee now,
In Thee we move and breath,
Our Bodies only Life art Thou,
And all besides is Death !

JOHN xvi. 24.

*Ask, and ye shall receive, that your
Joy may be full.*

1 RISE my Soul, with Ardor rise,
Breathe thy Wishes to the Skies ;
Freely pour out all thy Mind,
Seek, and Thou art sure to find ;

O

Ready

Ready art Thou to receive ?
Readier is thy G O D to give.

2 Heavenly Father, L O R D of all,
Hear, and shew Thou hear'st my Call ;
Let my Cries thy Throne assaile
Entering Now within the Veil :
Give the Benefits I claim :
L O R D, I ask in JESU's Name !

3 Friend of Sinners, King of Saints,
Ansver my minutest Wants,
All my largest Thoughts require,
Grant me all my Hearts Desire,
Give me, 'till my Cup run o'er,
All, and infinitely more.

4 Meek and lowly be my Mind,
Pure my Heart, my Will resign'd :
Keep me dead to all below,
Only C H R I S T resolv'd to know,
Firm, and disengag'd, and free,
Seeking all my Bliss in Thee.

5 Suffer me no more to grieve,
Wanting what Thou long'st to give,
Shew me all thy Goodness, L O R D,
Beaming from th' Incarnate Word,
C H R I S T, in whom thy Glories shine,
Efflux of the Light Divine.

6 Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my Liberty,
Thee behold with open Face,
Triumph in thy Saving Grace,
Thy great Will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect Love.

7 Since the Son hath bought my Peace,
Mine I see, whate'er is His ;
Mine the Comforter I see,
CHRIST is full of Grace for me :
Mine (the Purchase of his Blood)
All the Plenitude of G O D.

8 Abba, Father ! hear thy Child
Late in JESUS reconcil'd !
Hear, and all the Graces shower,
All the Joy, and Peace, and Power,
All my SAVIOUR asks above,
All the Life of Heaven of Love.

9 LORD, I will not let Thee go,
Till THE BLESSING Thou bestow :
Hear my Advocate Divine ;
Lo ! to His my Suit I join :
Join'd to His it cannot fail —
Bless me, for I *Will* prevail !

10 Stoop from thine Eternal Throne,
See, thy Promise calls Thee down !
High and lofty as Thou art,
Dwell within my worthless Heart !
My poor fainting Soul revive ;
Here for ever walk and live.

11 Heavenly *Adam*, Life Divine,
Change my Nature into Thine :
Move, and spread throughout my Soul,
Actuate and fill the whole :
Be it I no longer now
Living in the Flesh, but Thou.

12 HOLY GHOST, no more delay,
Come, and in thy Temple stay ;
Now thine Inward Witness bear
Strong, and permanent, and clear ;
Spring of Life, Thyself impart,
Rise Eternal in my Heart !



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1740.

P A R T.

T H E

T H I R D.

Mary Ann

Fear Her

Boob Book

Febt; 25th 1777

The 2nd

The PREFACE.

1. **B**Y Grace, faith St. Paul, ye are saved thro' Faith. And it is indeed a great Salvation, which they have received, who truly believe on the Name of the Son of GOD. It is such as Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive, until GOD hath reveal'd it by his Spirit, which alone sheweth these Deep Things of GOD.

2. Of this Salvation the Prophets enquired diligently, searching what Manner of Time the Spirit which was in them did signify, when it testified before-hand the Sufferings of CHRIST, and the Glory that should follow; even that Glorious Liberty from the Bondage of Corruption, which should then be given to the Children of GOD. Much more doth it behove us, diligently to enquire after this Prize of our high Calling, and earnestly to hope for the Grace which is brought unto us by the Revelation of JESUS CHRIST.

3. Some faint Description of this Gracious Gift of GOD, is attempted in a few of the following Verses. But the greater Part of them relate to the Way, rather than the End; either shewing (so far as has fallen under our Observation) the Successive Conquests of Grace, and the gradual Proces of the Work of GOD in the Soul; or pointing out the Chief Hindrances in the Way, at which many have stumbled and fallen.

4. This great Gift of GOD, the Salvation of our Souls, which is begun on Earth, but perfect-

The P R E F A C E.

ed in Heaven, is no other than the Image of GOD fresh stamp'd upon our Hearts. It is, a Renewal in the Spirit of our Minds after the Likeness of him that created us. It is a Salvation from Sin, and Doubt, and Fear: From Fear; for *being justified freely they who believe have Peace with GOD, thro' JESUS CHRIST our LORD, and rejoice in Hope of the Glory of GOD*: From Doubt; for the Spirit of GOD beareth witness with their Spirit, that they are the Children of GOD: And from Sin; for being now made free from Sin, they are become the Servants of Righteousness.

5. GOD hath now laid the Axe to the Root of the Tree, purifying their Hearts by FAITH, and cleansing all the Thoughts of their Hearts, by the Inspiration of his Holy Spirit. Having this Hope, that they shall soon see GOD as he is, they purify themselves even as he is Pure: And are holy as he which hath called them is Holy in all Manner of Conversation. Not that they have already attained all they shall attain, either are already (in this Sense) perfect. But they daily go on from Strength to Strength: Beholding now as in a Glass the Glory of the LORD, they are changed into the same Image, from Glory to Glory, as by the Spirit of the LORD.

6 And where the Spirit of the LORD is, there is Liberty; such Liberty from the Law of Sin and Death, as the Children of this World will not believe, tho' a Man declare it unto them. The Son hath made them free, and they are free indeed: Insomuch that St. John lays it down, as a first Principle among true Believers, *We know that whosoever is born of GOD sinneth not: But he that is begotten of GOD, keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.* And again, *Whoever abideth in him (in CHRIST) sinneth not.* And yet

The P R E F A C E.

yet again, *Whosoever is born of G O D, doth not commit Sin. For his Seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of G O D.*

7. The Son hath made them free, who are *thus born of G O D*, from that great Root of Sin and Bitterness, PRIDE. They feel, that *all their Sufficiency is of G O D*; that *it is he alone who is in all their Thoughts, and worketh in them both to will and to do, of his good Pleasure.* They feel, that *it is not they who speak, but the Spirit of their Father which speaketh in them*; and that whatsoever is done by their Hands, *the Father which is with them, he doth the Works.* So that G O D is to them all in all, and they are as nothing in his Sight. They are freed from Self-Will; as desiring nothing, no, not for one Moment (for perfect Love casteth out all Desire) but the Holy and Perfect Will of G O D: Not Supplies in Want; not Ease in Pain; not Life or Death, or any Creature; but continually crying in their inmost Soul, “ Father, thy Will be done.” They are freed from Evil Thoughts, so that they cannot enter into them; no not for one Instant. Afore-time, when an Evil Thought came in, they looked up, and it vanish'd away. But now it does not come in; there being no Room for this, in a Soul which is full of G O D. They are freed from Wandrings in Prayer. Whensoever they pour out their Hearts, in a more immediate Manner before G O D, they have no Thought of any Thing past, or absent, or to come, but of G O D alone; to whom their whole Souls flow in one even Stream, and in whom they are swallowed up. In Times past, they had wandring Thoughts darted in; which yet fled away like Smoke. But now that Smoke does not rise at all, but they continually see Him which is invisible. They are freed from all Darknes, having no Fear, no Doubt, either

The P R E F A C E.

either as to their State in general ; or as to any particular Action : For their *Eye* being *single*, *their whole Body is full of Light*. Whatsoever is needful, they *are taught of GOD*. They *have an Union from the Holy One, which abideth in them, and teacheth them every Hour*, what they shall do; and what they shall speak. Nor have they therefore any Need to *reason* concerning it; for they see the Way straight before them. The Lamb is their Light, and they simply follow Him, whithersoever He goeth. Hence also they are, *in one Sense*, freed from Temptations; for tho' numberless Temptations *fly about them*, yet they wound them not, they trouble them not, they have no Place *in them*. At all Times their Soul is even and calm: Their Heart is stedfast and unmoveable; their Peace flowing as a River, *paf-seth all Understanding*, and they *rejoice with Joy unspeakable, and full of Glory*. For they are *seal'd by the Spirit unto the Day of Redemption*; having the Witness in themselves, That *there is laid up for them a Crown of Righteousness, which the LORD shall give them in that Day*: And being fully persuaded thro' the Holy Ghost, that *neither Death nor Life, nor Things present, nor Things to come, nor Height, nor Depth, nor any other Creature, shall be able to separate them from the Love of GOD, which is in CHRIST JESUS, their LORD*.

8. Not that every one is *a Child of the Devil*, (as some have rashly asserted, who know not what they speak, nor whereof they affirm) 'till he is, in this full Sense, *Born of GOD*. On the contrary, whosoever he be, who hath a sure Trust and Confidence in GOD, that thro' the Merits of CHRIST *his Sins are forgiven, and be reconcil'd to the Favour of GOD*; he is a Child of GOD, and if he abide in Him, an Heir of all the Great and Precious Promises. Neither ought he in any wise

The P R E F A C E.

to cast away his Confidence, or to deny the Faith he hath received, because it is Weak, because hitherto it is only as a *Grain of Mustard-Seed*; or because it is tried with Fire, so that his Soul is in Heaviness, through Manifold Temptations. For tho' the Heir, as long as he is a Child, differeth nothing from a Servant, yet is he Lord of all. G O D doth not despise the Day of small Things; the Day of Fears, and Doubts, and Clouds, and Darkness: But if there be first a willing Mind, pressing toward the Mark of the Prize of our High Calling, it is accepted (for the present) according to what a Man hath, and not according to what he hath not.

9. Neither therefore dare we affirm (as some have done) that this full Salvation is at once given to True Believers. There is indeed an *instantaneous* (as well as a *gradual*) Work of G O D in the Souls of his Children: And there wants not, we know, a Cloud of Witnesses, who have received in one Moment, either a clear Sense of the Forgiveness of their Sins, or the abiding Witness of the Holy Spirit. But we do not know a single Instance, in any Place, of a Person's receiving, in one and the same Moment, Remission of Sins, the abiding Witness of the Spirit, and a New, a Clean Heart.

10. Indeed how G O D may work, we cannot tell: But the general Manner wherein he does work, is this. Those who once trusted in themselves that they were Righteous, who were Rich and had need of Nothing, are, by the Spirit of G O D applying his Word, convinc'd that they are Poor and Naked. All the Things that they have done are brought to their Remembrance, and set in Array before them; so that they see the Wrath of G O D hanging over their Heads, and feel

The P R E F A C E.

feel they deserve the Damnation of Hell. In their Trouble they cry unto the **LORD**, and he shews He hath taken away their Sins, and opens the *Kingdom of Heaven* in their Hearts, even Righteousness, and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghost. Fear, and Sorrow, and Pain are fled away, and Sin hath no more Dominion over them. Knowing they are justified freely through Faith in his Blood, they have Peace with **G O D** thro' **JESUS CHRIST**; they rejoice in Hope of the Glory of **G O D**; and the Love of **G O D** is shed abroad in their Hearts.

11. In this Peace they remain for Days, or Weeks, or Months, and commonly suppose they shall not know War any more, till some of their old Enemies, their Bosom Sins, or, the Sin which did most easily beset them (perhaps Anger or Desire) assault them again, and thrust sore at them, that they may fall. Then arises Fear, that they shall not endure to the End, and often Doubt, whether **G O D** has not forgotten them, or whether they did not deceive themselves, in thinking their Sins were forgiven, and that they were Children of **G O D**? Under these Clouds, especially if they reason with the Devil, or are received to Doubtful Disputations, they go *mourning* all the Day long, even as a Father mourneth for his only Son whom he loveth. But it is seldom long before their **LORD** answers for himself, sending them the Holy Ghost, to *comfort* them, to bear Witness continually with their Spirit, that they are the Children of **G O D**. And then they are indeed *meek*, and gentle and teachable, even as little Children. Their Stony Heart was broken in Pieces, before they received Remission of Sins: Yet it continued hard; but now it is melted down, it is soft, tender, and susceptible of any Impression. And now first do they see the Ground of their Heart;

The P R E F A C E.

Heart; which GOD would not before disclose unto them, lest the Flesh should fail before him, and the Spirit which he had made. Now they see all the hidden Abominations there; the Depths of Pride, and Self, and Hell: Yet having the Witnes in themselves, "Thou art an Heir of GOD, a Joint Heir with CHRIST; Thou shalt inherit the New Heavens and the New Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousnes;" Their Spirit rejoiceth in GOD their SAVIOUR, even in the midst of this fiery Trial, which continually heigh- tens both the strong Sense they then have of their Inability to help themselves, and the inexpressible Hunger they feel *after a full Renewal in his Image, in Righteousnes, and all true Holiness.* Then GOD is mindful of the Desire of them that fear him: He remembers his Holy Covenant, and he giveth them a single Eye and a clean Heart. He stamps upon them his own Image and Superscription: He createth them anew in CHRIST JESUS: He cometh unto them with his Son and his Blessed Spirit, and fixing his Abode in their Souls, bring- eth them into the *Rest which remaineth for the People of GOD.*

HYMNS

272 *Journal of Health Politics*

22887

H Y M N S

A N D

SACRED POEMS.

P A R T III.

The Fifty Fifth Chapter of ISAIAH.

1  O ! Every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
 (Tis GOD invites the fallen Race)
 Mercy and free Salvation buy ;
 Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel
 Grace.

2 Come to the Living Waters, come !
 Sinners, obey your Maker's Call ;
 Return, ye weary Wanderers, home,
 And find my Grace is free for All.

3 See, from the Rock a Fountain rise !
 For you in healing Streams it rolls :
 Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
 Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, Sin-fick Souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
 Leave all you have and Are behind,
 Frankly the Gift of GOD receive,
 Pardon, and Peace in JESUS find.

5 Why seek ye That which is not Bread,
 Nor can your hungry Souls sustain ?
 On Ashes, Husks, and Air ye feed,
 Ye spend your little All in vain.

6 In Search of empty Joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing Strife :
 Whither, ah whither would you go ?
 I have the Words of Endless Life.

7 Hearken to me with earnest Care,
 And freely eat substantial Food ;
 The Sweetness of my Mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am Good.

8 I bid you all my Goodness prove,
 My Promises for All are free :
 Come taste the Manna of my Love,
 And let your Soul delight in Me.

9 Your willing Ear and Heart incline,
 My Words believably receive ;
 Quicken'd your Soul, by Faith divine,
 An Everlasting Life shall live.

10 You for my own I then shall take,
 Shall surely Seal you for my own,
 My Covenant of Mercy make,
 And 'stablish it in *David's* Son.

11 A Faithful Witness of my Grace,
 Him have I to the People given,
 To teach a sinful World my Ways,
 And lead, and train them up for Heaven.

12 Son of my Love, behold, to Thee
 From all Eternity I give
 Sinners who to thy Wounds will flee ;
 The Soul that chuseth Life shall live.

13 Nations, whom once Thou didst not own,
Thou Thine Inheritance shalt call;
Nations who knew not Thee shall run,
And hail the GOD that died for All.

14 For I, the Holy GOD, and True,
To glorify thy Name have sworn:
And lo! my Faithfulness I shew;
And lo! to Thee the *Gentiles* turn.

15 Seek ye the LORD with timely Care,
Ye Servants of uncancel'd Sin,
While all that seek may find Him near
With open Arms to take them in.

16 His Evil let the Sinner leave,
In Bitterness of Spirit mourn,
Death's Sentence in himself receive,
And to a gracious GOD return.

17 Surely our GOD will bid him live,
Will with the Arms of Love embrace;
Freely, abundantly forgive,
And shew him all his Depths of Grace.

18 For thus the mighty GOD hath said,
My Ways, and Thoughts ye cannot scan;
Ye cannot, whom my Hands have made,
Your Infinite Creator span.

19 Me will ye mete with Reason's Line?
Or teach my Grace how far to move?
Fathom my Mercy's deep Design,
My Height, and Breadth, and Length of Love!

20 Far as the Heavens that Earth surpass,
Far as my Throne those nether Skies,
My Ways of Love, and Thoughts of Grace
Beyond your low Conceptions rise.

168 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

21 For as the Snow from Heaven comes down,
The first and latter Rains distill,
The Earth with Fruitfulness to crown,
Man's Heart with Food and Joy to fill:

22 As no Return the Shower can know,
But falls a thirsty Land to chear,
But executes its Charge below,
While Plenty decks the smiling Year:

23 So shall the Word my Lips have spoke,
Accomplish that which I ordain ;
My Word I never will revoke ;
My Word is not gone forth in vain.

24 In My Redeeming Work employ'd,
And sent my Pleasure to fulfil,
Vain it shall not return, and void,
But prosper, and perform my Will.

25 With Me is plenteous Mercy found,
Redemption free for All to know ;
And where your Sin doth most abound,
My more abundant Grace shall flow.

26 From Guilt and Pain ye shall be freed,
From the black Dungeon of Despair,
Into my Heavenly Kingdom led,
And reap Eternal Pleasures there.

27 All ye that in my Word believe,
Shall see my Love in JESU's Face ;
The Peace and Joy of FAITH receive,
And triumph in My Saving Grace.

28 The Trees shall clap their Hands and sing,
Mountains and Hills their Voices raise ;
All the new Heavens and Earth shall ring
With JESUS their Creator's Praise.

29 Where Thorns deform'd the barren Ground,
 Where noisome Weeds the Soul o'erspread,
 There shall the Fruits of Grace abound,
 And Second Nature lift her Head.

30 The Trees of GOD shall deck the Soil,
 The Plants of Righteousness arise ;
 The LORD shall on his Garden smile,
 His late-returning Paradise.

31 The Earth, in Token of his Grace,
 Shall spread the Odour of his Fame,
 And everlasting Trophies raise,
 To glorify the SAVIOUR's Name.

*The Eleventh Chapter of St. PAUL's
 Epistle to the HEBREWS:*

*OR, THE
 LIFE of FAITH Exemplified.*

VERSE i.

1 **A**UTHOR of FAITH, Eternal Word,
 Whose Spirit breaths the Active Flame,
 FAITH, like its Finisher and LORD,
 To-day, as Yesterday the same ;

2 To Thee our humble Hearts aspire,
 And ask the Gift unspeakable :
 Increase in us the kindled Fire,
 In us the Work of FAITH fulfil.

3 By FAITH we know Thee strong to save,
 (Save us, a Present Saviour Thou !)
 Whate'er we hope, by FAITH we Have,
 Future and past subsisting Now.

4 To Him that in thy Name believes,
 Eternal Life with Thee is given,
 Into Himself He all receives,
 Pardon, and Happiness, and Heaven.

5 The Things unknown to feeble Sense,
 Unseen by Reason's glimm'ring Ray,
 With strong, commanding Evidence
 Their Heavenly Origine display.

6 FAITH lends its Realizing Light,
 The Clouds disperse, the Shadows fly,
 Th'Invisible appears in Sight,
 And GOD is seen by Mortal Eye.

VERSES ii, iii.

1 By FAITH the Holy Men of old
 Obtain'd a never-dying Name,
 The sacred Leaves their Praise unfold,
 And GOD Himself records their Fame.

2 Thro' FAITH we know the Worlds were made,
 By his great Word to Being brought:
 He spake: The Earth and Heaven obey'd,
 The Universe sprang forth from Nought.

3 The Heavens thy glorious Power proclaim,
 If Thou in us thy Power declare;
 We know from whom the Fabrick came,
 Our Heart believes, when GOD is there.

4 Thee thro' Thyself we understand,
 When Thou in us Thyself hast shown,
 We see Thine All creating Hand,
 And *feel* a GOD thro' FAITH alone.

VERSE

VERSE iv.

- 1 Believing in the Woman's Seed,
And justified by FAITH alone,
Abel a nobler Offering made,
And G O D vouchsaf'd his Gifts to own.
- 2 Witness Divine he thus obtain'd,
The Gift of Righteousness receiv'd ;
And now he wears the Crown he gain'd,
And sees the CHRIST he once believ'd.
- 3 Still by his Faith he speaks tho' dead,
He calls us to the Living Way :
We hear ; and in his Footsteps tread :
We *first* believe, and *then* obey.

VERSES v. vi.

- 1 Exempted from the General Doom,
The Death which All are born to know,
Enoch obtain'd his Heavenly Home
By FAITH, and disappear'd below.
- 2 From Earth unpainfully releas'd,
Translated to the Realms of Light,
He found the G O D by FAITH he pleas'd,
His FAITH was sweetly lost in Sight.
- 3 G O D, without FAITH, we cannot please :
For all, who unto G O D would come,
Must *feelingly* believe He Is,
And gives to all their righteous Doom.
- 4 We *feelingly* believe Thou art :
Behold we ever seek Thee, L O R D,
With all our Mind, with all our Heart,
And find Thee now our Great Reward.

VERSE

VERSE vii.

1 Divinely warn'd of Judgments near,
Noab believ'd a threatening G O D,
 With humble FAITH, and holy Fear
 He built the Ark, and 'scap'd the Flood.

2 He (while the World that disbeliev'd,
 The careless World of Sinners died,)
 The Righteousnes of FAITH receiv'd :
Noah by FAITH was justified.

3 We too by FAITH the World condemn,
 Of Righteousnes Divine possell,
 Escape the Wrath that covers Them,
 Safe in the Ark of JESUS's Breast.

VERSES viii, ix, x.

1 Obedient to his G O D's Command,
 And influenc'd by FAITH alone,
Abraham left his native Land,
 Went out, and sought a Place unknown.

2 A Place he should possess at last,
 When full Four hundred Years were o'er:
 Upon the Word himself he cast,
 He follow'd G O D, and ask'd no more.

3 As in a strange, tho' promis'd, Land,
 (A Land his distant Heirs receiv'd,)
 He, and his Sons in Tents remain'd ;
 He knew in whom he had believ'd.

4 A better Heritage he sought,
 A City built by G O D on high,
 Thither he rais'd his tow'ring Thought,
 He fix'd on Heaven his steadfast Eye.

5 Whose

5 Whose firm Foundations never move,
Jerusalem was all his Care,
 The New *Jerusalem* above ;
 His Treasure, and his Heart was there.

6 And shall not We the Call obey,
 And haste where G O D commands, to go ?
 Despise these Tenements of Clay,
 These Dreams of Happiness below ?

7 Yes, L O R D ; we hearken to thy Call,
 As Sojourners o'er Earth we rove,
 We have for Thee forsaken all,
 And seek the Heaven of perfect Love.

V E R S E S xi, xii.

1 By F A I T H the Handmaid of the L O R D,
Sarab, receiv'd a Power unknown,
 She judg'd Him faithful to his Word ;
 Barren and old she bore a Son.

2 Nature had lost its Genial Power,
 And *Abraham* was old in vain :
 Impossibilities are o'er,
 If F A I T H assent, and G O D ordain.

3 He glorified J E H O V A H 's Name ;
 (G O D spake the Word, it must be done)
 Father of Nations he became,
 And Multitudes sprang forth from One.

4 From one Old Man the Race did rise,
 A barren Womb the Myriads bore,
 Countless, as Stars that deck the Skies,
 As Sands that crown the Ocean Shore.

V E R S E S

VERSES xiii, xiv, xv, xvi.

- 1 The Worthies These of antient Days,
By FAITH they lived, in FAITH they died :
Not yet receiv'd the Promis'd Grace,
But darkly from afar descry'd.
- 2 Assur'd the SAVIOUR should appear
And confident in CHRIST to come,
Him they embrac'd, tho' distant, near ;
And languish'd for their Heavenly Home.
- 3 Pilgrims they here themselves confess'd,
Who no Abiding-place must know,
Strangers on Earth they could not rest,
Or find their Happiness below.
- 4 Regardless of the Things behind,
The Earthly Home from whence they came,
A better Land they long'd to find,
A promis'd Heaven was all their Aim.
- 5 Their FAITH the Gracious Father sees,
And kindly for his Children cares,
He condescends to call them His,
And suffers them to call Him Theirs :
- 6 For them his Heaven He hath prepar'd,
His New Jerusalem above ;
And LOVE is there their great Reward,
A whole Eternity of Love.

VERSES xvii, xviii, xix.

- 4 Abraham, when severely tried,
His FAITH by his Obedience shew'd,
He with the harsh Command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to G O D.

2 His

2 His Son the Father offer'd up,
Son of his Age, his only Son,
Object of all his Joy and Hope,
And less belov'd than G O D alone.

3 His Seed elect, his Heir foretold,
Of whom the promis'd C H R I S T should rise,
He could not from his G O D with-hold
That best, that costliest Sacrifice.

4 The Father curb'd his swelling Grief,
'Twas G O D requir'd, it must be done;
He stagger'd not thro' Unbelief,
He bar'd his Arm to slay his Son.

5 He rested in J E H O V A H's Power,
The Word must stand which G O D hath said,
He knew th' Almighty could restore,
Could raise his *Isaac* from the Dead.

6 He knew in whom he had believ'd,
And, trusting in Omnipotence,
His Son as from the Dead receiv'd,
His stedfast F A I T H receiv'd him thence.

7 O for a F A I T H like His, that We
The bright Example may pursue,
May gladly give up all to Thee,
To whom our more than all is due!

8 Now, L O R D, for Thee our All we leave,
Our willing Soul thy Call obeys,
Pleasure, and Wealth, and Fame we give,
Freedom, and Life to win thy Grace.

9 Is there a Thing than Life more dear,
A Thing from which we cannot part?
We Can: We now rejoice to tear
The Idol from our bleeding Heart.

10 JESU accept our Sacrifice,
 All Things for Thee we count but Loss:
 Lo! at thy Word our *Isaac* dies,
 Dies on the Altar of thy Cross.

11 Now to Thyself the Victim take,
 Nature's last Agony is o'er,
 Freely thine own we render back,
 We grieve to part with All no more.

12 For what to Thee, O L O R D, we give,
 An hundred fold we here obtain,
 And soon with Thee shall all receive,
 And Loss shall be Eternal Gain.

VERSES xx, xxi, xxii.

1 *Isaac* by FAITH declar'd his Race
 In *Jacob* and in *Esau* blest,
 The Younger by peculiar Grace
 A nobler Heritage possess'd.

2 By FAITH expiring *Jacob* knew
 Distinguish'd Mercies to pronounce,
 His Hands found out the happy Two,
 And bless'd his fav'rite *Joseph*'s Sons.

3 He rais'd himself upon the Bed,
 Prop'd on a Staff he own'd his L O R D,
 The Patriarch bow'd his hoary Head,
 His Body with his Soul ador'd.

4 *Joseph* by FAITH the Flight foretold
 Of *Israel*'s afflicted Race ;
 G O D their hard Bondage should behold,
 And lead them to the Promis'd Place.

Thither

5 Thither he Will'd his Bones to go,
 And take Possession in their Stead;
 His Bones the Promis'd Land shall shew,
 He claims his *Canaan*, tho' dead.

VERSES xxi ii, xxiv, xxv, xxvi, xxvii, xxviii.

1 *Moses* by FAITH from Death was sav'd,
 While heedless of the Tyrant's Will,
 His Parents in their G O D believ'd,
 And dar'd the lovely Babe conceal.

2 By FAITH, when now to Manhood grown,
 A just Contempt of Earth he shew'd,
 Refus'd a Prince's Name to own,
 And sought but to be great in G O D.

3 In vain its Pomps Ambition spreads,
 Glory in vain displays her Charms,
 A brighter Crown its Lustre sheds,
 A purer Flame his Bosom warms.

4 Wifely he chose the Better Part.
 Suff'rings with G O D's Elect to share,
 To Pleasures vain he steel'd his Heart,
 No Room for Them when G O D is there.

5 Fleeting he deem'd them all, and vain,
 His Heart on heavenly Joys beftow'd,
 Partaker of his People's Pain,
 Th'afflicted People of his G O D.

6 *Egypt* unfolds her Golden Blaze,
 Yet all for CHRIST he counts but Loss;
 A richer Treasure he surveys,
 His LORD's anticipated Crois.

178 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

7 He triumph'd in His glorious Shame,
On Pleasure, Fame, and Wealth look'd down,
'Twas Heaven at which his Wishes aim,
Aspiring to a Starry Crown.

8 By FAITH he left the oppressive Land,
And scorn'd the petty Rage of Kings,
Supported by JEHOVAH's Hand,
And shadow'd by JEHOVAH's Wings.

9 His steady Way he still pursu'd,
Nor Hopes nor Fears retard his Pace,
Th'INVISIBLE before him stood,
And FAITH unveil'd the SAVIOUR's Face.

10 By FAITH he flew the Typick Lamb,
And kept the Passover of GOD:
He knew from whom its Virtue came,
The Saving Power of Sprinkled Blood.

11 With all the Servants of his LORD,
He (while the first-born Victims died)
Dar'd the Destroying Angel's Sword,
And, arm'd wth Blood, its Point defied!

VERSE xxix,

1 While thro' the Sea by FAITH they past,
The Sea retir'd at GOD's Command,
The Waves shrink back with trembling Haste,
The Waves a Chrystal Barrier stand.

2 Th'Egyptians daring to pursue,
With Horror found a wat'ry Grave,
Too late their Want of FAITH they knew,
And sunk beneath th'o'erwhelming Wave.

VERSES

VERSES xxx, xxxi, xxxii, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxv.

- 1 By FAITH, while *Israel's* Host surrounds
Proud *Jericho's* devoted Walls,
The Ark stands still, the Trumpet sounds,
The People shout, the City falls!
- 2 *Rabab* by FAITH Deliverance found,
Nor perish'd with th'accursed Race:
The Harlot for her FAITH renown'd,
Amongst the Worthies takes her Place.
- 3 Worthies, who all recorded stand,
And shine in Everlasting Lays;
And justly now might Each demand
The Tribute of distincter Praise.
- 4 *Gideon* and *Barak* claim the Song,
And *David* good, and *Samuel* wise,
And *Jephtha* bold, and *Sampson* strong,
And all the ancient Prophets rise!
- 5 The Battles of the L ORD they fought
Thro' FAITH, and mighty States subdu'd,
And Works of Righteousnes they wrought,
And prov'd the Faithfulness of G OD.
- 6 They stop'd the Lion's Mouths, the Rage
Of Fire they quench'd, escap'd the Sword,
The Weak grew strong, and bold t'engage,
And chase the Hosts that dar'd their L ORD.
- 7 Women their quicken'd Dead receiv'd,
Women the Height of FAITH display'd,
With stedfast Confidence believ'd,
Believ'd their Children from the Dead.

VERSES xxxv, xxxvi, xxxvii.

- 1 Others, as in a Furnace try'd,
With Strength of passive Grace endu'd,
Tortures, and Deaths, thro' FAITH defy'd,
Thro' FAITH resisted unto Blood.
- 2 Earth they beheld with gen'rous Scorn,
On all its proffer'd Goods look'd down,
High on a Fiery Chariot borne,
They lost their Life to keep their Crown.
- 3 Secure a better Life to find,
The Path of varied Death they trod,
Their Souls triumphantly resign'd,
And died into the Arms of GOD.
- 4 The Prelude of Contempt they found,
A Spectacle to Fiends and Men ;
Cruelly mock'd, and scourg'd, and bound,
'Till Death shut up the Bloody Scene.
- 5 Or ston'd, they glorified their LORD,
Or joy'd, asunder fawn, t' expire,
Or rush'd to meet the slaught'ring Sword,
Or triumph'd in the tort'ring Fire.

VERSES xxxvii, xxxviii.

- 1 Naked, or in rough Goatskins clad,
In ev'ry Place they long confess'd
The GOD, for whom o'er Earth they stray'd
Tormented, destitute, distress'd.
- 2 Of whom the World unworthy was,
Whom only GOD their Maker knew,
The World they punish'd with their Loss,
The Holy Anchorites withdrew.

3 Lone unfrequented Wilds they trod,
 O'er Mountain-tops the Wanderers ran,
 With milder Beasts in Dens abode,
 And shun'd the Haunts of Savage Man.

VERSES xxxix, xl.

1 Fam'd for their FAITH all these believ'd,
 By Justifying Grace made whole:
 Nor yet the promis'd Grace receiv'd,
 The CHRIST, the Fulness in their Soul.

2 A better Gift He Us provides,
 On whom the Gospel-Times are come;
 And lo! the Holy Ghost abides
 In us, and makes our Hearts his Home.

3 We now our Elder Brethren meet,
 Their FAITH, and Happiness improve,
 And soon with Them shall shine compleat
 In CHRIST, and perfected in Love.

Looking unto JESUS.

4 REGARDLESS now of Things below,
 JESUS, to Thee my Heart aspires,
 Determin'd Thee alone to know,
 Author, and End of my Desires:
 Fill me with Righteousness Divine;
 To end, as to begin, is Thine.

2 What is a worthless Worm to Thee?
 What is in Man thy Grace to move?
 That still Thou seekest those who flee
 The Arms of thy pursuing Love?
 That still Thine inmost Bowels cry
 Why, Sinner, wilt thou perish, why?

3 Ah shew me, **LORD**, my Depth of Sin !
 Ah, **LORD**, thy Depth of Mercy shew !
 End, **JESUS**, end this War within :
 No Rest my Spirit e'er shall know,
 'Till Thou thy quickning Influence give :
 Breathe, **LORD**, and these dry Bones shall live.

4 There, there before the Throne Thou art,
 The Lamb e'er Earth's Foundations slain !
 Take Thou, O take this guilty Heart ;
 Thy Blood will wash out every Stain :
 No Cross, no Sufferings I decline ;
 Only let all my Heart be Thine !

The Same.

1 **G**OD of Love, incline Thine Ear !
 CHRIST my King, Haste, and bring
 Thy Salvation near.

2 Thee my restless Soul requires ;
 Restless 'till Thou fulfil
 All its large Desires.

3 Only Thou to me be given ;
 Thou be mine, I resign
 All in Earth or Heaven.

4 **JESUS**, come, my Sickness cure ;
 Shew Thine Art, Cleanse an Heart
 Full of Thoughts impure.

5 Painfully it now aspires
 To be free, Full of Thee,
 Full of hallow'd Fires.

6 Lo, I tread on Deaths and Snares,
 Sinking still Into Ill,
 Plung'd in Griefs and Cares.
 When,

7 When, O when wilt Thou appear?
O draw nigh! Say, "Tis I;
And I will not fear.

8 Hasten, hasten the glad Hour,
Come and be Unto me
Health, and Love, and Power.

9 CHRIST my Life, my Inward Heaven,
Thro' the whole Of my Soul
Spread thy Little Leaven.

10 Make me to the End endure;
Let me feel Love the Seal:
Love shall make it sure.

11 Love, thine Image Love restore;
Let me love, Hence remove,
And be seen no more.

A Morning HYMN.

1 CHRIST, whose Glory fills the Skies,
CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the Shades of Night:
Day-spring from on High, be near:
Day-star, in my Heart appear.

2 Dark and Clearless is the Morn
Unaccompanied by Thee,
Joyless is the Day's Return,
Till thy Mercy's Beams I see;
Till they Inward Light impart,
Glad my Eyes, and warm my Heart.

3 Visit then this Soul of mine,
 Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief,
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
 Scatter all my Unbelief,
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the Perfect Day.

ANOTHER.

1 JESUS the all-restoring Word,
 My fallen Spirit's Hope,
 After thy lovely Likeness, LORD,
 O when shall I wake up!

2 Thou, O my GOD, Thou only art
 The Life, the Truth, the Way:
 Quicken my Soul, instruct my Heart,
 My sinking Footsteps stay.

3 Of all Thou hast in Earth below
 In Heaven above to give,
 Give me thine only Self to know,
 In Thee to walk, and live.

4 Fill me with all the Life of Love,
 In mystick Union join
 Me to Thyself, and let me prove
 The Fellowship Divine.

5 Open the Intercourse between
 My longing Soul and Thee,
 Never to be broke off again
 Thro' all Eternity.

6 Grant this, O LORD; for thou hast died
 That I might be forgiven,
 Thou hast THE RIGHTEOUSNESS supplied,
 For which I merit Heaven.

An Evening HYMN.

1 J E S U S, the all-atoning Lamb,
Lover of lost Mankind,
Salvation in whose only Name
A Sinful World can find :

2 I ask thy Grace to make me clean,
I come to Thee, my G O D :
Open, O L O R D, for this Day's Sin
The Fountain of thy Blood.

3 Hither my spotted Soul be brought,
And every idle Word,
And every Work, and every Thought
That hath not pleas'd my L O R D.

4 Hither my Actions righteous deem'd
By Man, and counted good,
As filthy Rags by G O D esteem'd,
'Till sprinkled with thy Blood.

5 No ! my best Actions cannot save,
But Thou must purge ev'n Them :
And (for in Thee I now believe)
My worst cannot condemn.

6 To Thee then, O vouchsafe me Power
For Pardon still to flee,
And every Day, and every Hour
To wash myself in Thee.

To the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD.

1 BROTHER in CHRIST, and well-belov'd,
Attend, and add thy Pray'r to mine,
As Aaron call'd, and *inly mov'd*,
To minister in Things Divine!

2 Faithful, and often own'd of G O D,
Vessel of Grace, by JESUS us'd ;
Stir up the Gift on thee bestow'd,
The Gift, thro' *Hallow'd Hands* trans fus'd.

3 Fully thy heavenly Mission prove,
And make thine own Election sure ;
Rooted in FAITH, and Hope, and Love,
Active to work, and firm t'endure.

4 Scorn to contend with Flesh and Blood,
And trample on so mean a Foe ;
By stronger Fiends in vain withstood,
Dauntless to nobler Conquests go.

5 Go where the darkest Tempest low'rs,
Thy Foes, triumphant Wrestler, foil ;
Thrones, Principalities, and Powers,
Engage, o'ercome, and take the Spoil.

6 The Weapons of thy Warfare take,
With Truth and Meekness arm'd ride on ;
Mighty, thro' GOD, Hell's Kingdom shake,
Satan's strong Holds, thro' GOD, pull down.

7 Humble each vain aspiring Boast,
Intensely for G O D's Glory burn ;
Strongly declare the Sinner lost,
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS o'erturn, o'erturn.

8 Tear the bright Idol from his Shrine,
Nor suffer him on Earth to dwell;
T'usurp the Place of Blood Divine,
But chase him to his native Hell.

9 Be all into Subjection brought,
The Pride of Man let FAITH abase;
And captivate his every Thought,
And force him to be sav'd by Grace.

To the same, before his Voyage.

1 SERVANT of GOD, the Summons hear,
Thy Master calls, arise, obey!
The Tokens of his Will appear,
His Providence points out thy Way.

2 Lo! we commend thee to his Grace!
In Confidence go forth! be strong!
Thy Meat his Will, thy Boast his Praise,
His Righteousness be all thy Song.

3 Strong in the LORD's Almighty Power,
And arm'd in Panoply Divine,
Firm may'st thou stand in Danger's Hour,
And prove the Strength of JESUS Thine.

4 Thy Breast-Plate be his Righteousness,
His sacred Truth thy Loins surround;
Shod be thy beauteous Feet with Peace,
Spring forth, and spread the Gospel Sound.

5 Fight the good Fight, and stand secure
In FAITH's impenetrable Shield;
Hell's Prince shall tremble at its Power,
With all his fiery Darts repell'd.

6 Prevent thy Foes, nor wait their Charge,
 But call their ling'ring Battle on,
 But strongly grasp thy Seven-fold Targe,
 And bear the World and Satan down.

7 The Helmet of Salvation take,
 The L ORD's, the Spirit's conqu'ring Sword,
 Speak from the Word; in Lightning speak;
 Cry out, and Thunder from the Word.

8 Champion of G OD, thy L ORD proclaim,
 JESU's alone resolv'd to know;
 Tread down thy Foes in JESU's Name:
 Go; conqu'ring, and to conquer go.

9 Thro' Racks and Fires pursue thy Way,
 Be mindful of a dying G OD;
 Finish thy Course, and win the Day:
 Look up; and seal the Truth with Blood.

A Hymn, to be sung at Sea.

1 L ORD of the wide-extended Main,
 Whose Power the Winds and Seas controuls,
 Whose Hand doth Earth and Heaven sustain,
 Whose Spirit leads believing Souls;

2 For Thee we leave our Native Shore,
 (We, whom thy Love delights to keep)
 In other Worlds thy Works explore,
 And see thy Wonders in the Deep,

3 Tis here thine unknown Paths we trace,
 Which dark to human Eyes appear,
 While through the mighty Waves we pass,
 FAITH only sees that G OD is here.

Through-

4 Throughout the Deep thy Footsteps shine,
 We own thy Way is in the Sea,
 O'er-aw'd by Majesty Divine,
 And lost in thy Immensity !

5 Thy Wisdom here we learn t'adore,
 Thine Everlasting Truth we prove,
 Amazing Heights of boundless Power,
 Unfathomable Depths of Love.

6 Infinite GOD, thy Greatness spann'd
 These Heavens, and meted out the Skies,
 Lo ! in the Hollow of thy Hand,
 The measur'd Waters sink and rise !

7 Thee to Perfection who can tell ?
 Earth, and her Sons beneath Thee lie,
 Lighter than Dust within thy Scale,
 — less than Nothing in Thine Eye.

8 Yet in thy Son Divinely Great,
 We claim thy Providential Care :
 Boldly we stand before thy Seat,
 Our Advocate hath plac'd us there.

9 With Him we are gone up on high,
 Since He is ours, and we are His. ;
 With him we reign above the Sky,
 Yet walk upon our subject Seas,

10 We boast of our recover'd Pow'rs,
 Lords are we of the Lands, and Floods,
 And Earth, and Heaven, and All is ours,
 And we are CHRIST's, and CHRIST is GOD's !

In a Storm.

1 **G**LORY to Thee, whose powerful Word,
 Bids the Tempestuous Wind arise,
 Glory to Thee, the Sovereign **LORD**
 Of Air, and Earth, and Seas, and Skies!

2 Let Air, and Earth, and Skies obey,
 And Seas Thine awful Will perform :
 From them we learn to own thy Sway,
 And shout to meet the gathering Storm.

3 What tho' the Floods lift up their Voice,
 Thou hearest, **LORD**, our louder Cry ;
 They cannot damp thy Children's Joys,
 Or shake the Soul when **GOD** is nigh.

4 Headlong we cleave the yawning Deep,
 And back to highest Heaven are born,
 Unmov'd, tho' rapid Whirlwinds sweep,
 And all the watry World upturn.

5 Roar on, ye Waves ! our Souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our Rest,
 In vain t'impair the Calm ye try,
 The Calm in a Believer's Breast.

6 Rage, while our FAITH the SAVIOUR tries,
 Thou Sea, the Servant of his Will :
 Rise, while our GOD permits thee, rise ;
 But fall, when He shall say, *Be still!*

ZECH. XII. 10.

They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced.

From the German.

- 1 EXTENDED on a cursed Tree,
Befmear'd with Dust, and Sweat, and Blood;
See here, the King of Glory see!
Sinks, and expires the Son of G.O.D!
- 2 Who, Who, my SAVIOUR, this hath done;
Who could thy sacred Body wound?
No Guilt thy spotless Heart hath known;
No Guile hath in thy Lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone have done the Deed!
'Tis I thy sacred Flesh have torn:
My Sins have caus'd Thee, L.O.R.D, to bleed:
Pointed the Nail, and fixt the Thorn.
- 4 The Burthen for me to sustain
Too great, on Thee, my L.O.R.D, was laid:
To heal me, Thou haft born my Pain;
To bless me, Thou a Curse wast made.
- 5 In the devouring Lion's Teeth
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay:
Thou spring'st into the Jaws of Death,
From Death to save the helpless Prey.
- 6 My SAVIOUR, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty Debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am
Ceaseless to All thy Glory shew.

7 Too much to Thee I cannot give,
 Too much I cannot do for Thee :
 Let all thy Love, and all thy Grief
 Grav'n on my Heart for ever be !

8 The meek, the still, the lowly Mind
 O may I learn from Thee, my GOD :
 And Love with softest Pity join'd
 For those that trample on thy Blood.

9 Still let thy Tears, thy Groans, thy Sighs
 O'erflow my Eyes, and heave my Breast,
 'Till loose from Flesh, and Earth I rise,
 And ever in thy Bosom rest.

The MEANS of GRACE.

1 LONG have I seem'd to serve Thee, LORD,
 With unavailing Pain ;
 Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy Word,
 And heard it preach'd, in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' Assembly join,
 And near Thine Altar drew ;
 A Form of Godliness was mine.
 The Pow'r I never knew.

3 To please Thee, thus (at last I see)
 In vain I hop'd, and strove :
 For what are Outward Things to Thee,
 Unless they spring from Love ?

4 I see the perfect Law requires
 Truth in the Inward Parts,
 Our full Consent, our whole Desires,
 Our Undivided Hearts.

5 But

5 But I of *Means* have made my Boast,
 Of *Means* an Idol made,
 The Spirit in the Letter lost,
 The Substance in the Shade.

6 I rested in the Outward Law,
 Nor knew its deep Design;
 The Length, and Breadth, I never saw,
 And Height of Love Divine.

7 Where am I now, or what my Hope?
 What can my Weakness do?
 JESU! to Thee my Soul looks up,
 'Tis Thou must make it new.

8 Thine is the Work, and Thine alone.
 But shall I idly stand?
 Shall I the written Rule disown,
 And slight my GOD's Command?

9 Wildly shall I from Thine turn back,
 A better Path to find;
 Thine Holy Ordinance forsake,
 And cast thy Words behind?

10 Forbid it, gracious LORD, that I
 Should ever learn Thee so!
 No---let me with thy Word comply,
 If I thy Love would know.

11 Suffice for me, that Thou, my LORD,
 Hast bid me fast, and pray:
 Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd;
 'Tis only mine t'obey.

12 Thou bidst me search the sacred Leaves,
 And taste the Hallow'd Bread:
 The kind Commands my Soul receives,
 And longs on Thee to feed.

13 Still for thy Loving Kindness, LORD,
 I in thy Temple wait,
 I look to find Thee in thy Word,
 Or at thy Table meet.

14 Here, in Thine own appointed Ways,
 I wait to learn thy Will :
 Silent I stand before thy Face,
 And hear Thee say, "Be still!"

15 Be still---and know that I am GOD !
 'Tis all I live to know,
 To feel the Virtue of thy Blood,
 And spread its Praise below.

16 I wait my Vigour to renew,
 Thine Image to retrieve,
 The Veil of outward Things pass thro',
 And gasp in Thee to live.

17 I work ; and own the Labour vain :
 And thus from Works I cease :
 I strive, and see my fruitless Pain,
 'Till GOD create my Peace.

18 Fruitless, 'till Thou Thyself impart,
 Must all my Efforts prove :
 They cannot change a sinful Heart,
 They cannot purchase Love.

19 I do the Thing thy Laws enjoin,
 And then the Strife give o'er :
 To Thee I then the whole resign :
 I trust in Means no more.

20 I trust in Him who stands between
 The Father's Wrath and me :
 JESU ! Thou great Eternal Mean,
 I look for all from Thee .

21 Thy

21 Thy Mercy pleads, thy Truth requires,
 Thy Promise calls Thee down:
 Not for the Sake of my Desires-----
 But Oh! regard Thine own!

22 I seek no Motive out of Thee:
 Thine own Desires fulfil:
 If now thy Bowels yearn on me,
 On me perform thy Will.

23 Doom, if Thou canst, to endless Pains,
 And drive me from thy Face:
 But if thy stronger Love constrains,
 Let me be *sav'd by Grace.*

Waiting for CHRIST.

1 **U**NCHANGEABLE, Almighty LORD,
 The True, and Merciful, and Just,
 Be mindful of thy gracious Word,
 Wherein Thou causest me to trust.

2 My weary Eyes look out in vain,
 And long thy saving Health to see:
 But known to Thee is all my Pain:
 When wilt Thou come, and comfort me!

3 Prisoner of Hope, to Thee I turn,
 Thee my strong Hold, and only Stay:
 Harden'd in Grief, I ever mourn:
 Why do thy Chariot-wheels delay?

4 But shall thy Creature ask Thee why?
 No; I retract the eager Prayer:
 LORD, as Thou wilt, and not as I;
 I cannot chuse: Thou canst not err.

5. To Thee, the only Wise, and True,
See then at last I all resign ;
Make me in CHRIST a Creature new,
The Manner, and the Time be Thine.

6 Only preserve my Soul from Sin,
Nor let me faint for want of Thee :
I'll wait till Thou appear *within*,
And plant thy Heaven of Love in me.

Before Reading the Scriptures.

1 FATHER of All, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial Ray dart down,
And cheer thy Sons beneath.

2 While in thy Word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling Awe)
Open our Eyes, and let us see
The Wonders of thy Law.

3 Now let our Darkness comprehend
The Light that shines so clear :
Now the Revealing Spirit send,
And give us Ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy Goodness pass,
Which here by FAITH we know ;
Let us in JESUS see thy Face,
And die to all below.

ANOTHER.

1 TEACHER Divine, we ask thy Grace,
These sacred Leaves t'unfold :
Here in the Gospel's clearest Glass,
Let us thy Face behold.

2 Shew

2 Shew us thy Sire ; for known to Thee

The Father's Glories are :

The dread Paternal Majesty

Thou only canst declare.

3 Open the Scriptures now ; reveal

All which *for us* Thou art :

Talk with us, **LORD**, and let us feel

The Kindling in our Heart.

4 In Thee we languish to be found ;

To catch thy Words we bow ;

We listen for the quick'ning Sound

Speak, **LORD** ; we hear Thee now.

ANOTHER.

1 **C**OME, HOLY GHOST, our Hearts inspire,

Let us Thine Influence prove ;

Source of the old Prophetick Fire,

Fountain of Life, and Love.

2 Come, HOLY GHOST, (for, mov'd by Thee,

Thy Prophets wrote and spoke :)

Unlock the Truth, Thyself the Key,

Unseal the Sacred Book.

3 Expand thy Wings celestial Dove,

Brood o'er our Nature's Night ;

On our disorder'd Spirits move,

And let there now be Light.

4 **G**OD thro' Himself we then shall know,

If Thou *within* us shine,

And found, with all thy Saints below,

The Depths of Love Divine.

Before

Before PREACHING.

1 FORTH in thy Strength, O LORD, I go,
 Thy Gospel to proclaim,
 Thine only Righteousness to shew,
 And glorify thy Name.

2 Ordain'd I am, and sent by Thee,
 As by the Father Thou :
 And lo ! Thou always art with me !
 I plead the Promise Now.

3 O give me now to speak thy Word
 In this appointed Hour ;
 Attend it with thy Spirit, LORD,
 And let it come with Power.

4 Open the Hearts of All that hear,
 To make their SAVIOUR Room,
 Now let them find Redemption near,
 Let FAITH by Hearing come.

5 Give them to hear the Word as Thine,
 And (while they thus receive)
 Prove it the Saving Power Divine,
 To Sinners that believe.

After PREACHING.

1 G LORY, and Praise, and Love to Thee,
 For this effectual Door,
 Jesu ! who publishest by me
 The Gospel to the Poor.

Glory

2 Glory to thy great Name alone,
That Life and Power imparts :
Now, LORD, thy genuine Gospel own,
And graft it on their Hearts.

3 Now let them feel the Tidings true,
Grant to thy Word Success ;
Water it with thy Heavenly Dew,
And give the wish'd Increase.

4 Savour of Life, O let it prove,
And shew their Sins forgiven ;
Work in them FAITH, which works by LOVE,
And surely leads to Heaven.

HYMN to GOD the Sanctifier.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, all-quickning Fire,
Come, and my hallow'd Heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the Atoning Blood :
Now to my Soul Thyself reveal ;
Thy mighty Working let me feel,
And know that I am born of GOD.

2 Thy Witness with my Spirit bear,
That GOD, my GOD inhabits there ;
Thou, with the FATHER and the SON,
Eternal Light's coeval Beam,
Be CHRIST in me, and I in Him,
'Till perfect we are made in One.

3 When wilt Thou my whole Heart subdue ?
Come, LORD, and form my Soul anew,
Emptied of Pride, and Self, and Hell ;
Less than the least of all thy Store
Of Mercies, I myself abhor :
All, all my Vilenes may I feel.

4 Humble,

200 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little Child,
My lowly Master's Steps pursue:
Be Anger to my Soul unknown;
Hate, Envy, Jealousy, be gone!
In Love create Thou all Things new.

5 Let Earth no more my Heart divide,
With CHRIST may I be crucified,
To Thee with my whole Soul aspire;
Dead to the World, and all its Toys,
Its idle Pomp, and fading Joys,
Be Thou alone my One Desire.

6 Be Thou my Joy, be Thou my Dread;
In Battle cover Thou my Head,
Nor Earth, nor Hell so shall I fear:
So shall I turn my steady Face;
Want, Pain defy, enjoy Disgrace,
Glory in Dissolution near.

7 My Will be swallow'd up in Thee:
Light in thy Light still may I see,
Beholding Thee with open Face:
Call'd the full Power of FAITH to prove,
Let all my hallow'd Heart be Love,
And all my sinless Life be Praise.

8 Come, HOLY GHOST, all-quickning Fire,
My consecrated Heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the Atoning Blood:
Still to my Soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty Working may I feel,
And know that I am one with GOD!

Written in Sickness.

1 WHILE Sickness shakes the House of Clay,
And sap'd by Pain's continued Course,
My Nature hastens to decay,
And waits the Fever's friendly Force:

2 Whither should my glad Soul aspire,
But Heav'nward to my SAVIOUR's Breast?
Wafted on Wings of warm Desire,
To gain her Everlasting Rest.

3 O when shall I no longer call
This Earthly Tabernacle mine?
When shall the shatter'd Mansion fall,
And rise rebuilt by Hands Divine?

4 Burthen'd beneath this fleshly Load,
Earnestly here for Ease I groan,
Athirst for Thee, the Living GOD,
And ever struggling to be gone.

5 Where Thou, and only Thou art lov'd,
Far from the World's insidious Art,
Beyond the Range of Fiends remov'd,
And safe from my deceitful Heart;

6 There let me rest, and sin no more:
Come quickly, LORD, and end the Strife,
Hasten my last, my mortal Hour,
Swallow me up in Endless Life.

7 Ah let it not my LORD displease,
That eager thus for Death I sue,
T'ward the high Prize impatient pres,
And snatch the Crown to Conquest due.

8 Master, thy Greatness wants not me :

O how shall I thy Cause defend !

Captain, release, and set me free ;

Here let my useless Warfare end.

9 'Tis not the Pain I seek to shun,

The destin'd Crofs, and purging Fire ;

Sin do I fear, and Sin alone,

Thee, only Thee do I desire.

10 For Thee, within myself, for Thee

I groan, and for th' Adoption wait,

When Death shall set my Spirit free,

And make my Happiness compleat.

11 No longer then, my LORD, defer,

From Earth and Sin to take me Home ;

Now let my Eyes behold Thee near ;

Come quickly, O my SAVIOUR, come.

Upon parting with his Friends.

1 C E A S E, foolish Heart, thy fond Complaints,
Nor heave with unavailing Sighs,
Equal is G O D to all thy Wants,
The hungry Soul Himself supplies :
Gladly thy every Wish resign ;
Thou canst not want, if G O D is thine.

2 Stop this full Current of thy Tears,

Or pour for Sin th'ennobled Flood :

Look up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears,

Or fear to lose a gracious G O D .

To Him, thine only Rest, return ;

In vain for Him thou canst not mourn.

3 Still vex'd and troubled is my Heart ?

Still wails my Soul the Penal Loss ?

Ling'ring I groan with all to part,

I groan to bear the grievous Cross ;

The grievous Cross I fain would fly,

Or sink beneath its Weight, and die.

4 Sad soothing Thought ! to lose my Cares,

And silently resign my Breath !

Cut off a Length of wretched Years,

And steal an unsuspected Death ;

Now to lay down my weary Head,

And lift it - free among the Dead !

5 When will the dear Deliv'rance come,

Period of all my Pain and Strife !

O that my Soul, which gasps for Home,

Which struggles in the Toils of Life,

Ease, and a Resting Place could find,

And leave this World of Woe behind !

6 O that the Bitterness were past,

The Pain of Life's long ling'ring Hour !

While snatch'd from Passion's furious Blast,

And sav'd from Sorrow's baleful Pow'r,

I mock the Storm, out-ride the Wave,

And gain the Harbour of the Grave.

7 Bless'd, peaceful State ! Where lull'd to Sleep,

The Suff'rer's Woes shall all be o'er !

There plaintive Grief no more shall weep,

Remembrance there shall vex no more ;

Nor fond Excess, nor pining Care,

Nor Loss, nor Parting shall be there !

II.

1 O Holy, Holy, Holy **LORD**!
 Righteous in all thy Ways art Thou?
 I yield, and tremble at thy Word,
 Beneath thy mighty Hand I bow,
 I own, while humbled in the Dust,
 I own the Punishment is just.

2 Joy of my Eyes the Creature was ;
 Desired ; but O ! desired for Thee !
 Why feel I then th'imbitter'd Loss ?
 Late in thy Judgment's Light, I see
 Whom now thy Stroke hath far remov'd,
 I lov'd—alas ! too dearly lov'd !

3 And can I see my Comfort gone,
 (My All of Comfort here below)
 And not allow a parting Groan,
 And not permit my Tears to flow ?
 Can I forbear to mourn and cry ?
 No---let me rather weep, and die.

4 Dear, lovely, gracious Souls, to me
 Pleasant your Friendliness has been ;
 So strange your Love, from Dros so free,
 The Fountain in the Stream was seen ;
 From Heaven the pure Affection flow'd,
 And led, from whom it sprang, to **GOD**.

5 To Him thro' Earth-born Cares ye pass,
 To Him your loosen'd Souls aspire :
 Glory to **GOD**'s victorious Grace !
 O could I catch the sacred Fire,
 Your shining Steps from far pursue,
 And love, and weep, and part like you.

6 Partners of all my Griefs and Joys,
 Help me to cast on GOD my Care,
 To make his Will my only Choice,
 Away the dear Right Eye to tear,
 The wise Decree with you t'adore,
 To trust, submit, and grieve no more.

7 O let your Prayers the SAVIOUR move,
 In Love my Spirit to renew !
 O could I taste the SAVIOUR's Love,
 Gladly I then should part with you ;
 My All triumphantly resign,
 And lodge you in the Arms divine.

III.

1 Why should a sinful Man complain,
 When mildly chafsten'd for his Good ?
 Start from the salutary Pain,
 And tremble at a Father's Rod ?
 Why should I grieve his Hand t'endure,
 Or murmur to accept my Cure ?

2 Beneath th'afflictive Stroke I fall,
 And struggle to give up my Will ;
 Weeping I own 'tis Mercy all ;
 Mercy pursues and holds me still,
 Kindly refuses to depart,
 And strongly vindicates my Heart.

3 Humbly I now the Rod revere,
 And Mercy in the Judgment find,
 'Tis GOD afflicts ; I own Him near,
 'Tis He, 'tis He severely kind,
 Watches my Soul with jealous Care,
 Disdainful of a Rival there.

4 "Tis hence my ravish'd Friends I mourn,
 And Grief weighs down my weary Head,
 Far from my bleeding Bosom torn,
 The dear-lov'd, dangerous Joys are fled,
 Hence my Complaining never ends:
 Oh ! I have lost my Friends, my Friends !

5 Long my reluctant Folly held,
 Nor gave them to my GOD's Command ;
 Hardly at length constrain'd to yield ;
 For oh ! the Angel seiz'd my Hand,
 Broke off my Grasp, forbad my Stay,
 And forc'd my ling'ring Soul away.

6 Yes ; the Divorce at last is made,
 My Soul is crush'd beneath the Blow ;
 The Judgment falls, so long delay'd,
 And lays my stubborn Spirit low,
 My Hope expires, my Comfort ends,
 Oh ! I have lost my Friends, my Friends !

IV.

1 How shall I lift my guilty Eyes,
 Or dare appear before thy Face ?
 When deaf to Mercy's loudest Cries,
 I long have wearied out thy Grace,
 Withstood thy Power, and crost'd Thine Art,
 Nor heard, *My Son, give Me thy Heart ?*

2 How could I, LORD, hold out so long,
 So long thy striving Spirit grieve !
 Forgive me the despiteful Wrong :
 Behold, my All for Thee I leave,
 The whole, the whole I here restore,
 And fondly keep back Part no mere.

3 Lo !

3 Lo ! I cut off the dear Right Hand,
 Asham'd I should so late obey,
 Pluck out mine Eye at thy Command,
 And cast the bleeding Orb away ;
 Lo, with my last Reserve I part,
 I give, I give Thee All my Heart.

4 My Heart, my Will I here resign,
 My Life, my more than Life for Thee :
 Take back my Friends, no longer mine ;
 Bless'd be the Love that lent them me :
 Bless'd be the kind revoking Word,
 Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd !

5 Henceforth Thine only Will I chuse,
 To CHRIST I die, to CHRIST I live ;
 Had I a Thousand Lives to lose,
 Had I a Thousand Friends to give,
 All, all I would to Thee restore,
 And grieve that I could give no more.

V.

1 JESU, in whom the weary find
 Their late and permanent Repose ;
 Physician of the Sin-sick Mind,
 Relieve my Wants, affuage my Woes ;
 And let my Soul on Thee be cast,
 'Till Life's fierce Tyranny be past.

2 Loos'd from my GOD, and far remov'd,
 Long have I wander'd to and fro,
 O'er Earth in endless Circles rov'd,
 Nor found whereon to rest below ;
 Back to my GOD at last I fly,
 For O ! the Waters still are high.

3 Selfish Pursuits, and Nature's Maze,

The Things of Earth for Thee I leave,
Put forth thine Hand, thine Hand of Grace,
Into the Ark of Love receive ;
Take this poor flutt'ring Soul to Rest,
And lodge it, SAVIOUR, in thy Breast.

4 Fill with inviolable Peace,

'Stablish, and keep my settled Heart ;
In Thee may all my Wand'rings cease,
From Thee no more may I depart,
Thy utmost Goodness call'd to prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

Mourning.

1 **W**HEN, gracious LORD, ah tell me when
Shall I into myself retire ?
To Thee discover all my Pain,
And shew my troubled Heart's Desire ?

2 I long to pour out all my Soul,
Sorrow, and Sin's just Weight to feel,
To smart, till Thou hast made me whole,
To mourn till Thou hast said, *Be still.*

3 Sick of Desire for Thee I cry,
And, weary of forbearing, groan :
Horror, and Sin are ever nigh,
My Comfort, and my GOD are gone.

4 Trembling in dread Suspence I stand ;
Sinking, and falling into Sin,
Till Thou reach out thy mighty Hand,
And snatch me from this Hell within.

5 Fain

5 Fain would I rise, and get me hence,
From every fond Engagement free,
Pleasure, and Praise, and Self, and Sense,
And all that holds me back from Thee.

6 O that the mild and peaceful Dove,
Would lend his Wings to aid my Flight!
Soon would I then far off remove,
And hide me from this hateful Light.

7 Where none but the All-seeing Eye
Could mark, or interrupt my Grief,
No human Comforter be nigh,
To torture me with vain Relief.

8 Far in some lonely desert Place,
For ever, ever would I sit,
Languish to see the SAVIOUR's Face,
And perish, weeping at his Feet.

9 O what is Life without my GOD!
A Burthen more than I can bear:
I struggle to throw off the Load,
Me from myself I strive to tear.

10 I ever gasp in CHRIST to live:
O that to me the Grace be given!
Had I thy Heaven and Earth to give,
I'd buy Thee with thy Earth and Heaven.

11 If Sufferings could thy Love obtain,
I'd suffer all Things for thy Love:
Send me to Hell, I'd there remain:
But let me there thy Favour prove.

12 Let me thy righteous Doom applaud,
Thine everlasting Truth declare,
And vindicate the Ways of GOD,
And glorify thy Justice there.

13 Let me—I know not how to pray;

My Anguish cannot be exprest:

JESU, Thou seest what I would say;

O let thy Bowels speak the rest!

ROMANS vii. 24, 25.

1 FATHER of Mercies, GOD of Love,
Whose Bowels of Compassion move
To sinful Worms; whose Arms embrace,
And strain to hold a struggling Race!

2 With me still let thy Spirit strive,
Have Patience, till my Heart I give;
Assist me to obey thy Call,
And give me Power to pay Thee all.

3 If now my Nature's Weight I feel,
And groan to render up my Will,
Not long the kind Relentings stay,
The Morning Vapour fleets away.

4 A Monster to myself I am,
Asham'd to feel no-deeper Shame;
Pain'd that my Pain so soon is o'er,
And griev'd, that I can grieve no more.

5 O who shall save the Man of Sin?
O when shall end this War within?
How shall my Captive Soul break thro?
Who shall attempt my Rescue? Who?

6 A Wretch from Sin and Death set free?—
Answer, O answer, CHRIST, for me,
The Grace of an accepting GOD,
The Virtue of a SAVIOUR's Blood.

Who

*Who shall deliver me from the Body
of this Death?*

- 1 **T**HOU Son of GOD, Thou Son of Man,
Whose Eyes are as a Flame of Fire,
With kind Concern regard my Pain,
And mark my lab'ring Heart's Desire !
- 2 Its inmost Folds are known to Thee,
Its secret Plague I need not tell :
Nor can I hide, nor can I flee
The Sin I ever groan to feel.
- 3 My Soul it easily besets,
About my Bed, about my Way,
My Soul at every Turn it meets,
And half persuades me to obey.
- 4 Nothing I am, and nothing have,
Nothing my Helplessness can do ;
But Thou art Good, and strong to save,
And all that seek may find Thee true.
- 5 How shall I ask, and ask aright ?
My Lips refuse my Heart t'obey :
But all my Wants are in thy Sight ;
' My Wants, my Fears, my Sorrows pray.
- 6 I want thy Love, I fear thy Frown,
My own foul Sin I grieve to see :
T'escape its Force would Now sink down,
And die, if Death could set me free.
- 7 Yet O I cannot burst my Chain,
Or fly the Body of this Death :
Immur'd in Flesh I still remain,
And gasp a purer Air to breathe.

8 I groan to break my Prison-Walls,
And quit the Tenement of Clay;
Nor yet the shatter'd Mansion falls,
Nor yet my Soul escapes away.

9 Ah L ORD ! wouldst Thou *within me* live,
No longer then should I complain,
Nor fighting wish, nor weeping grieve
For C HRIST my Life, or Death my Gain.

10 From Grief and Sin I then should cease;
My loosen'd Tongue should then declare
Comfort, and Love, and Joy, and Peace,
Fill all the Soul when C HRIST is there!

*My Soul gaspeth for Thee as a
thirsty Land.*

1 L ORD, how long, how long shall I
Lift my weary Eyes in Pain?
Seek, but never find Thee nigh,
Ask thy Love, but ask in vain,
Crush'd beneath my Nature's Load,
Darkly feeling after G O D !

2 O disclose thy lovely Face,
Quicken all my drooping Powers!
Gasps my fainting Soul for Grace,
As a thirsty Land for Showers:
Haste, my L ORD, no longer stay,
Come, my J ESUS, come away!

3 Well Thou know'st I cannot rest,
'Till I fully rest in Thee,
'Till I am of Thee possest,
'Till from Sin and Self set free,
All the Life of F A I T H I prove,
All the Joy and Heaven of Love.

4 But my sad inconstant State,
 Give me, **Lord**, this Root within :
 Trembling for thy Love I wait,
 Still relapsing into Sin,
 Falling, 'till thy Love I feel,
 Ever sinking into Hell.

5 With me O continue, **Lord**,
 Keep me, or from Thee I fly :
 Strength and Comfort from thy Word
 Imperceptibly supply ;
 Hold me 'till I apprehend,
 Make me Faithful to the End.

Longing after CHRIST.

1 **J**ESU, the Strength of all that faint,
 When wilt Thou hear my sad Complaint ?
JESU, the weary Wanderer's Rest,
 When wilt Thou take me to thy Breast ?

2 My Spirit mourns, by Thee forgot,
 And droops my Heart, where Thou art not :
 My Soul is all an aching Void,
 And pines, and thirsts, and gasps for **GOD**.

3 The Pain of Absence still I prove,
 Sick of Desire, but not of Love :
 Weary of Life I ever groan,
 I long to lay the Burthen down.

4 'Tis Burthen all, and Pain, and Strife :
 O give me Love, and take my Life !
JESU, my only Want supply,
 O let me taste thy Love, and die !

In TEMPTATION.

1 SINKING underneath my Load,
 Darkly feeling after Thee,
 Let me ask, my GOD, my GOD,
 Why hast Thou forsaken me!
 Why, O why am I forgot?
 LORD, I seek, but find Thee not.

2 Still I ask, nor yet receive,
 Knock at the unopen'd Door;
 Still I struggle to believe,
 Hope, tho' urg'd to hope no more,
 Bearing what I cannot bear,
 Yielding, fighting with Despair.

3 Hear in Mercy my Complaint,
 Hear, and hasten to my Aid,
 Help, or utterly I faint,
 Fails the Spirit Thou hast made;
 Save me, or my Foe prevails,
 Save me, or thy Promise fails.

4 Struggling in the Fowler's Snare,
 Lo! I ever look to Thee:
 Tempted more than I can bear----
 No, my Soul, it cannot be;
 True and faithful is the Word,
 Sure the Coming of thy LORD.

5 Come then, O my SAVIOUR, come,
 GOD of Truth no longer stay,
 GOD of Love, dispel the Gloom,
 Point me out the promis'd Way,
 Let me from the Trial fly,
 Sink into thine Arms, and die!

6 Waft me to that happy Shore;
 Port of Ease, and End of Care;
 All thy Storms shall there be o'er,
 Sin shall never reach me there,
 Surely of my GOD possest,
 Safe in my Redeemer's Breast!

MATTHEW V. 3, 4, 6.

1 JESU, if still the same Thou art,
 If all thy Promises are sure,
 Set up thy Kingdom in my Heart,
 And make me rich, for I am poor:
 To me be all thy Treasures given,
 The Kingdom of an Inward Heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounc'd the Mourner blest,
 And lo! for Thee I ever mourn:
 I cannot; no, I will not rest,
 'Till Thou my only Rest return,
 'Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the Blessedness bestow'd
 On all that hunger after Thee?
 I hunger now, I thirst for GOD!
 See, the poor, fainting Sinner, see,
 And satisfy with endless Peace,
 And fill me with thy Righteousness.

4 Ah LORD!----if Thou art in that Sigh,
 Then hear Thyself within me pray:
 Hear in my Heart thy Spirit's Cry,
 Mark what my lab'ring Soul *would* say;
 Answer the deep, unutter'd Groan,
 And shew that Thou and I are One.

5 Shine on thy Work, disperse the Gloom,
 Light in thy Light I then shall see :
 Say to my Soul, " Thy Light is come,
 " Glory Divine is ris'n on thee,
 " Thy Warfare's past, thy Mourning's o'er;
 " Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 LORD, I believe the Promise sure,
 And trust Thou wilt not long delay ;
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
 Upon thy Word myself I stay ;
 Into thine Hands my All resign,
 And wait---till All Thou art is mine !

In TEMPTATION.

1 JESU, Lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the Storm of Life is past :
 Safe into the Haven guide ;
 O receive my Soul at last.

2 Other Refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee :
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support, and comfort me.
 All my Trust on Thee is stay'd ;
 All my Help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy Wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my Call ?
 Wilt Thou not accept my Prayer ?
 Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall ----
 Lo ! on Thee I cast my Care :

Reach me out thy gracious Hand!
While I of thy Strength receive,
Hoping against Hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the Fallen, clear the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Just, and Holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness,
False, and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth, and Grace.

5 Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my Sin:
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity!

*He shall save his People from
their Sins.*

1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's Rays
Beam forth with milder Majesty,
I see Thee full of Truth and Grace,
And come for all I want to Thee.

2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
Nor Constancy, nor Strength I have:
But thou, O Lord, art still the same,
And hast not lost thy Power to save.

218 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

3 Save me from Pride, the Plague expell;
 JESU, thine humble Self impart;
O let thy Mind within me dwell;
 O give me Lowliness of Heart.

4 Enter Thyself, and cast out Sin;
 Thy Spotless Purity bestow;
Touch me, and make the Leper clean:
 Wash me, and I am white as Snow.

5 Fury is not in Thee, my GOD:
 O why shou'd it be found in Thine!
Sprinkle me, SAVIOUR, with thy Blood,
 And all thy Gentleness is mine.

6 Pour but thy Blood upon the Flame,
 Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,
The Leopard sinks into a Lamb,
 And I become a little Child.

Desiring CHRIST.

1 WHERE shall I lay my weary Head?
 Where shall I hide me from my Shame?
From all I feel, and all I dread,
 And all I have, and all I am!
Swift to outstrip the stormy Wind,
 And leave this cursed Self behind!

2 O the intolerable Load
 Of Nature waken'd to pursue,
The Footsteps of a distant GOD,
 'Till FAITH hath form'd the Soul anew!
'Tis Death, 'tis more than Death to bear:
 I cannot live, 'till GOD is here.

3 Give me thy Wings, Celestial Dove,
 And help me from myself to fly;
 Then shall my Soul far off remove,
 The Tempest's idle Rage defy,
 From Sin, from Sorrow, and from Strife
 Escap'd, and hid in CHRIST, my Life.

4 Stranger on Earth, I sojourn here:
 Yet, O! on Earth I cannot rest,
 'Till Thou my hidden Life appear,
 And sweetly take me to thy Breast:
 To Thee my Wishes all aspire,
 And sighs for Thee my whole Desire.

5 Search, and try out my panting Heart:
 Surely, my LORD, it pants for Thee,
 Jealous lest Earth should claim a Part:
 Thine, wholly Thine I gasp to be:
 Thou know'st 'tis all I live to prove;
 Thou know'st I only want thy Love.

*These Things were written for our
 Instruction.*

1 JESU, if still Thou art To-day,
 As Yesterday the same,
 Present to heal, in me display
 The Virtue of thy Name.

2 If still Thou go'st about, to do
 Thy needy Creatures Good,
 On me, that I thy Praise may shew,
 Be all thy Wonders shew'd.

3 Now, LORD, to whom for Help I call,
 Thy Miracles repeat;
 With pitying Eyes behold me fall
 A Leper at thy Feet.

4 Loath-

220 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhor'd,
I sink beneath my Sin;
But if Thou wilt, a gracious Word
Of Thine can make me clean.

5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy Commands,
Open, O LORD, my Ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd Hands,
And lift them up in Prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! Thou know'st how long)
My Voice I cannot raise;
But O! when Thou shalt loose my Tongue,
The Dumb shall sing thy Praise.

7 Lame at the Pool I still am found:
Give; and my Strength employ;
Light as a Hart I then shall bound,
The Lame shall leap for Joy.

8 Blind from my Birth to Guilt, and Thee,
And dark I am within,
The Love of GOD I cannot see,
The Sinfulness of Sin.

9 But Thou, they say, art passing by;
O let me find Thee near:
JESUS, in Mercy hear my Cry!
Thou Son of David hear!

10 Long have I waited in the Way
For Thee the Heavenly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
Sinner, receive thy Sight.

11 While dead in Trespasses I lie,
The quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, Thou Son of GOD, that I
May hear thy Voice, and live.

12 While full of Anguish and Disease,
My weak, distemper'd Soul
Thy Love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole.

13 While torn by Hellish Pride, I cry,
By Legion Lust possest,
Son of the Living God, draw nigh,
And speak me into Rest.

14 Cast out thy Foes, and let them still
To JESU's Name submit;
Cloath with thy Righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy Feet.

15 To JESU's Name if all Things now
A trembling Homage pay,
O let my stubborn Spirit bow,
My Stiff-neck'd Will obey.

16 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind;
And sick, and poor I am;
But sure a Remedy to find
For all in JESU's Name.

17 I know in Thee all Fulness dwells,
And all for wretched Man;
Fill every Want my Spirit feels,
And break off every Chain.

18 If Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other Good I need;
If Thou the Son shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

19 I cannot rest, till in thy Blood
I full Redemption have;
But Thou, thro' whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

20 From Sin, the Guilt, the Power, the Pain,
 Thou wilt redeem my Soul::
 LORD, I believe; and not in vain:
 My FAITH shall make me whole.

21 I too with Thee shall walk in White,
 With all thy Saints shall prove,
 What is the Length, and Breadth, and Height,
 And Depth of Perfect Love.

From the German.

1 Thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of GOD,
 To wash me in thy cleansing Blood,
 To dwell within thy Wounds; then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

2 Take my poor Heart, and let it be
 For ever clos'd to all but Thee!
 Seal Thou my Breast, and let me wear
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

3 How blest are they, who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side!
 Who Life, and Strength from thence derive,
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live!

4 What are our Works but Sin and Death,
 'Till Thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe!
 Thou giv'st the Power thy Grace to move--
 O wond'rous Grace! O boundless Love!

5 How can it be, Thou Heavenly King,
 That Thou should'st us to Glory bring?
 Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
 Deck'd with a never-fading Crown.

6 Hence our Hearts melt, our Eyes o'erflow,
 Our Words are lost: Nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of ought, beside
 " My **LORD**, my **Love** is crucified."

7 Ah **LORD**! enlarge our scanty Thought,
 To know the Wonders Thou hast wrought!
 Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue, to tell
 Thy Love, immense, unsearchable!

8 First-born of many Brethren Thou!
 To Thee, lo! all our Souls we bow,
 To Thee our Hearts and Hands we give:
 Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

The RESIGNATION.

1 **A**ND wilt Thou yet be found?
 And may I still draw near?
 Then listen to the plaintive Sound
 Of a poor Sinner's Prayer.

JESU, Thine Aid afford,
 If still the same Thou art;
 To Thee I look, to Thee, my **LORD**,
 Lift up an helpless Heart.

2 Thou feest my tortur'd Breast,
 The Strugglings of my Will,
 The Foes that interrupt my Rest,
 The Agonies I feel:
 The Daily Death I prove,
 SAVIOUR, to Thee is known;
 'Tis worse than Death, my God to love,
 And not my GOD Alone.

234 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

3 My peevish Passions chide,
Who only canst controul,
Canst turn the Stream of Nature's Tide,
And calm my troubled Soul.

O my offended LORD,
Restore my inward Peace:
I know Thou canst: Pronounce the Word,
And bid the Tempest cease.

4 Abate the Purging Fire,
And draw me to my Good;
Allay the Fever of Desire,
By sprinkling me with Blood.

I long to see thy Face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The Living Water of thy Grace,
That I may thirst no more.

5 When shall thy Love constrain
And force me to thy Breast?
When shall my Soul return again
To her Eternal Rest?

Ah! what avails my Strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the Words of endless Life,
Ah! whither should I go?

6 Thy condescending Grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek thy Face,
And stoops to ask my Love.

LORD, at thy Feet I fall,
I groan to be set free,
I fain would now obey the Call,
And give up All for Thee.

7 To rescue me from Woe,
Thou didst with all Things part,
Didst lead a suffering Life below,
To gain my worthless Heart:
My worthless Heart to gain,
The God of All that breathe
Was found in Fashion as a Man,
And died a cursed Death.

8 And can I yet delay
My little All to give,
To tear my Soul from Earth away,
For Jesus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more,
I sink by dying Love compell'd,
And own Thee Conqueror.

9 Tho' late I all forsake,
My Friends, my Life resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever Thine.
Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove,
Settle, and fix my wav'ring Soul,
With all thy Weight of Love.

10 My One Desire be This,
Thy only Love to know,
To seek and taste no other Bliss,
No other Good below.

My Life, my Portion Thou,
Thou All-sufficient art,
My Hope, my Heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my Heart.

11 Rather than let it burn
 For Earth, O quench its Heat,
 Then, when it would to Earth return,
 O let it cease to beat.

Snatch me from Ill to come,
 When I from Thee would fly,
 O take my wand'ring Spirit Home,
 And grant me Then to die!

*A PRAYER against the Power
 of Sin.*

1 O That Thou would'ft the Heavens rent,
 In Majesty come down,
 Stretch out thine Arm Omnipotent,
 And seize me for Thine own !

2 Descend, and let thy Lightning burn
 The Stubble of thy Foe;
 My Sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
 And let the Mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous Spirit guide,
 And curb my headstrong Will:
 Thou only canst drive back the Tide,
 And bid the Sun stand still.

4 What tho' I cannot break my Chain,
 Or e'er throw off my Load,
 The Things impossible to Men,
 Are possible to G O D.

5 Is any Thing too hard for Thee,
 Almighty L O R D of all,
 Whose threatening Looks dry up the Sea,
 And make the Mountains fall ?

6 Who,

6 Who, who shall in thy Presence stand,
And match Omnipotence,
Ungrasp the Hold of thy Right-Hand,
Or pluck the Sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy let Earth assail,
Nearer to save Thou art,
Stronger than all the Powers of Hell,
And greater than my Heart.

8 Lo! to the Hills I lift mine Eye,
Thy promis'd Aid I claim,
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thy fav'rite JESU's Name.

9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my Grief, and Care,
A Med'cine for my every Wound,
All, all I want is There.

10 JESU! REDEEMER, SAVIOUR, LORD,
The weary Sinner's Friend,
Come to my Help, pronounce the Word,
And bid my Troubles end.

11 Deliverance to my Soul proclaim,
And Life, and Liberty,
Shed forth the Virtue of thy Name,
And JESUS prove to me.

12 Faith to be heal'd Thou know'ft I have,
For Thou that Faith hast given:
Thou canst, Thou Canst the Sinner save,
And make me meet for Heaven.

13 Thou canst o'ercome this Heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove,
For Everlasting Strength is Thine,
And Everlasting Love.

14 Thy Powerful Spirit shall subdue
 Unconquerable Sin ;
 Cleanse this foul Heart, and make it new,
 And write thy Law within.

15 Bound down with twice ten thousand Ties,
 Yet let me hear thy Call,
 My Soul in Confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise, and break thro' all.

16 Speak, and the Deaf shall hear thy Voice,
 The Blind his Sight receive,
 The Dumb in Songs of Praise rejoice,
 The Heart of Stone believe.

17 The *Ethiop* then shall change his Skin,
 The Dead shall feel thy Power,
 The loathsome Leper shall be clean,
 And I shall sin no more !

After a Relapse into Sin.

1 **D**EPTH of Mercy ! Can there be
 Mercy still reserv'd for me !
 Can my GOD his Wrath forbear,
 Me, the Chief of Sinners spare !

2 I have long withstood his Grace,
 Long provok'd Him to his Face,
 Would not hearken to his Calls,
 Grief'd Him by a thousand Falls.

3 I my Master have denied,
 I afresh have crucified,
 Oft profan'd his Hallow'd Name,
 Put Him to an open Shame.

4 I have spilt his precious Blood,
 Trampled on the Son of GOD,

Fill'd with Pangs unspeakable,
I who yet am not in Hell.

5 Lo! I cumber still the Ground!
Lo! an Advocate is found,
" Haste not to cut him down,
" Let this barren Soul alone.

6 JESUS speaks, and pleads his Blood,
He disarms the Wrath of GOD,
Now my Father's Bowels move,
Justice lingers into Love.

7 Kindled his Relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare,
Cries, " *How shall I give thee up?*"
Lets the lifted Thunder drop.

8 Whence to *me* this waste of Love?
Ask my Advocate above,
See the Cause in JESU's Face,
Now before the Throne of Grace.

9 There for me the SAVIOUR stands,
Shews his Wounds, and spreads his Hands,
GOD is LOVE: I know, I feel,
JESUS weeps! and loves me still!

10 JESUS! answer from above,
Is not all thy Nature Love!
Wilt Thou not the Wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss thy Feet?

11 If I rightly read thy Heart,
If Thou all Compassion art,
Bow Thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Pardon, and accept me now.

12 Pity from Thine Eye let fall;
- By a Look my Soul recall,

Now the Stone to Flesh convert,
Cast a Look and break my Heart.

13 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my Fall lament;
Now my foul Revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Written in Stress of Temptation.

1 I AM the Man, who long have known
The Fierceness of Temptation's Rage!
And still to GOD for Help I groan:
When shall my Groans his Help engage?

2 Out of the Deep on CHRIST I call,
In Bitterness of Spirit cry;
Broken upon that Stone I fall;
I fall; the Chief of Sinners I!

3 SAVIOUR of Men, my sad Complaint
Let me into thy Bosom pour:
Beneath my Load of Sin I faint,
And Hell is ready to devour.

4 A Devil to myself I am,
Yet cannot 'scape the Flesh I tear,
Beast, Fiend, and Legion is my Name,
My Lot the Blackness of Despair.

5 Why then in this unequal Strife,
To Tophet's utmost Margin driven,
Still gasps my parting Soul for Life,
Nor quite gives up her Claim to Heaven?

6 Why hopes for Help my drooping Heart,
(Hopes against Hope) when none is nigh?
I cannot from my LORD depart,
But kiss the Feet at which I die.

7 My LORD, (I still will call Thee mine,
Till sentenc'd to Eternal Pain;)
Thou wouldest not thy Cup decline,
The Vengeance due to guilty Man.

8 My Sufferings all to Thee are known,
Tempted in every Point like me:
Regard my Griefs, regard thine own:
JESU, remember Calvary!

9 O call to Mind thine earnest Prayers,
Thine Agony and Sweat of Blood,
Thy strong and bitter Cries and Tears,
Thy mortal Groan, My GOD, My GOD!

10 For whom didst Thou the Cross endure?
Who nail'd thy Body to the Tree?
Did not thy Death my Life procure?
O let thy Bowels answer me!

11 Art Thou not touch'd with Human Woe?
Hath Pity left the Son of Man?
Dost Thou not all our Sorrow know,
And claim a Share in all our Pain?

12 Canst Thou forget thy Days of Flesh?
Canst Thou *my* Miseries not feel?
Thy tender Heart it bleeds afresh!
It bleeds! and Thou art JESUS still!

13 I feel, I feel Thee now the same,
Kindled thy kind Relentings are;
These Meltings from thy Bowels came,
Thy Spirit groan'd this inward Prayer.

14 Thy Prayer is heard, thy Will is done!
Light in thy Light at length I see;
Thou wilt preserve my Soul Thine own,
And shew forth all thy Power in me.

25 My Peace returns, my Fears retire,
 I find Thee lifting up my Head,
 Trembling I now to Heaven aspire,
 And hear the Voice that wakes the Dead.

26 Have I not heard, have I not known,
 That Thou the Everlasting LORD,
 Whom Earth and Heaven their Maker own,
 Art always faithful to thy Word?

27 Thou wilt not break a bruised Reed,
 Or quench the faintest Spark of Grace,
 'Till thro' the Soul thy Power is spread,
 Thine All-victorious Righteousness.

28 With Labour faint Thou wilt not fail,
 Or wearied give the Sinner o'er,
 'Till in this Earth thy Judgment dwell,
 And born of GOD I sin no more.

29 The Day of small and feeble Things
 I know Thou never wilt despise;
 I know, with Healing in his Wings,
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

30 My Heart Thou wilt anew create,
 The Fulness of thy Spirit give:
 In steadfast Hope for this I wait,
 And confident in CHRIST believe.

MICAH vi. 6, &c.

1. **W**HEREWITH, O GOD, shall I draw near,
 And bow my self before thy Face?
 How in thy purer Eyes appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy Grace?

2 Will Gifts delight the **LORD** most High ?
Will multiplied Oblations please ?
Thousands of Rams His Favour buy,
Or slaughter'd Hecatombs appease ?

3 Can these assuage the Wrath of **GOD** ?
Can these wash out my guilty Stain ?
Rivers of Oil and Seas of Blood !
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 Shall I my darling *Isaac* give,
What e'er is dearest in my Eyes ?
Wilt Thou my Soul and Flesh receive
An Holy, Living Sacrifice ?

5 Who e'er to Thee yourselves approve,
Must take the Path thy Word has shew'd,
Justice pursue, and Mercy love,
And humbly walk by FAITH with **GOD**.

6 But tho' my Life henceforth be Thine,
Future for Past can ne'er atone ;
Tho' I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back thine own.

7 My Hand performs, my Heart aspires :
But Thou my Works hast wrought in me ;
I render Thee thine own Desires,
I breathe what first were breath'd from Thee.

8 What have I then wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am :
Excluded is my every Boast,
My Glory swallow'd up in Shame.

9 Guilty I stand before thy Face ;
I feel on me thy Wrath abide :
'Tis just the Sentence should take Place :
'Tis just—but O ! thy Son hath died !

10 JESUS, the Lamb of GOD, hath bled,
He bore our Sins upon the Tree,
Beneath our Curse He bow'd his Head,
'Tis FINISH'D! He hath died for me!

11 For me, I now believe he died;
He made my every Crime his own,
Fully for me He satisfied:
Father, well pleas'd behold thy Son!

12 See where before thy Throne He stands,
And pours the All-prevailing Prayer,
Points to his Side, and lifts his Hands,
And shews that I am graven there.

13 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays, that I with Him may reign:
Amen to what my LORD doth say!
JESU, Thou canst not pray in vain.



H Y M N S

A N D

SACRED POEMS.

P A R T IV.

R E D E M P T I O N *found.*

From the German.

1  O w I have found the Ground, wherein
Sure my Soul's Anchor may remain,
The Wounds of JESUS, for my Sin
Before the World's Foundation slain:
Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay,
When Heaven and Earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine Everlasting Grace
Our scanty Thought surpasses far:
Thy Heart still melts with Tenderness,
Thy Arms of Love still open are
Returning Sinners to receive,
That Mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless Abyss !
My Sins are swallow'd up in Thee:
Cover'd is my Unrighteousness,
Nor Spot of Guilt remains in me,
While JESU's Blood thro' Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free, boundless Mercy cries !

4 With Faith I plunge me in this Sea ;
 Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
 Hither, when Hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my SAVIOUR's Breast ;
 Away, sad Doubt, and anxious Fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Tho' Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
 Tho' Strength, and Health, and Friends be gone,
 Tho' Joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 Tho' every Comfort be withdrawn,
 On this my stedfast Soul relies,
 Father, thy Mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,
 Tho' my Heart fail, and Flesh decay :
 This Anchor shall my Soul sustain,
 When Earth's Foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full Power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an Everlasting Love.

From the same.

1 **H**OLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
 Who in Thee begin to live,
 Day and Night they cry to Thee,
 As Thou art, so let us be.

2 **J**ESU, see my panting Breast ;
 See, I pant in Thee to rest !
 Gladly wou'd I now be clean :
 Cleanse me now from every Sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering Mind ;
 To thy Cross my Spirit bind ;
 Earthly Passions far remove :
 Swallow up our Souls in Love.

4 Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of GOD :
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

5 Who in Heart on Thee believes,
He th' Atonement now receives :
He with Joy beholds thy Face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning Grace.

6 See, ye Sinners, see the Flame
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living Way,
Leading to Eternal Day !

7 JESU, when this Light we see,
All our Soul's athirst for Thee :
When thy quick'ning Power we prove,
All our Heart dissolves in Love.

8 Boundless Wisdom, Power Divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine :
Praise by All to Thee be given,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heaven !

CHRIST our *Wisdom*.

1 MADE unto me, O LORD, my GOD,
Wisdom Divine Thou art :
Thy Light, which first my Darkness shew'd,
Still searches out my Heart.

W

2 Thy

238 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

2 Thy Spirit, breathing in the Word,
Gave me myself to see,
Fallen, till by thy Grace restor'd,
And Lost, till found in Thee.

3 JESUS, of all my Hopes the Ground,
Thro' Thee thy Name I know,
The only Name where Health is found,
Whence Life and Blessings flow.

4 'Tis now by Faith's enlighten'd Eye
I see thy strange Design,
See the GOD-Man come down to die,
That GOD may All be mine!

5 Thou art the Truth : I now receive
Thy Unction from above,
Divinely taught in Thee believe,
And learn the Lore of Love.

6 Still with thy Grace anoint mine Eyes,
Throughout my Darkness shine ;
O make me to Salvation wise :
My All be ever Mine !

CHRIST our Righteousness.

1 JESU, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my Sins were Thine :
Thy Death hath bought of GOD my Peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine.

2 Spotless, and Just in Thee I am ;
I Feel my Sins forgiven ;
I taste Salvation in thy Name,
And antedate my Heaven.

3 For ever here my Rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding Side;
 This all my Hope and all my Plea,
 For *me* the SAVIOUR died!

4 My Dying SAVIOUR, and my GOD;
 Fountain for Guilt, and Sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy Blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean,

5 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own:
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my Feet alone,
 My Hands, my Head, my Heart.

6 Th' Atonement of thy Blood apply,
 Till Faith to Sight improve,
 Till Hope shall in Fruition die,
 And all my Soul be Love.

CHRIST our Sanctification.

1 JESU, my Life, Thyself apply,
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
 My vile Affections crucify,
 Conform me to thy Death.

2 Conqu'ror of Hell, and Earth, and Sin,
 Still with thy Rebel strive,
 Enter my Soul, and work within,
 And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy Life, and more I have,
 As the old *Adam* dies:
 Bury me, SAVIOUR, in thy Grave,
 That I with Thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, LORD, Thy Foes controul,

Who would not own thy Sway ;

Diffuse thine Image thro' my Soul ;

Shine to the Perfect Day.

5 Scatter the last Remains of Sin,

And seal me Thine Abode ;

O make me Glorious all within,

A Temple built by GOD.

6 My Inward Holiness Thou art,

For Faith hath made Thee mine :

With all thy Fulness fill my Heart,

Till all I am is Thine !

CHRIST our Redemption.

1 **T**HEE, O my great Deliverer, Thee
My Ransom I adore;
Thy Death from Hell hath set me free,
And I am damn'd no more.

2 In Thee I sure Redemption have,

The Pardon of my Sin ;

Thy Blood I find mighty to save ;

Thy Blood hath made me clean.

3 I feel the Power of JESU's Name,

It breaks the Captive's Chain ;

And Men oppose, and Fiends exclaim,

And Sin subsists in vain.

4 Redeem'd from Sin, its Guilt and Power

My Soul in Faith defies :

But O ! I wait the welcome Hour,

When this frail Body dies.

5 Come Thou, my dear Redeemer, come,
Let me my Life resign,
O take thy Ransom'd Servant home,
And make me wholly Thine.

6 Fully redeem'd I fain would rise
In Soul and Body free,
And mount to meet Thee in the Skies,
And ever reign with Thee.

*It is very meet, right, and our boun-
den Duty, that we should at all
Times, and in all Places, give
Thanks unto Thee, O LORD, Holy
Father, Almighty, Everlasting
GOD.*

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
Glory to our GOD and King,
Meet in every Time, and Place,
Right to shew forth all thy Praise.

2 Sing we now in Duty bound,
Eccho the triumphant Sound,
Publish it thro' Earth abroad,
Praise the Everlasting GOD.

3 Praises here to Thee we give,
Here our open Thanks receive,
Holy Father, sovereign LORD,
Always, every where ador'd.

4 Sons of Belial, hear the Cry,
Loud as ye our GOD defy;
You can shout in Satan's Name,
Shall not We our GOD proclaim?

5 You can brave th' Eternal Laws,
Zealous in your Master's Cause ;
JESU, shall Thy Servants be
Less resolv'd and bold for Thee ?

6 No, tho' Men and Fiends exclaim,
Sing we still in JESU's Name ;
JESUS will we ever bless,
Thee before thy Foes confess.

7 Silent have we been too long,
Aw'd by Earth's rebellious Throng ;
Shou'd we still to sing deny,
LORD, the very Stones wou'd cry !

HYMN to the TRINITY.

FOUNTAIN of Deity,
Father, all hail to Thee !
Ever equally ador'd,
Hail the Spirit, and the Son,
Holy, holy, holy LORD,
One in Three, and Three in One.

ANOTHER.

SING we to our GOD above
Praise, Eternal as His Love :
Praise Him, all ye Heavenly Host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

ANOTHER.

FAITHER live, by all Things fear'd ;
Live the SON, alike rever'd ;
Equally

Equally be Thou ador'd,
HOLY GHOST, Eternal LORD.

Three in Person, One in Power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by All to Thee be given,
Endless Theme of Earth and Heaven.

ANOTHER.

1 PRAISE be to the Father given;
CHRIST He gave Us to save,
Now the Heirs of Heaven.

2 Pay we equal Adoration
To the Son: He alone
Wrought out our Salvation.

3 Glory to th' Eternal Spirit!
Us He seals, CHRIST reveals,
And applies His Merit.

4 Worship, Honour, Thanks and Blessing,
One and Three, Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing.

ANOTHER.

TO GOD, who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die
Our Guilt and Misery to remove,
To that blest Spi'rit who Life imparts,
Who rules in all Believing Hearts,
Be endless Glory, Praise, and Love.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

1 LET Heaven and Earth agree
The Father's Praise to sing,
Who draws us to the Son, that He
May us to Glory bring.

2 Honour and endless Love,
Let GOD the Son receive,
Who saves us here, and prays above,
That we with Him may live.

3 Be everlasting Praise
To GOD the Spirit given,
Who now attests us Sons of Grace,
And seals us Heirs of Heaven.

4 Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,
We'll sing the One and Three,
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd
To all Eternity.

ANOTHER.

1 FATHER of Mankind, Be ever ador'd:
Thy Mercy we find, In sending our LORD
To ransom and bless us: Thy Goodness we praise,
For sending in JESUS Salvation by Grace.

2 O Son of his Love, Who deignedst to die,
Our Curse to remove; Our Pardon to buy;
Accept our Thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who openest Heaven, To All that believe.

3 O Spirit of Love, Of Health, and of Power,
Thy Working we prove, Thy Grace we adore;
Whose

Whose inward Revealing Applies our **LORD's**
Attesting, and sealing Us Children of **GOD**.

HYMN for the Kingswood Colliers.

1 **G**LORY to **GOD**, whose sovereign **Grace**,
Hath animated senseless Stones,
Call'd us to stand before his Face,
And rais'd us into *Abraham's Sons*.

2 The People that in Darkness lay,
In Sin and Error's deadly Shade,
Have seen a glorious Gospel Day,
In *Jesus's* lovely Face display'd.

3 Thou only, **LORD**, the Work hast done,
And bar'd Thine Arm in all our Sight,
Hast made the Reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the Outcasts as thy Right.

4 Thy Single Arm, Almighty **LORD**,
To us the great Salvation brought,
Thy Word, thine All-creating Word,
That spake at first the World from Nought.

5 For this the Saints lift up their Voice,
And ceaseless praise to Thee is given,
For this the Hosts above rejoice:
We raise the Happiness of Heaven.

6 For this, no longer Sons of Night,
To Thee our Thanks and Hearts we give,
To Thee who call'd us into Light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.

246 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

7 Suffice, that for the Season past,
Hell's horrid Language fill'd our Tongues,
We all thy Words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the Drunkard's Songs.

8 But O the Power of Grace Divine!
In Hymns we now our Voices raise,
Loudly in strange Hosannahs join,
And Blasphemies are turn'd to Praise!

9 Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

To be sung while at Work.

1 GIVE we to the LORD above
Blessing, Honour, Praise, and Love,
To the GOD that loos'd our Tongue
Sing we an unwonted Song.

2 He to us hath come unsought,
Us hath out of Darkness brought,
Darkness such as Devils feel,
Issuing from the Pit of Hell.

3 Had He not in Mercy spar'd,
Hell had been our sure Reward;
There we had receiv'd our Hire,
Fewel of Eternal Fire.

4 But we now extol his Name,
Pluck'd as Firebrands from the Flame,
Proofs of his unbounded Grace,
Monuments of endless Praise.

5 We

5 We are now in JESUS found,
With his Praise let Earth resound,
Tell it out thro' all her Caves,
JESU's Name the Sinner saves!

6 With his Blood He us hath bought,
His we Are, who once were not;
Far, as Hell from Heaven, remov'd,
He hath call'd us His Belov'd.

7 Sing we then with one accord
Praises to our loving LORD,
Who the Stone to Flesh converts,
Let us give Him all our Hearts.

8 Harder were they than the Rock,
Till they felt his Mercy's Stroke,
Gushing Streams did then arise
From the Fountains of our Eyes.

9 Never let them cease to flow,
Since we now our JESUS know,
Let us, 'till we meet above,
Sing, and pray, and weep, and love.

ISAIAH XXXV.

1 H E A V E N L Y Father, Sovereign LORD,
Ever faithful to thy Word,
Humbly we our Seal set to,
Testify that Thou art True.

2 Lo ! for us the Wilds are glad,
All in cheerful Green array'd,
Opening Sweets they all disclose;
Bud, and blossom as the Rose.

3 Hark !

3 Hark ! the Wastes have found a Voice,
 Lonely Deserts now rejoice,
 Glad som Hallelujahs sing,
 All around with Praises ring.

4 Lo, abundantly they bloom,
 Lebanon is hither come,
 Carmel's Stores the Heavens dispense,
 Sharon's fertile Excellence.

5 See these barren Souls of ours
 Bloom, and put forth Fruits and Flowers,
 Flowers of Eden, Fruits of Grace,
 Peace, and Joy, and Righteousness.

6 We behold (the Objects We)
 CHRIST th' Incarnate Deity,
 CHRIST in whom thy Glories shine,
 Excellence of Strength Divine.

7 Ye that tremble at his Frown,
 He shall lift your Hands cast down ;
 CHRIST who all your Weakness sees,
 He shall prop your feeble Knees.

8 Ye of fearful Hearts be strong,
 JESUS will not tarry long ;
 Fear not, lest his Truth should fail,
 JESUS is unchangeable.

9 GOD, your GOD shall surely come,
 Quell your Foes, and seal their Doom,
 He shall come, and save you too :
 We, O LORD, have found Thee true.

10 Blind we were, but now we see :
 Deaf ; we hearken now to Thee :
 Dumb ; for Thee our Tongues employ :
 Lame ; and lo, we leap for Joy !

11 Faint we were, and parch'd with Drought,
Water at thy Word gush'd out,
Streams of Grace our Thirst refresh,
Starting from the Wilderness.

12 Still we gasp thy Grace to know ;
Here for ever let it flow,
Make the thirsty Land a Pool,
Fix the Spirit in our Soul.

13 Where the ancient Dragon lay,
Open for Thyself a Way,
There let holy Tempers rise,
All the Fruits of Paradise.

14 Lead us in the Way of Peace,
In the Path of Righteousness,
Never by the Sinner trod,
Till he feels thy cleansing Blood.

15 There the Simple cannot stray,
Babes, tho' blind, may find the Way,
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in Lowliness of Heart.

16 Far from Fear, from Danger far,
No devouring Beast is there ;
There the Humble walk secure,
GOD hath made their Footsteps sure.

17 JESU, mighty to redeem,
Let our Lot be cast with Them,
Far from Earth our Souls remove,
Ransom'd by thy dying Love.

18 Leave us not below to mourn,
Fain we would to Thee return,
Crown'd with Righteousness arise,
Far above these nether Skies.

19 Come, and all our Sorrows chace,
Wipe the Tears from every Face,
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless Reign.

20 Death the latest Foe destroy ;
Sorrow then shall yeld to Joy,
Gloomy Grief shall flee away ;
Swallow'd up in endless Day.

For a M I N I S T E R.

1 **A** H ! my dear Master ! Can it be
That I should lose by serving Thee ?
In seeking Souls should lose my own,
And others save, my self undone ?

2 Yet am I lost (should'ft Thou depart)
Betray'd by this Deceitful Heart,
Destroy'd, if Thou my Labour bless,
And ruin'd by my own Succes.

3 Hide me ! if Thou refuse to hide,
I fall a Sacrifice to Pride :
I cannot shun the Fowler's Snare,
The Fiery Test I cannot bear.

4 Helpless to Thee for Aid I cry,
Unable to resist, or fly :
I must not, LORD, the Task decline,
For All I have, and Am is Thine.

5 And well Thou know'ft I did not seek,
Uncall'd of GOD, for GOD to speak,
The dreadful Charge I sought to flee,
" Send whom Thou wilt, but send not me."

6. Long

6 Long did my Coward Flesh delay,
And still I tremble to obey,
Thy Will be done, I faintly cry,
But rather — suffer me to die.

7 Ah ! rescue me from Earth and Sin,
Fightings without, and Fears within,
More, more than Hell myself I dread,
Ah ! cover my defenceless Head !

8 Surely Thou wilt. Thou canst not send,
And not my helpless Soul defend,
Call me to stand in Danger's Hour,
And not support me with thy Power

9 LORD, I believe the Promise true,
Bebold, I always am with you ;
Always if Thou with me remain,
Hell, Earth, and Sin shall rage in vain.

10 Give me thine All-sufficient Grace—
Then hurl your Fiery Darts of Praise,
Jesus and me you ne'er shall part,
For GOD is greater than my Heart.

At setting out to preach the Gospel.

1 **A**NGEL of GOD, whate'er betide,
Thy Summons I obey ;
JESUS, I take Thee for my Guide,
And walk in Thee my Way.

2 Secure from Danger and from Dread,
Nor Earth nor Hell shall move,
Since over me thine Hand hath spread
The Banner of thy Love.

252 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

3 To leave my Captain I disdain,
Behind I will not stay,
Tho' Shame, and Loss, and Bonds, and Pain,
And Death obstruct the Way.

4 Me to thy Suffering Self conform,
And arm me with thy Power,
Then burst the Cloud, descend the Storm,
And come the Fiery Hour !

5 Then shall I bear thine utmost Will,
When first the Strength is given —
Come, foolish World, my Body kill,
And drive my Soul to Heaven !

A C T S iv. 24, &c.

1 **A**LMIGHTY, Universal LORD,
Maker of Heaven and Earth art Thou,
All Things sprang forth t' obey thy Word,
Thy powerful Word upholds them now.

2 Why then with unavailing Rage
Did Heathens with thy People joyn,
And impotently fierce engage
To execute their vain Design ?

3 Indignant Kings stood up t' oppose
The LORD, and his Messiah's Reign,
And Earth's confed'rate Rulers rose
Against their GOD in Council vain.

4 Surely against thy Holy Son,
(Son of thy Love, and sent by Thee,
One with th' Anointing Spirit, One
With thy Coequal Majesty)

5 *Herod and Pilate both combin'd*
 Thy sovereign Purpose to fulfill ;
Gentiles and Jews unconscious joyn'd
 'T accomplish thine Eternal Will.

6 And now their idle Fury view,
 And now behold their Threatnings, **LORD** ;
 Behold thy faithful Servants too,
 And strengthen us to speak thy Word.

7 Embolden by thine out-stretch'd Arm,
 Fill us with Confidence Divine,
 With Heavenly Zeal our Bosoms warm,
 That all may own, the Work is Thine ;

8 May see the Tokens of thine Hand,
 Its Sovereign Grace, its Healing Power,
 No more their Happiness withstand,
 And fight against their God no more.

9 Now let their Opposition cease,
 Now let them catch the quick'ning Flame,
 And forc'd to yield, the Signs increase,
 The Wonders wrought by **Jesus**'s Name.

To be sung in a Tumult.

1 **E**ARTH rejoice, the **LORD** is King !
 Sons of Men, his Praises sing ;
 Sing ye in triumphant Strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns !

2 Power is all to **Jesus** given,
LORD of Hell, and Earth and Heaven,
 Every Knee to Him shall bow :
 Satan hear, and tremble Now !

3 Roaring Lion, own his Power :
Us Thou never canst devour,
Pluck'd we are out of thy Teeth,
Sav'd by CHRIST from Hell and Death.

4 Tho' Thou bruise in us his Heel,
Sorer Vengeance shalt Thou feel :
CHRIST, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
CHRIST in us shall bruise thy Head.

5 Tho' the Floods lift up their Voice,
Calm we hear thy Children's Noise :
Horribly they rage in vain ;
GOD is mightier than Man.

6 JESUS Greater we proclaim,
Him in us, than Thee in Them :
Thee their God He overpowers ;
Thou art Theirs, and CHRIST is Ours.

7 Strong in CHRIST we thee defy,
Dare thee all thy Force to try,
Work in Them, the Slaves of Sin,
Stir up all thy Hell within :

8 All thy Hosts to Battle bring :
Shouts in us a stronger King,
Lifts our Hearts and Voices high —
Hark, the Morning-Stars reply !

9 Angels and Archangels join,
All triumphantly combine,
All in JESU's Praise agree,
Carrying on His Victory.

10 Tho' the Sons of Night blaspheme,
More there are with Us than Them,
GOD with us, we cannot fear :
Fear, ye Fiends, for CHRIST is here !

11 Lo! to Faith's inlightned Sight
 All the mountain flames with Light!
 Hell is nigh, but GOD is nigher,
 Circling us with Hosts of Fire.

12 Our Messias is come down,
 Points us to the Victor's Crown,
 Bids us take our Seats above,
 More than Conqu'rors in His Love.

13 Yes; the Future Work is done,
 CHRIST the SAVIOUR reigns alone,
 Forces *Satan* to submit,
 Bruises him beneath our Feet.

14 We the evil Angels Doom
 Antedate the Joys to come,
 See the dear Redeemer's Face,
 Sav'd, already sav'd by Grace!

Little Children, love one another.

1 GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek, Lamb-like Son of GOD,
 Bid our unruly Passions cease,
 Extinguish'd with thy Blood.

2 Rebuke the Seas, the Tempest chide,
 Our stubborn Wills controul,
 Beat down our Wrath, root out our Pride,
 And calm our troubled Soul.

3 Subdue in us the Carnal Mind,
 Its Enmity destroy,
 With Cords of Love th'old *Adam* bind,
 And melt him into Joy.

4 Us into closest Union draw,
And in our inward Parts
Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.

5 O let *Thy* Love our Hearts constrain !
JESU the Crucified,
What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,
Languish'd, and groan'd, and died !

6 Who would not now pursue the Way
Where JESU's Footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing Sway
Of Charity Divine ?

7 SAVIOUR, look down with pitying Eyes,
Our jarring Wills controul ;
Let cordial, kind Affections rise,
And harmonize the Soul.

8 Thee let us feel benignly near,
With all thy quick'ning Powers,
The sounding of thy Bowels hear,
And answer Thee with Ours.

9 O let us find the ancient Way
Our wond'ring Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to say,
" See how these Christians love ! "

*For the Anniversary Day of One's
Conversion.*

1 **G**LORY to GOD, and Praise, and Love
Be ever, ever given ;
By Saints below, and Saints above,
The Church in Earth and Heaven.

2 On

2 On this glad Day the glorious Sun
 Of Righteousness arose,
 On my benighted Soul he shone,
 And fill'd it with Repose.

3 Sudden expir'd the Legal Strife,
 'Twas then I ceas'd to grieve,
 My Second, Real, Living Life
 I then began to live.

4 Then with my *Heart* I First believ'd,
 Believ'd with Faith Divine,
 Power with the Holy Ghost receiv'd
 To call the SAVIOUR *Mine*.

5 I felt my *Lord's* Atoning Blood
 Close to *my* Soul applied ;
Me, me he lov'd—the Son of *GOD*
 For *me, for me* He died !

6 I found, and own'd his Promise true,
 Ascertain'd of *my* Part,
 My Pardon pass'd in Heaven I *knew*,
 When written on my *Heart*.

7 O for a thousand Tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's Praise !
 The Glories of my *GOD* and King,
 The Triumphs of his Grace.

8 My gracious Master, and my *GOD*,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread thro' all the Earth abroad
 The Honours of Thy Name.

9 JESUS the Name that charms our Fears,
 That bids our Sorrows cease ;
 'Tis Musick in the Sinner's Ears,
 'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace !

258 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

10 He breaks the Power of cancell'd Sin,
He sets the Prisoner free :
His Blood can make the Foulest clean ;
His Blood avail'd for me.

11 He speaks ; and listening to his Voice,
New Life the Dead receive,
The mournful, broken Hearts rejoice,
The humble Poor *believe*.

12 Hear Him ye Deaf, His Praise ye Dumb,
Your loosen'd Tongues employ,
Ye Blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye Lame, for Joy.

13 Look unto Him, ye Nations, own
Your GOD, ye fallen Race !
Look and be fav'd, thro' Faith alone ;
Be justified by Grace !

14 See all your Sins on JESUS laid ;
The Lamb of GOD was slain,
His Soul was once an Offering made
For *every Soul* of Man.

15 Harlots, and Publicans, and Thieves
In holy Triumph joyn !
Sav'd is the Sinner that believes
From Crimes as great as Mine.

16 Murtherers, and all ye hellish Crew,
Ye Sons of Lust and Pride,
Believe the SAVIOUR died for you ;
For me the SAVIOUR died.

17 Awake from guilty Nature's Sleep,
And CHRIST shall give you Light,
Cast all your Sins into the Deep,
And wash the *Ethiop* white.

18 With me, your Chief, you then shall know,
Shall feel your Sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your Heaven below,
And own that Love is Heaven.

I JOHN ii. 3.

1 FATHER, if I have sinn'd, with Thee
An Advocate I have :
JESUS the Just shall plead for me,
The Sinner CHRIST shall save.

2 Pardon and Peace in Him I find ;
But not for me alone
The Lamb was slain ; for all Mankind
His Blood did once atone.

3 My Soul is on thy Promise cast,
And lo ! I claim my Part :
The Univeral Pardon's past ;
O seal it on my Heart.

4 Thou canst not now thy Grace deny ;
Thou canst not but forgive :
LORD, if thy Justice asks me why —
In JESUS I believe !

To be sung at Meals.

1 COME let us lengthen out the Feast,
To Thankfulness improve,
GOD in his Gifts delight to taste,
And pay them back in Love.

2 His

2 His Providence supplies our Needs,
And Life and Strength imparts ;
His open Hand our Bodies feeds,
And fills with Joy our Hearts.

3 But will He not our Souls substain,
And nourish with His Grace ?
Yes : for Thou wilt not say, in vain
My People seek my Face.

4 See then we take Thee at thy Word,
With Confidence draw nigh,
We claim, and of thy Spirit, LORD,
Expect a fresh Supply.

5 The Sinner, when he comes to Thee,
His fond Pursuit gives o'er,
From Nature's sickly Cravings free,
He pines for Earth no more.

6 LORD, we believe ; and taste Thee Good,
Thee All-sufficient own,
And hunger after Heavenly Food,
And thirst for GOD Alone.

Before a Journey.

1 **F**ORTH at thy Call, O LORD, I go,
Thy Counsel to fulfill :
'Tis all my Busines here below,
Father, to do thy Will.

2 To do thy Will, while here I make
My short, unfixt Abode,
An everlasting Home I seek,
A City built by GOD.

3 O when shall I my *Canaan* gain,
 The Land of Promis'd Ease,
 And leave this World of Sin and Pain,
 This howling Wilderness !

4 Come to my Help, come quickly, **LORD**,
 For whom alone I sigh,
 O let me hear the gracious Word,
 And get me up, and die.

Another.

1 **A**NGELS attend ('tis GOD commands)
 And make me Now your Care:
 Hover around, and in your Hands
 My Soul securely bear.

2 With outstretch'd Wings my Temples shade ;
 To you the Charge is given :
 Are ye not all sent forth to aid
 Th' Anointed Heirs of Heaven ?

3 Servants of GOD, both yours and mine,
 Your Fellow-Servant guard :
 Sweet is the Task, if He enjoin,
 His Service your Reward.

4 Then let us join our GOD to bless,
 Our Master's Praise to sing,
 The **LORD** of Hosts, the Prince of Peace,
 Our Father, and our King.

5 At Him my mounting Spirit aims,
 My kindling Thoughts aspire,
 (Affist, ye ministerial Flames,
 And raise my Raptures higher !)

6 Upward on Wings of Love I fly,
 Where all his Glories blaze,
 Like you behold with Eagle's Eye
 My Heavenly Father's Face.

On a Journey.

1 **S**AVIOUR, who ready art to hear,
 (Readier than I to pray)
 Answer my scarcely utter'd Prayer,
 And meet me on the Way.

2 Talk with me, LORD : Thyself reveal,
 While here o'er Earth I rove ;
 Speak to my Heart, and let it feel
 The kindling of thy Love :

3 With Thee conversing I forget
 All Time, and Toil, and Care :
 Labour is Rest, and Pain is Sweet,
 If Thou, my GOD, art here.

4 Here then, my GOD, vouchsafe to stay,
 And make my Heart rejoice ;
 My bounding Heart shall own thy Sway,
 And echo to thy Voice.

5 Thou callest me to seek thy Face—
 'Tis all I wish to seek,
 'T attend the Whispers of thy Grace,
 And hear Thee only speak.

6 Let this my every Hour employ,
 Till I thy Glory see,
 Enter into my Master's Joy,
 And find my Heaven in Thee.

After a Journey.

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, hast blest my going out,
 O bless my coming in,
Compas my Weaknes round about,
 And keep me safe from Sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret Place,
 Thy Tabernacle spread,
Shelter me with preserving Grace,
 And guard my naked Head.
- 3 To Thee for Refuge may I run,
 From Sin's alluring Snare,
Ready its first Approach to shun,
 And watching unto Prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more
 Might from thy Ways depart !
Here let me give my Wand'ring o'er,
 By giving Thee my Heart.
- 5 Fix my New Heart on Things above,
 And then from Earth release :
I ask not Life ; but let me love,
 And lay me down in Peace.

At lying down.

- 1 **H**OW do thy Mercies close me round
 For ever be thy Name ador'd !
I blush in all Things to abound ;
 The Servant is above his LORD.
- 2 Enur'd to Poverty and Pain,
 A Suffering Life my Master led,
The Son of GOD, the Son of Man,
 He had not where to lay his Head.

3 But

3 But lo ! a Place He hath prepar'd
 For me, whom watchful Angels keep,
 Nay, He Himself becomes my Guard,
 He smooths my Bed, and gives me Sleep.

4 JESUS protects ; my Fears be gone !
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?
 Safe in thine Arms I lay me down,
 Thine everlasting Arms of Love !

5 While Thou art Intimately nigh,-
 Who, who shall violate my Rest ?
 Sin, Earth, and Hell I now defy,
 I lean upon my Saviour's Breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's Shade ;
 My Griefs expire, my Troubles cease ;
 Thou, LORD, on whom my Soul is staid,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect Peace.

7 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
 In Time and in Eternity ;
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 An helpless Worm that trusts in Thee.

8 Wherefore in Confidence I close
 My Eyes, for Thine are open still ;
 My Spirit lull'd in calm Repose,
 Waits for the Counsels of thy Will.

9 After thy Likeness let me rise,
 If here Thou will'st my longer Stay,
 Or close in mortal Sleep mine Eyes,
 To open them in endless Day.

10 Still let me run, or end my Race ;
 I cannot chuse, I all resign ;
 Contract or lengthen out my Days ;
 Come Life, come Death ; for CHRIST is mine.

Groaning

Groaning for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 FATHER, if Thou my Father art,
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,
Breath Him into my panting Heart,
And make me know, as I am known :
Make me thy conscious Child, that I
May Father, Abba, Father cry.

2 I want the Sp'rit of Power within,
Of Love, and of an Healthful Mind ;
Of Power, to conquer inbred Sin,
Of Love to Thee, and all Mankind,
Of Health, that Pain and Death defies,
Most vig'rōus, when the Body dies.

3 When shall I hear the inward Voice,
Which only Faithful Souls can hear !
Pardon, and Peace, and Heavenly Joys
Attend the Promis'd Comforter :
He comes ! and Righteousness Divine,
And CHRIST, and All with CHRIST is mine !

4 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit, as a transient Guest,
But fix in me his Constant Home,
And take Posession of my Breast,
And make my Soul his lov'd Abode,
The Temple of indwelling GOD.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, my Heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again !
Come, and baptize me now with Fire,
Or all thy former Gifts are vain :
I cannot rest in Sins Forgiven ;
Where is the Earnest of my Heaven !

6 Where thy Indubitable Seal
 That ascertains the Kingdom mine,
 The Powerful Stamp I long to feel,
 The Signature of Love Divine :
 O shed it in my Heart abroad,
 Fulness of Love, of Heaven, of GOD!

HYMN to CHRIST the Prophet.

1 PROPHET, on Earth bestow'd,
 A Teacher, sent from GOD,
 Thee we welcome from above,
 Sent the Father to reveal,
 Sent to manifest His Love,
 Sent to teach His perfect Will.

2 Thee all the Seers of Old
 Prefigur'd and foretold ;
 Moses Thee the Prophet shew'd,
 Meek and lowly as Thou art,
 Abraham, the Friend of GOD,
 David, after his own Heart.

3 The lesser Stars that shone
 Till Thy great Course began,
 With imparted Luster bright,
 Render'd back their borrow'd Ray,
 Pointing to thy glorious Light,
 Ushering in thy perfect Day.

4 Light of the World below,
 Thee all Mankind may know ;
 Thou, the Universal Friend,
 Into every Soul haft shone :
 O that All ~~would~~ comprehend,
 All adore the rising Sun.

5 Thy

HYMNS and SACRED POEMS. 267

5 Thy chearing Beams we bless,
Bright Sun of Righteousness :
Life and Immortality
Thou alone to Light hast brought,
Bid the New Creation be,
Call'd the World of Grace from Nought.

6 Image of GOD most High
Display'd to Mortal Eye,
Thee the Patriarchs beheld,
Thee the Angel they ador'd,
Oft in diverse Ways reveal'd,
CHRIST the Everlasting LORD.

7 Thy Godhead we revere,
Wonderful Counsellor !
Thou the Father's Wisdom art,
Great Apostle, Thee we praise,
Chose thy People to convert,
Jacob's fallen Tribes to raise.

8 The Gentiles too may see
Their Covenant in Thee,
Opener of Their blinded Eyes,
Thee the Gracious Father gave :
Rise on All, in Glory rise,
Save a World Thou cam'st to save.

9 For This the Heavenly Dove
Descended from above,
He, immeasurably shed,
CHRIST the Prophet mark'd and seal'd,
Pour'd upon thy Sacred Head,
Thee th' Anointing Spirit fill'd.

10 Ah ! give us, Lord to know
Thine Office here below ;

Preach

268 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Preach Deliverance to the Poor,
Sent for This, O CHRIST, Thou art,
JESU, all our Sickness cure ;
Bind Thou up the Broken Heart.

11 Publish the Joyful Year
Of GOD's Acceptance near,
Preach Glad Tidings to the Meek,
Liberty to Spirits bound,
General free Redemption speak,
Spread thro' Earth the Gospel-Sound.

12 Humbly behold we fit,
And listen at thy Feet ;
Never will we hence remove ;
Lo ! to Thee our Souls we bow,
Tell us of the Father's Love ;
Speak ; for, LORD, we hear Thee now.

13 Master, to us reveal
His acceptable Will ;
Ever for thy Law we wait,
Write it in our inward Parts,
Our dark Minds illuminate,
Grave thy Kindness on our Hearts.

14 Thine be the choicest Store
Of Blessings evermore !
Thee we hear, on Thee we gaze,
Fairer than the Sons of Men,
Who can see that lovely Face,
Who can hear those Words in vain ?

15 Spirit they are, and Life,
They end the Sinner's Strife :
GOD they shew benign and mild ;
Glory be to GOD on High !
Now we know Him reconcil'd,
Now we Abba Father cry !

16 Thou

16 Thou art the Truth, the Way,
 O teach us how to pray ;
 Worship Spiritual and True
 Still instruct us how to give,
 Let us pay the Service due,
 Let us to GOD's Glory live.

17 Holy and True, the Key
 Of *David* rests on Thee.
 Come, *Messias*, all Things tell,
 Make us to Salvation wise,
 Shut the Gates of Death and Hell,
 Open, open Paradise.

18 Servant of GOD, confess
 His Truth and Faithfulness ;
 GOD the gracious GOD proclaim,
 Publish Him thro' Earth abroad ;
 Let the *Gentiles* know thy Name,
 Let us all be taught of GOD.

19 Witness, within us place
 The Spirit of his Grace ;
 Teach us inwardly, and guide
 By an Unction from above,
 Let it in our Hearts abide,
 Source of Light, and Life, and Love.

20 Pronounce our Happy Doom,
 And shew us Things to come :
 All the Depths of Love display,
 All the Mystery unfold,
 Speak us seal'd to thy Great Day,
 In the Book of Life inroll'd.

21 Shepherd, securely keep
 Thy little Flock of Sheep :

269 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Call'd and gather'd into One,
Feed us, in green Pastures feed,
Make us quietly lie down,
By the Streams of Comfort lead.

22 Thou, even Thou art He,
Whom Pain and Sorrow flee:
Comforter of all that mourn,
Let us by thy Guidance come,
Crown'd with endless Joy return
To our Everlasting Home.

*Father, I have sinned against Heaven,
and before Thee, and am no more
worthy to be called thy Son.*

WHEN I was a little Child,
O what Sweetness did I prove
Then on me my Father smil'd,
Clasp'd me in the Arms of Love ;
Bore me all my Infant Days,
Gently by his Spirit led,
Dandled me upon his Knees,
Made me on his Promise feed.

2 But alas ! I soon rebell'd,
Would not cast on Him my Care,
Swell'd with Pride, with Passion swell'd,
I could neither fall, nor err.
I was strong and able grown,
I could for my self provide,
I had Wisdom of my own,
Let the Weaker seek a Guide.

3 When to Him I would not look,
Griev'd and hardly forc'd away,
Me my Guide at length forsook,
Me my Father left to stray;
Angrily He hid his Face:
Careless of his Smile or Frown,
I pursued my Evil Ways,
Frowardly in Sin went on.

4 Back recall'd, I know not how,
Father, I my Folly mourn:
If Thou art my Father now,
Now assist me to return,
Freely my Backslidings heal,
Once again become my Guide,
Save me from my wayward Will,
Empty me of Self and Pride.

5 Thou who all my Ways hast seen,
Since I would from Thee depart,
Suffer me no more to lean
To my own deceitful Heart.
O repair my grievous Loss,
Comfort to my Soul restore:
Once a little Child I was:
Lift me up to fall no more.

6 Give me back my Innocence,
Give me back my Filial Fears,
Humble, loving Confidence,
Praying Sighs, and speaking Tears:
Weak and helpless may I be,
To thine only Will resign'd,
Ever hanging upon Thee,
Simple, ignorant and blind.

7 Abba Father! hear my Cry,
 Look upon thy weeping Child,
 Weeping at thy Feet I lie,
 Kiss me, and be reconcil'd :
 Take me up into thine Arms,
 Let me hang upon thy Breast,
 Hide me there secure from Harms,
 Lull my Sorrowing Soul to Rest.

At the Approach of Temptation.

1 **G**OD of my Life, whose Gracious Power
 Thro' various Deaths my Soul hath led,
 Or turn'd aside the Fatal Hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking Head :

2 In all my Ways thy Hand I own,
 Thy ruling Providence I see :
 O help me still my Course to run,
 And still direct my Paths to Thee.

3 On Thee my helpless Soul is cast,
 And looks again thy Grace to prove :
 I call to Mind the Wonders past,
 The countless Wonders of thy Love

4 Thou, **LORD**, my Spirit oft hast staid,
 Hast snatch'd me from the gaping Tomb,
 A Monument of thy Mercy made,
 And rescued me from Wrath to come.

5 Oft hath the Sea confess'd thy Power,
 And gave me back to thy Command :
 It could not, **LORD**, my Life devour,
 Safe in the Hollow of thine Hand.

6 Oft from the Margin of the Grave
Thou, LORD, hast lifted up my Head:
Sudden I found Thee near to save ;
The Fever own'd thy Touch, and fled.

7 But O ! the mightier Work of Grace,
That still the Life of Faith I live,
That still I pant to sing thy Praise,
That still my All I gasp to give !

8 Pluck'd from the roaring Lion's Teeth,
Caught up from the Eternal Fire,
Snatch'd from the Gates of Hell I breathe,
And lo ! to Heaven I still aspire !

9 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving SAVIOUR's Breast ;
Secure within thine Arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy Wings to rest.

10 I see the Fiery Trial near,
But Thou, my GOD, art still the same ;
Hell, Earth, and Sin I scorn to fear,
Divinely arm'd with JESU's Name.

11 I have no Skill the Snare to shun,
But Thou, O CHRIST, my Wisdom art :
I ever into Ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my Heart.

12 I have no Might t' oppose the Foe,
But Everlasting Strength is Thine.
Shew me the Way that I should go,
Shew me the Path I should decline.

13 Which shall I leave, and which pursue ?
Thou only mine Adviser be ;
My GOD, I know not what to do ;
But Oh ! mine Eyes are fix'd on Thee.

14 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a Way I have not known,
 Bring me where I my Heaven may find,
 The Heaven of loving Thee alone.

15 Enlarge my Heart to make Thee Room,
 Enter, and in me ever stay ;
 The Crooked then shall Strait become,
 The Darkness shall be lost in Day !

In TEMPTATION.

1 **W**HERE, my Soul, is now thy Boast ?
 Where the Sense of Sin forgiven ?
 Defitute, tormented, lost,
 Down the Stream of Nature driven,
 Crush'd by Sin's redoubled Load ;
 Where, my Soul, is now thy GOD !

2 Far from me my GOD is gone,
 All my Joys with Him are fled,
 Every Comfort is withdrawn,
 Peace is lost, and Hope is dead ;
 Sin, and only Sin I feel,
 Pride, and Lust, and Self, and Hell.

3 Did I then my Soul deceive ?
 Rashly claim a Part in Thee ?
 Did I, LORD, in vain believe,
 Falsely hope Thou diedst for me ?
 Must I back my Hopes restore,
 Trust Thou diedst for me no more ?

4 No ; I never will resign
 What of Thee by Faith I know ;
 Never cease to call Thee mine,
 Never will I let Thee go ;
 Be it I my Soul deceive,
 Yet I will, I will believe.

5 Tho'

5 Tho' I groan beneath thy Frown,
 Hence I will not, cannot fly ;
 Tho' thy Justice cast me down,
 At thy Mercy-Seat I lye ;
 Let me here my Sentence meet,
 Let me perish at thy Feet !

JO B xxiii. 8, 9, 10.

1 FORWARD I now in Duties go,
 But O ! my SAVIOUR is not there !
 Heavy He makes me drive, and flow,
 Without the Chariot-Wheels of Prayer.

2 I look to former Times, and strain
 The Footsteps of my GOD to trace ;
 Backward I go (but still in vain)
 To find the Tokens of his Grace.

3 Surrounded by his Power I stand,
 His Work on other Souls I see,
 He deals his Gifts on either Hand,
 But still He hides Himself from me.

4 Groaning I languish at his Stay,
 But He regards my every Groan ;
 Dark and disconsolate my Way ;
 But still my Way to Him is known.

5 When fully He my Faith hath tried,
 Like Gold I in the Fire shall shine,
 Come forth when seven times purified,
 And strongly bear the Stamp Divine.

After a Relapse into Sin.

1 **M**Y GOD, my GOD, on Thee I call,
Thee only would I know :
One Drop of Blood on me let fall,
And wash me white as Snow.

2 Touch me, and make the Leper clean,
Purge my Iniquity :
Unless Thou wash my Soul from Sin,
I have no Part with Thee.

3 But art Thou not already mine ?
Answer, if mine Thou art !
Whisper within, Thou LOVE Divine,
And cheer my doubting Heart.

4 Tell me again, my Peace is made,
And bid the Sinner live,
The Debt's discharg'd, the Ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

5 Father, forgive thy froward Child,
I ask in JESU's Name,
I languish to be reconcil'd :
And reconcil'd I am.

6 Behold for me the Victim bleeds,
His Wounds are open'd wide,
For me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me Justified.

7 O why did I my SAVIOUR leave,
So soon unfaithful prove ?
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy Love ?

8 I forc'd Thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy Face aside:
Ah! LORD, if Thou hadst still been here,
Thy Servant had not died.

9 But O! how soon thy Wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning Love takes place!
Assist me, SAVIOUR, to adore
The Riches of thy Grace.

10 O could I lose myself in Thee!
Thy Depth of Mercy prove,
Thou vast unfathomable Sea
Of unexhausted Love!

11 My humbled Soul, when Thou art near,
In Dust and Ashes lyes:
How shall a sinful Worm appear,
Or meet thy purer Eyes!

12 I loath my self, when GOD I see,
And into Nothing fall,
Content, if Thou exalted be,
And CHRIST be All in All.

Against Hope, believing in Hope.

1 **M**Y GOD! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my Claim,
Till all I have be lost in Thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling Hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by Faith I stand,
And all thy Goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome Hour
 That plants my GOD in me!
 Spirit of Health, and Life, and Power,
 And perfect Liberty!

4 JESU, thine all-victorious Love
 Shed in my Heart abroad;
 Then shall my Feet no longer rove
 Rooted and fixt in GOD.

5 Love only can the Conquest win,
 The Strength of Sin subdue,
 (Mine own unconquerable Sin)
 And form my Soul anew.

6 Love can bow down the stubborn Neck,
 The Stone to Flesh convert,
 Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
 An Adamantine Heart.

7 O that in me the Sacred Fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the Dross of base Desire,
 And make the Mountains flow!

8 O that it now from Heaven might fall,
 And all my Sins consume!
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
 Spirit of Burning come!

9 Refining Fire, go through my Heart,
 Illuminate my Soul,
 Scatter thy Life through every Part,
 And sanctify the whole.

10 Sorrow and Self shall then expire,
 While entred into Rest,
 I only live my GOD t' admire,
 My GOD for ever blest.

11 No longer then my Heart shall mourn,
 While purified by Grace,
 I only for his Glory burn,
 And always see his Face.

12 My stedfast Soul, from falling free,
 Can now no longer move ;
 Jesus is all the World to me,
 And all my Heart is Love.

Blessed are They that mourn.

1 **G**RACIOUS Soul, to whom are given
 Holy Hungings after Heaven,
 Restless Breathings, earnest Moans,
 Deep, unutterable Groans,
 Agonies of Strong Desire,
 Love's supprest, *unconscious* Fire.

2 Turn again to GOD thy Rest,
 Jesus hath pronounc'd 'Thee blest :
 Humbly to thy Jesus turn
 Comforter of All that mourn :
 Happy Mourner, hear, and see,
 Claim the Promise made to thee.

3 Lift to Him thy weeping Eye,
 Heaven behind the Cloud descriy :
 If with CHRIST thou suffer here,
 When his Glory shall appear,
 CHRIST His Suffering Son shall own ;
 Thine the Cross, and Thine the Crown.

4 Just thro' Him ; behold thy Way
 Shining to the perfect Day :
 Dying thus to All beneath,
 Fashion'd to thy Saviour's Death,
 Him the Resurrection prove,
 Rais'd to all the Life of Love.

5 What

5 What if here a while thou grieve,
GOD shall endless Comfort give:
Sorrow may a Night endure,
Joy returns as Day-Light sure:
Praise shall then thy Life employ:
Sow in Tears, and reap in Joy.

6 Doth thy LORD prolong his Stay?
Mercy wills the kind Delay:
Hides He still his lovely Face?
Lo! He waits to shew his Grace:
Seems He absent from thy Heart?
'Tis, that He may ne'er depart.

7 Gently will He lead the Weak,
Bruised Reeds He ne'er will break;
Touch'd with sympathizing Care,
Thee He in his Arms shall bear,
Bless with late but lasting Peace,
Fill with all His Righteousness.

8 Cou'dst thou the Redeemer see,
How his Bowels yearn on Thee!
How he marks with pitying Eye,
Hears his New-born Children cry,
Bears what every Member bears,
Groans their Groans, and weeps their Tears!

9 Cou'dst thou know, as thou art known,
Jesus would appear thy own:
Most abandon'd tho' it seem,
Darkly safe thy Soul with Him;
Farthest when from GOD remov'd,
Nearest then, and most belov'd.

10 Feebly then thy Hands lift up,
Hope, amidst Dispairing hope:
Stand beneath thy Load of Grief,
Stagger not thro' Unbelief;

Make thine own Election sure,
Faithful to the End endure,

11 GOD, to keep thee safe from Harms
Spreads his Everlasting Arms,
Feeds with secret Strength Divine,
Waits to whisper "Thou art Mine!"
His that thou may'st ever be,
Now He hides Himself from Thee.

12 Meekly then persist to mourn,
Soon He will, He must return:
Call on Him; He hears thy Cry,
Soon He will, He must draw nigh;
This the Hope, which nought can move,
GOD is Truth, and GOD is LOVE!

The Just shall live by FAITH.

1 COME hither all, who serve the LORD,
Who fear and tremble at his Word,
Hear me his Loving-Kindness tell;
Hear what He for my Soul hath done,
And look to prove it in your own;
Expect His promis'd Love to feel.

2 Come hither, all ye Slaves of Sin,
Ye Beasts without, and Fiends within,
Glad Tidings unto All I shew;
JESUS' Grace for All is free;
JESUS' Grace hath found out me,
And now He offers it to you.

3 Dead in the midst of Life I was;
Unconscious of my Eden's Loss,
Long did I in the Graves remain,

A fallen

A Fallen Spirit, dark, and void,
Unknowing, and unknown of GOD,
I felt not, for I hugg'd, my Chain.

4 He call'd : I answer'd to his Call,
Confess'd my State, and mourn'd my Fall,
And strove, and groan'd to be renew'd;
With gradual Horror then I saw
The Nature of the fiery Law,
But knew not then a SAVIOUR's Blood.

5 For ten long, legal Years I lay
An helpless, tho' reluctant Prey
To Pride, and Lust, and Earth, and Hell:
Oft to Repentance vain renew'd,
Self-confident for Hours I stood,
And fell, and griev'd, and rose, and fell.

6 I fasted, read, and work'd, and pray'd,
Call'd Holy Friendship to my Aid,
And constant to the Altar drew;
'Tis there, I cried, He *must* be found!
By Vows, and new Engagements bound,
All his Commands I Now shall do.

7 Soon as the Trying Hour return'd,
I funk before the Foes I scorn'd;
My firm Resolves did all expire:
Why hath the Law of Sin prevail'd?
Why have the Bonds of Duty fail'd?
Alas, the Tow hath touch'd the Fire.

8 Hardly at last I all gave o'er,
I sought to free my self no more,
Too weak to burst the Fowler's Snare;
Baffled by twice ten thousand Foils,
I ceas'd to struggle in the Toils,
And yeilded to a just Despair.

9 'Twas then my Soul beheld from far
 The glimmering of an orient Star,
 That pierc'd, and chear'd my Nature's Night;
 Sweetly it dawn'd, and promis'd Day,
 Sorrow, and Sin it chas'd away,
 And open'd into glorious Light.

10 With other Eyes I now could see
 The Father reconcil'd to me,
 JESUS the Just had satisfied:
 JESUS had made my Sufferings His,
 JESUS was now my Righteousness;
 JESUS for *me* had liv'd and died.

11 From hence the Christian Race I ran,
 From hence the Fight of Faith began:
 O, 'tis a good, but painful Fight!
 When Heaviness o'erwhelms the Soul,
 When Clouds and Darkness round me roll,
 And hide the SAVIOUR from my Sight.

12 Convinc'd my Work was but begun,
 How did I strive, and grieve, and groan,
 Half yielded, yet refus'd to yield!
 Tempted to give my SAVIOUR up,
 Deny my LORD, abjure my Hope,
 And basely cast away my Shield.

13 Mine Enemies and Friends were join'd,
 GOD's Children with the World's combin'd
 To shake my Confidence in GOD:
 Strongly they urg'd me to disclaim
 My weaker Title to the Lamb,
 My Interest in th' atoning Blood.

14 So frail, impure, and weak, could I
 Pursue for *me* He deign'd to die,
 For *me* so cold, so void of Love!

JESU!

JESU ! they bid me Thee resign,
They would not have me call Thee mine,
Till the whole Power of Faith I prove.

15 What have I known since Thee I knew !
What Trials hast Thou brought me thro' !

Hardly I yet can Credit give :
Surely, my Soul, 'tis all a Dream ;
Sav'd as by Fire (if sav'd) I seem,
If still the Life of Grace I live !

16 What have I felt, while torn within,
Full of the Energy of Sin,

Horror to think, and Death to tell !
The Prince of Darkness rul'd his Hour,
Suffer'd to shew forth all his Power,
And shake me o'er the Mouth of Hell.

17 But O ! his Tyranny is o'er !

How shall my rescued Soul adore
Thy strange, thy unexampled Grace !
A Brand pluck'd from the Fire I am !
O SAVIOUR, help me to proclaim,
Help me to shew forth all thy Praise.

18 Fain would I spread thro' Earth abroad
The Goodness of my loving GOD,

And teach the World thy Grace to prove,
Unutterably Good Thou art !
Read, JESU, read my panting Heart,
Thou seest it pants to break with Love !

19 I only live to find Thee there :

The Mansion for Thyself prepare,
In Love anew my Heart create :
The mighty Change I long to feel :
For this my vehement Soul stands still,
Restless— resign'd— for This I wait.

20 I know

20 I know, my Struggling nought avails,
My Strength, and foolish Wisdom fails,
 Vain is my Toil, and vain my Rest;
Only before thy Feet I lay,
The Potter Thou, and I the Clay,
 Thy Will be done, thy Will is best.

21 I need not urge my eager Plea,
The Blood of Sprinkling speaks for me,
 JESUS for me vouchsafes t'appear,
For me before the Throne he stands,
Points to his Side, and lifts his Hands,
 And shews, that I am graven there!

22 Suffice it, LORD, I now Believe:
To Thee my ransom'd Soul I give,
 Hide it, till all Life's Storms be o'er:
O keep it safe against that Day!
Thou ever liv'st for me to pray:
 Thy Prayer be heard, I ask no more.

ISAIAH xlv. 22.

*Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye
Ends of the Earth.*

1 **S**INNERS, your SAVIOUR see!
 O look ye unto Me!
Lift your Eyes, ye fallen Race!
 I, the Gracious GOD and True,
I am full of Truth and Grace,
 Full of Truth and Grace for you!

2 Look, and be sav'd from Sin!
 Believe, and be ye clean!

A a

Guilty

286 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Guilty, lab'ring Souls draw nigh;
See the Fountain open'd wide;
To the Wounds of Jesus fly,
Bathe ye in my bleeding Side.

3 Ah dear, redeeming L ORD,
We take Thee at thy Word.

Lo! to Thee we ever look,
Freely sav'd by Grace alone:
Thou our Sins and Curse hast took;
Thou for All didst once atone.

4 We now the Writing see
Nail'd to thy Cross with Thee!
With thy mangled Body torn,
Blotted out by Blood Divine;
Far away the Bond is borne;
Thou art Ours, and we are Thine.

5 On Thee we fix our Eyes,
And wait for fresh Supplies:
Justified; we ask for more,
Give th' abiding Spirit, give;
L ORD, thine Image here restore,
Fully in thy Members live.

6 Author of Faith appear!
Be Thou its Finisher,
Upward still for this we gaze,
Till we feel the Stamp Divine,
Thee behold with open Face,
Bright in all thy Glory shine.

7 Leave not thy Work undone,
But ever love Thine own,
Let us all thy Goodness prove,
Let us to the End believe;
Shew thine Everlasting Love;
Save us, to the utmost save.

8 O that

8 O that our Life might be
 One looking up to Thee!
 Ever haft'ning to the Day
 When our Eyes shall see Thee near!
 Come, Redeemer, come away!
 Glorious in thy Saints appear.

9 JESU, the Heavens bow,
 We long to meet Thee now!
 Now in Majesty come down,
 Pity thine Elect, and come;
 Hear in us thy Spirit groan,
 Take the weary Exiles Home.

10 Now let thy Face be seen,
 Without a Veil between:
 Come and change our Faith to Sight,
 Swallow up Mortality;
 Plunge us in a Sea of Light:
 CHRIST, be All in All to me!

Praise for REDEMPTION.

From the German.

1 H IGH Praise to Thee, All-gracious GOD!
 Unceasing Praise to Thee we pay:
 Naked and wallowing in our Blood,
 Unpitied, loath'd of all we lay.
 Thou saw'st, and from th' Eternal Throne
 Gav'st us thy dear, thine only Son.

2 Thro' thy rich Grace, in JESU's Blood,
 Blessing, Redemption, Life we find:
 Our Souls wash'd in this cleansing Flood,
 No Stain of Guilt remains behind.
 Who can thy Mercy's Stores express?
 Unfathomable, numberless!

288 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

3 Now CHRIST in us doth live, and we,
 Father, thro' Him with Thee are one:
The Banner of his Love we see,
 And fearless grasp the Starry Crown:
Unutterable Peace we feel
In Him, and Joys unspeakable.

4 Now hast Thou giv'n us, thro' thy Son,
 The Power of living Faith to see,
Unconquerable Faith, alone
 That gains o'er all the Victory;
Faith which nor Earth nor Hell can move,
 Unblameable in perfect Love.

5 Fully thy quick'ning Sp'rit impart,
 Thou who hast all our Sins forgiven;
O form the SAVIOUR in my Heart;
 Seal of thy Love, and Pledge of Heaven:
For ever be his Name imprest
Both on my Hand, and on my Breast.

6 Thine is whate'er we are: Thy Grace
 In CHRIST created us anew,
To sing thy never-ceasing Praise,
 Thine unexhausted Love to shew;
And arm'd with thy great Spirit's Aid,
 Blameless in all thy Paths to tread.

7 Yea, Father, ours thro' Him Thou art,
 For so is thine Eternal Will!
O live, move, reign within my Heart,
 My Soul with all thy Fulness fill:
My Heart, my All I yield to Thee:
 Jesus be All-in All to me!

*On the Admission of any Person into
the SOCIETY.*

1 **B**ROTHER in CHRIST, and Well-belov'd,
To JESUS and his Servants dear,
Enter, and shew Thyself approv'd,
Enter, and find that GOD is here!

2 'Scap'd from the World, redeem'd from Sin,
By Fiends pursued, by Men abhor'd,
Come in, poor Fugitive, come in,
And share the Portion of thy LORD.

3 Welcome from Earth!—Lo! the Right-Hand
Of Fellowship to Thee we give;
With open Arms, and Hearts we stand,
And Thee in JESU's Name receive!

4 Say, is Thy Heart resolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred Love;
Then let it taste the Heavenly Powers,
Partaker of the Joys above.

5 JESU, attend! Thyself reveal!
Are we not met in Thy great Name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading Flame.

6 Thou GOD, that answerest by Fire,
The Sp'rit of Burning Now impart,
And let the Flames of pure Desire
Rise from the Altar of our Heart.

7 Truly our Fellowship below
With Thee, and with thy Father is:
In Thee Eternal Life we know,
And Heaven's unutterable Bliss.

8 In Part we only know Thee here,
 But wait thy Coming from above,—
 And I shall then behold Thee near,
 And I shall All be lost in LOVE !

Written after walking over SMITH-FIELD.

1 **H**AIL, Holy Martyrs, Glorious Names,
 Who nobly *bore* for JESUS stood,
 Rejoic'd, and clap'd your Hands in Flames,
 And dar'd to seal the Truth with Blood !

2 Strong in the LORD, Divinely strong,
 Tortures and Death ye here defy'd ;
 Demons and Men, a gazing Throng,
 Ye brav'd, and more than Conqu'ring died !

3 Finish'd your Course, and fought your Fight,
 Hence did your mounting Souls aspire,
 Starting from Flesh, they took their Flight
 Born upward on a Car of Fire.

4 Where Earth and Hell no more molest,
 Ye now have join'd the Heavenly Host,
 Entred into your Father's Rest,
 And found the Life which here ye lost.

5 Father, if now thy Breath revives
 In us the pure, Primeval Flame,
 Thy Power, which animates our Lives,
 Can make us in our Deaths the same ;

6 Can out of Weakness make us strong,
 Arming as in the antient Days,
 Loosing the stammering Infant's Tongue,
 And perfecting in Babes thy Praise.

7 Stedfast we then shall stand, and sure
 Thine Everlasting Truth to prove,
 In Faith's Plerophory * secure,
 In all th' Omnipotence of Love.

8 Come, Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit come!
 Be mindful of thy changeless Word,
 And make the faithful Soul thy Home.

9 Arm of the LORD, awake, awake!
 In *us* thy glorious Self reveal,
 Let *us* thy Sev'enfold Gifts partake,
 Let *us* thy mighty Working feel.

10 Near us, assisting JESU, stand,
 Give us the opening Heaven to see,
 Thee to behold at GOD's Right-hand,
 And yeild our parting Souls to Thee.

11 My Father, O my Father, hear,
 And send the Fiery Chariot down,
 Let *Israel*'s Flaming Steeds appear,
 And whirl us to the starry Crown!

12 We, we would die for JESUS too!
 Thro' Tortures, Fires, and Seas of Blood,
 All, all triumphantly break thro',
 And plunge into the Depths of GOD!

The BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH.

From the German.

1 JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness
 My Beauty are, my glorious Dres;
 'Midst flaming Worlds in These array'd
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head. 2 Bold

* i. e. *Full Assurance.*

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great Day ;
 For who ought to my Charge shall lay ?
 Fully thro' these absolv'd I am
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

3 The Deadly Writing now I see
 Nail'd with thy Body to the Tree :
 Torn with the Nails that pierc'd thy Hands,
 Th'old Covenant no longer stands.

4 Tho' sign'd and written with my Blood,
 As Hell's Foundations sure it stood,
 Thine hath wash'd out the Crimson Stains,
 And white as Snow my Soul remains.

5 Satan, thy due Reward survey,
 The Lord of Life why didst thou slay ?
 To tear the Prey out of thy Teeth :
 To spoil the Realms of Hell and Death.

6 The Holy, the unspotted LAMB,
 Who from the Father's Bosom came,
 Who died, for me, ev'n me t'atone,
 Now for my Lord and GOD I own.

7 Lord, I believe thy precious Blood
 Which at the Mercy-Seat of GOD
 For ever doth for Sinners plead,
 For me, ev'n for my Soul was shed.

8 Lord, I believe, were Sinners more
 Than Sands upon the Ocean Shore,
 For All Thou hast the Ransom given,
 Purchas'd for All, Peace, Life, and Heaven.

9 Lord, I believe, the Price is paid
 For every Soul, th' Atonement made ;
 And every Soul thy Grace may prove,
 Lov'd with an Everlasting Love. 10 Car

10 Carnal, and sold to Sin no more
 I am; Hell's Tyranny is o'er:
 Th' Immortal Seed remains within,
 And born of GOD I cannot sin.

11 Yet Nought whereof to boast I have;
 All, all thy Mercy freely gave:
 No Works, no Righteousness are mine;
 All is thy Work, and only Thine.

12 When from the Dust of Death I rise,
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies,
 Ev'n then, This shall be all my Plea,
 "Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."

13 Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of GOD,
 Thus all Heaven's Armies, bought with Blood,
 SAVIOUR of Sinners Thee proclaim;
 Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

14 Naked from Satan did I flee,
 To Thee, my LORD, and put on Thee:
 And thus adorn'd, I wait the Word
 "He comes: Arise and meet thy LORD."

15 This spotless Robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years:
 No Age can change its constant Hue;
 Thy Blood preserves it ever New.

16 When Thou shalt call in that Great Day
 For *my* Account, thus will I say;
 "Thanks to my Gracious LORD, if ought
 "Of Good I did, glad I it wrought:

17 "And while I felt thy Blood within,
 "Cleansing my Soul from every Sin,
 "Purging each fierce and foul Desire;
 "I joy'd in the refining Fire.

294 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

18 " If Pride, Desire, Wrath stirr'd anew,
" Swift to my sure Resort I flew:
" See there my **Lord** upon the Tree!
" Hell heard: Instant my Soul was free.

19 Then shall Heaven's Hosts with loud Acclaim,
Give Praise and Glory to the **LAMB**,
Who bore our Sins, and by His Blood
Hath made us Kings and Priests to **GOD**.

20 O ye, who joy to feed his Sheep,
Ever in your Remembrance keep,
Empty they are, and void of **GOD**,
'Till brought to the atoning Blood.

21 **JESU**, be endless Praise to Thee,
Whose boundless Mercy hath for *me*,
For me, and All thine Hands have made,
An everlasting Ransom paid.

22 Ah give me now, All-gracious **Lord**,
With Power to speak thy quick'ning Word,
That All, who to thy Wounds will flee
May find Eternal Life in Thee.

23 Thou **GOD** of Power, Thou **GOD** of Love,
Let the whole World thy Mercy prove:
Now let thy Word o'er all prevail:
Now take the Spoils of Death, and Hell.

24 O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dres,
JESU, thy Blood and Righteousnes!

The

The LOVE-FAST.

PART I.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join
CHRIST to praise in Hymns Divine;
Give we all with one Accord
Glory to our Common LORD:
Hands, and Hearts, and Voices raise,
Sing as in the Antient Days,
Antedate the Joys above,
Celebrate the Feast of LOVE.

2 Strive we, in Affection strive:
Let the purer Flame revive,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying Champions for their GOD.
We, like them, may live and love,
Call'd we are their Joys to prove;
Sav'd with them from future Wrath,
Partners of like pretious Faith.

3 Sing we then in JESU's Name,
Now, as yesterday the same;
One in every Age and Place,
Full for All of Truth and Grace.
We for CHRIST our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted Land;
We our Dying LORD confess,
We are JESU's Witnesses.

4 Witnesses that CHRIST hath died;
We with Him are crucified:
CHRIST hath burst the Bands of Death;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:

CHRIST

CHRIST is now gone up on high;
(Thither all our Wishes fly):
Sits at GOD's Right-hand above;
There with Him we reign in Love!

PART II.

1 COME, Thou High and Lofty LORD,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
Humbly stoop to Earth again,
Come, and visit abject Man.

JESU, dear, expected Guest,
Thou art bidden to the Feast;
For Thyself our Hearts prepare,
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 JESU, we the Promise claim,
We are met in thy Great Name:
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest thy Presence here;

Sanctify us, LORD, and bless,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy Peace,
Thou Thyself within us move;
Make our Feast a Feast of Love.

3 Let the Fruits of Grace abound,
Let in us thy Bowels sound;
Faith, and Love, and Joy increafe,
Temperance, and Gentleness:

Plant in us thine Humble Mind;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek, and lowly let us be,
Full of Goodneſs, full of Thee.

4 Make us all in Thee compleat;
Make us all for Glory meet,
Meet t' appear before thy Sight;
Partners with the Saints in Light.

Call, O call us each by Name
To the Marriage of the Lamb,
Let us lean upon thy Breast,
Love be there our endless Feast.

P A R T III.

1 **L**E T us join ('tis GOD commands)
Let us join our Hearts and Hands;
Help to gain our Calling's Hope,
Build we each the Other up.

GOD His Blessing shall dispense,
GOD shall crown his Ordinance,
Meet in His appointed Ways,
Nourish us with social Grace.

2 Let us then as Brethren love,
Faithfully his Gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest Strife,
Walk in Holiness of Life;

Still forget the Things behind,
Follow CHRIST in Heart and Mind,
Toward the Mark unwearied press,
Seize the Crown of Righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for Faith *alone*,
Faith which by our Works is shown;
GOD it is who justifies,
Only Faith the Grace *applies*,

298 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Active Faith that lives within,
Conquers Hell, and Death, and Sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the SAVIOUR in the Soul.

4 Let us for This Faith contend,
Sure Salvation is its End ;
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting Life is won :

Only let us persevere
Till we see our LORD appear,
Never from the Rock remove,
Sav'd by Faith which works by LOVE.

PART IV.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
Lift your Hearts and Voices up ;
Jointly let us rise and sing
CHRIST our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monuments of JESU's Grace,
Speak we by our Lives his Praise,
Walk in Him we have receiv'd,
Shew we not in vain Believ'd.

2 While we walk with GOD in Light,
GOD our Hearts doth still unite,
Dearest Fellowship we prove,
Fellowship of JESU's Love ;

Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the Bonds of Duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing Blood *applied*,
Daily feels that CHRIST hath died.

3 Still, O LORD, our Faith increase,
Cleanse from all Unrighteousness,

Thee

Thee, th' Unholy cannot see ;
Make, O make us meet for Thee :

Every vile Affection kill,
Root out every Seed of ill ;
Utterly abolish Sin,
Write thy Law of Love within.

4 Hence may all our Actions flow,
Love the Proof that CHRIST we know ;
Mutual Love the Token be,
LORD, that we belong to Thee :

Love, thine Image Love impart,
Stamp it on our Face and Heart,
Only Love to us be given,
LORD, we ask no other Heaven.

PART V.

I PETER i. 3. &c.

1 FATHER, hail, by All ador'd,
Father of our Bleeding LORD !
GOD of Mercy, Thee we praise,
Sav'd by thine abundant Grace :

To a lively Hope begot,
Into second Being brought,
Quicken'd by, and with, our Head,
Rais'd in JESUS from the Dead,

2 Rais'd t' inherit glorious Joys,
Happiness that never cloys,
Happiness without Allay,
Joys that never fade away ;

Manna such as Angels eat,
Pure Delights for Spirits fit,

All to us thro' JESUS given,
All for us reserv'd in Heaven.

3 There we shall in Glory shine,
Kept on Earth by Power Divine;
Power Divine thro' Faith receiv'd:
We the Promise have believ'd;

Confident that CHRIST shall come,
Make the Faithful Souls his Home,
Here in part Himself reveal,
Stamp us with the Spirit's Seal.

4 This we now rejoice to know,
Sorrowful howe'er we go,
Exercis'd, if Need require,
Purg'd in the Refining Fire:

Faith the Trial shall abide,
Shine, as Gold, when fully tried,
Glory, Honour, Praise receive,
Which the Righteous Judge shall give.

5 Him we love as yet unseen:
(Flesh is interpos'd between:)
Only Faith's interior Eye,
Darkly can its LORD descry:

Gladden'd by the partial Sight,
Swells our Soul with vast Delight,
Glorious and unspeakable:
Heaven begun on Earth we feel.

6 Here the Sinner that believes,
Everlasting Life receives,
Here Angelic Bliss we find,
Bliss, the same with Theirs in *kind*,
Only differing in *Degree*:
Lengthen'd out it soon shall be;

All our Heaven we then shall prove,
All th' Eternity of Love.

The Communion of Saints.

PART I.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual, fervent Prayer,
Hear, and our Petitions seal;
Let us now the Answer feel.

Mystically One with Thee,
Transcript of the Trinity,
Thee let all our Nature own
One in Three, and Three in One.

2 If we now begin to be
Partners with thy Saints and Thee,
If we have our Sins forgiven,
Fellow-Citizens of Heaven,

Still the Fellowship increase,
Knit us in the Bond of Peace,
Join, our new-born Spirits join
Each to each, and All to Thine.

3 Build us in One Body up,
Call'd in one high Calling's Hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure Baptismal Flame,

One the Faith, and Common L ORD,
One the Father lives, ador'd
Over, thro', and in us all,
GOD Incomprehensible!

4 One with GOD, the Source of Bliss,
Ground of our Communion This;

Life of All that live below,
Let thine Emanations flow,

Rise eternal in our Heart :
Thou our long-sought *Eden* art ;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what *Adam* lost.

5 Bold we ask thro' CHRIST the Son,
Thou, O CHRIST, art All our own ;
Our exalted Flesh we see
To the Godhead join'd in Thee :

Glorious now thy Heaven we share,
Thou art here, and we are there,
We participate of Thine,
Human Nature of Divine.

6 Live we now in CHRIST our Head,
Quick'ned by thy Life, and fed ;
CHRIST, from whom the Spirit flows,
Into Thee thy Body grows ;

While we feel the Vital Blood,
While the circulating Flood,
CHRIST, thro' every Member rolls,
Soul of all Believing Souls.

7 Daily Growth the Members find,
Fitly each with Other join'd ;
Closely all compacted rise ;
Every Joint its Strength supplies,

Life to every Part conveys,
Till the whole receive Increase,
All compleat the Body prove,
Perfectly built up in Love.

PART II.

1 CHRIST, the true, the Heavenly Vine,
If thy Grace hath made us Thine,
Branches of a poison'd Root,
Fallen Adam's evil Fruit;

If we now transplanted are,
If we of thy Nature share,
Hear us, LORD, and let us be
Fully grafted into Thee.

2 Still may we continue thus,
We in Thee, and Thou in us;
Let us fresh Supplies receive,
From Thee, in Thee ever live;

Share the Fatness of the Root,
Blossom, bud, and bring forth Fruit,
With immortal Vigour rise,
Tow'ring till we reach the Skies.

3 CHRIST, to all Believers known,
Living, precious Corner-Stone,
CHRIST, by Mortals disallow'd,
Chosen and esteem'd of GOD;

Lively Stones we come to Thee,
Built together let us be,
Sav'd by Grace thro' FAITH alone:
Faith it is that makes us One.

4 Other Ground can no Man lay,
JESUS TAKES OUR SINS AWAY!
Jesus the Foundation is:
This shall stand, and only This:

Fitly fram'd in Him we are,
All the Building rises fair:

Let

Let it to a Temple rise,
Worthy Him who fills the Skies.

5 Husband of thy Church below,
CHRIST, if Thee our LORD we know,
Unto Thee betroth'd in Love,
Always faithful let us prove,
Never rob Thee of our Heart,
Never give the Creature Part;
Only Thou possess the Whole,
Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

6 Stedfast let us cleave to Thee,
Love the Mystic Union be,
Union to the World unknown!
Join'd to GOD, in Spirit One,
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the LAMB shall take us Home,
For his Heaven the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our Nuptials there.

PART III.

JOHN xvii. 20, &c.

1 CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be Thou in thy Spirit nigh,
Advocate with GOD, give Ear
To thine own effectual Prayer:

Hear the Sounds Thou once didst breathe
In thy Days of Flesh beneath,
Now, O JESU, let them be
Strongly echo'd back to Thee.

2 We, O CHRIST, have Thee receiv'd,
We the Gospel-Word believ'd,

Justly

Justly then we claim a Share
In Thine Everlasting Prayer.

One the Father is with Thee;
Knit us in like Unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One as Thou and He are One.

3 If thy Love to us hath given
All the Glory of His Heaven,
(From Eternity Thine own,
Glory here in Grace begun)

Let us now the Gift receive,
By the Vital Union live,
Join'd to GOD, and perfect be,
Mystically One in Thee.

4 Let it hence to All be known,
Thou art with thy Father One,
One with Him in Us be shew'd,
Very GOD of Very GOD;

Sent, our Spirits to unite,
Sent to make us Sons of Light,
Sent, that we his Grace may prove,
All the Riches of his Love.

5 Thee He lov'd e'er Time begun,
Thee the Coeternal Son;
He hath to Thy Merit given
Us, th' Adopted Heirs of Heaven.

Thou hast will'd that we should rise,
See thy Glory in the Skies,
See Thee by all Heaven ador'd,
Be forever with our LORD.

6 Thou the Father see'st alone,
Thou to us hast made Him known;

Sent from Him we know Thou art,
We have found Thee in our Heart:

Thou the Father hast declar'd :
He is here our great Reward,
Ours his Nature and his Name ;
Thou art Ours with Him the same.

7 Still, O LORD, (for Thine we are)
Still to us his Name declare ;
Thy Revealing Spirit give,
Whom the World cannot receive :

Fill us with the Father's Love,
Never from our Souls remove,
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine to all Eternity.

PART IV.

1 CHRIST, from whom all Blessings flow,
Perfecting the Saints below,
Hear us, who thy Nature share,
Who thy Mystic Body are :

Join us, in One Spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine,
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thee, who fillest All in All..

2 Closer knit to Thee our Head,
Nourish us, O CHRIST, and feed,
Let us daily Growth receive,
More and more in JESUS live :

JESU ! we thy Members are,
Cherish us with kindest Care,
Of thy Flesh, and of thy Bone :
Love, for ever love Thine own.

3 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverse Gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy Will,
Let us all our Work fulfil;

Never from our Office move,
Needful to the Others prove,
Use the Grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the Art of GOD.

4 Sweetly now we all agree,
Touch'd with softest Sympathy,
Kindly for each other care:
Every Member feels its Share:

Wounded by the Grief of One,
All the suffering Members groan;
Honour'd if one Member is,
All partake the common Bliss.

5 Many are we now, and One,
We who Jesus have have put on:
There is neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, LORD, in Thee.

Love, like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all Distinctions void:
Names, and Sects, and Parties fall;
Thou, O CHRIST, art ALL in ALL!

PART V.

HEBREWS xii. 22, 23, 24.

1 KING of Saints, to whom are given
All in Earth, and All in Heaven,
Reconcil'd thro' Thee alone,
Join'd, and gather'd into One:

Heirs

308 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,
Lo! to Thee our Hopes we raise,
Raise and fix our Hopes on Thee,
Full of Immortality!

2 Absent in our Flesh from Home,
We are to Mount *Sion* come:
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,
City of the Living GOD;

Enter'd there our Seats we claim
In the *New Jerusalem*,
Join the countleſs Angel-Quire,
Greet the First-born Sons of Fire.

3 We our Elder-Brethren meet,
We are made with them to fit,
Sweetest Fellowship we prove
With the General Church above;

Saints, who now their Names behold
In the Book of Life enroll'd,
Spirits of the Righteous, made
Perfect *here* in CHRIST their Head.

4 We with Them to GOD are come,
GOD who speaks the General Doom,
JESUS CHRIST, who stands between
Angry Heaven, and guilty Men,
Undertakes to buy our Peace,
Gives the Covenant of Grace,
Ratifies, and makes it good,
Signs and Seals it with his Blood.

5 Life his healing Blood imparts,
Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts:
Abel's Blood for Vengeance cried,
JESU's speaks us justify'd:

Speaks

Speaks, and calls for better Things,
Make us Prophets, Priests, and Kings,
Asks that we with Him may reign,
Earth and Heaven say, Amen!

PART VI.

1 **C**OME, ye Kindred Souls above,
Man provokes you unto Love;
Saints and Angels hear the Call,
Praise the Common LORD of All:

Him let Earth and Heaven proclaim,
Earth and Heaven record His Name,
Let us Both in this agree,
Both his one great Family.

2 Hosts of Heaven begin the Song,
Praise Him with a tuneful Tongue,
(Sounds like yours we cannot raise,
We can only lisp his Praise)

Us repenting Sinners see,
Jesus died to set us free,
Sing ye over us forgiven;
Shout for Joy, ye Hosts of Heaven.

3 Be it unto Angels known,
By the Church, what GOD hath done:
Depths of Love and Wisdom see
In a Dying Deity!

Gaze, ye first-born Seraphs, gaze!
Never can ye find his Grace:
Lost in Wonder, look no more;
Fall, and silently adore.

4 Ministerial Spirits know,
Execute your Charge below:

C c

You

310 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

You our Father hath prepar'd,
Fenc'd us with a Flaming Guard:
Bid you all our Ways attend,
Safe convoy us to the End,
On your Wings our Souls remove,
Waft us to the Realms of Love.

5 Happy Souls whose Course is run,
Who the Fight of Faith have won,
Parted by an earlier Death,
Think ye of your Friends beneath?
Have ye your own Flesh forgot,
By a common Ransom bought?
Can Death's interposing Tide
Spirits One in CHRIST divide?

6 No: for Us you ever wait,
Till we make your Bliss compleat,
Till your Fellow-Servants come,
Till your Brethren hasten home:
You in Paradise remain,
For your Testimony slain,
Nobly who for JESUS stood,
Bold to seal the Truth with Blood.

7 Ever now your speaking Cries
From beneath the Altar rise,
Loudly call for Vengeance due:
"Come, Thou Holy GOD, and True!"
"LORD, how long dost Thou delay?
"Come to Judgment, come away!
"Hasten, LORD, the General Doom,
"Come away, to Judgment come!"

8 Wait, ye Righteous Spirits, wait,
Soon arrives your Glorious State;

Rob'd

Rob'd in White a Season reft;
Blest, if not compleatly bleft.

When the Number is fulfill'd,
When the Witnesses are kill'd,
When we All from Earth are driven,
Then with us ye mount to Heaven.

9 JESU hear, and bow the Skies,
Hark! we all unite our Cries;
Take us to our Heavenly Home,
Quickly let thy Kingdom come!

JESU come, the Spirit cries,
JESU come, the Bride replies;
One Triumphant Church above,
Join us All in Perfect Love.

ISAIAH lxiv.

1 O That Thou would'st the Heavens rend!
O that Thou would'st this Hour come down!
Descend, Almighty GOD, descend,
And strongly vindicate Thine own!

2 Now let the Heathens fear thy Name,
Now let the World thy Nature know,
Dart into All the melting Flame
Of Love, and make the Mountain flow.

3 O let thine Indignation burn,
The Lightning of thy Judgments glare,
Th' aspiring Confidence o'erturn
Of all that still thine Anger dare.

4 From Heaven reveal thy vengeful Ire,
 Thy Fury let the Nations prove,
 Confess Thee a consuming Fire,
 And tremble, till they feel thy Love.

5 Thy Power was to our Fathers known ;
 A mighty GOD, and terrible ;
 In Majesty Thou camest down,
 The Mountains at thy Presence fell.

6 The Wonders Thou for them hast wrought
 Thy boundless Power and Love proclaim,
 Far above all they ask'd or thought :
 And now we wait to know thy Name.

7 We wait ; for since the World began
 To Men it ne'er by Men was shew'd :
 Thou only canst Thy self explain,
 God only sounds the Depths of God.

8 Eye hath not seen, Ear hath not heard,
 By Heart conceiv'd it cannot be,
 The Bliss Thou hast for Him prepar'd,
 Who waits in humble Faith for Thee.

9 Thou meetest him that dares rejoice
 In Hope of thy Salvation near ;
 Who wants, while he obeys thy Voice,
 The perfect Love that casts out Fear.

10 In Works of Righteousness employ'd
 Who Thee remembers in Thy Ways,
 The ORDINANCES of his GOD,
 The sacred Channels of thy Grace.

11 But lo ! thine Anger kindled is,
 And justly might for ever burn ;
 We have forsook the Path of Peace :
 How shall our wand'ring Souls return ?

12 In Thine appointed Ways we wait,
The Ways thy Wisdom hath enjoin'd;
Thy saving Grace we here shall meet;
For every one that seeks shall find.

13 Nor can we thus thy Wrath appease;
We and our Works are all unclean,
As filthy Rags our Righteousness,
Our Good is Ill, our Virtue Sin.

14 Like wither'd Leaves we fade away,
We all deserve thy Wrath to feel,
Swift as the Wind our Sins convey,
And sweep our guilty Souls to Hell.

15 Not one will call upon thy Name,
Stir himself up thy Grace to see,
The LORD His Righteousness to claim,
And boldly to take hold on Thee.

16 For O ! thy Face is turn'd aside,
Since we refus'd t' obey thy Will;
Thou hast consum'd us for our Pride,
Thy heavy Hand consumes us still.

17 But art thou not our Father Now?
Our Father Now Thou surely art:
Humbly beneath thy Frown we bow,
We seek Thee with a trembling Heart.

18 The Potter Thou, and We the Clay;
Behold us at thy Footstool laid,
In Anger cast us not away,
The Creatures whom thine Hands have made.

19 O let thine Anger rage no more,
Remember not Iniquity;
See LORD, and all our Sins pass o'er,
Thine own Peculiar People see.

20 *Jerusalem* in Ruins lies,
 . A Wilderness thy Cities are ;
 A Den of Thieves thy Temple is,
 No longer now the Houfe of Prayer.

21 Where humbly low our Fathers bow'd,
 And Thee with joyful Lips ador'd,
 Idolaters profanely croud,
 And take the Altar for its **LORD**.

22 The sacred Means Thyself ordain'd,
 Others reject with impious Haste ;
 By These blasphem'd, by Those profan'd
 Our pleasant Things are all laid waste.

23 And wilt Thou not this Havock see,
 For which we ever, ever mourn ?
 Still shall we cry in vain to Thee ?
 Return, our gracious **LORD**, return !

24 Hold not thy Peace at *Sion's* Woe,
 O cast not out thy People's Prayer,
 Regard thy suffering Church below,
 And spare, the Weeping Remnant spare.

25 Thy fallen Tabernacle raise,
 Thy Chastisement at last remove,
 That all Mankind may sing thy Praise,
 Thou **GOD** of Truth, Thou **GOD** of Love !

HEBREWS iv. 9.

*There remaineth therefore a REST to
 the People of **GOD**.*

1 **L**ORD, I believe a Rest remains
 To all thy People known,
 A Rest, where Pure Enjoyment reigns,
 And Thou art lov'd Alone.

2 A Rest, where all our Soul's Desire
 Is fixt on Things above,
 Where Doubt, and Pain, and Fear expire,
 Cast out by Perfect Love.

3 A Rest of Lasting Joy and Peace,
 Where all is calm within:
 'Tis there from our own Works we cease,
 From Pride, and Self, and Sin.

4 Our Life is hid with CHRIST in GOD;
 The Agony is o'er:
 We wrestle not with Flesh and Blood,
 We strive with Sin no more.

5 Our Sp'rit is right, our Heart is clean,
 Our Nature is renew'd,
 We cannot, no, we Cannot Sin,
 For we are born of GOD.

6 From ev'ry evil Motion freed,
 (The SON hath made us free)
 On all the Pow'rs of Hell we tread,
 In glorious Liberty.

7 Redeem'd, we walk on Holy Ground,
 In CHRIST we cannot err:
 No Lion in that Way is found,
 No rav'ous Beast is there!

8 Safe in the Way of Life, above
 Death, Earth, and Hell we rise;
 We find, when perfected in Love,
 Our long-sought Paradise.

9 Within that *Eden* we retire,
 We rest in JESU's Name:
 It guards us, as a Wall of Fire,
 And as a Sword of Flame.

316 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

10 O that I now The Rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, SAVIOUR, Now the Power bestow,
And let me cease from Sin.

11 Remove this Hardness from my Heart,
This Unbelief remove,
To me the Rest of Faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy Love.

12 I groan from Sin to be set free,
From Self to be releas'd;
O take me, take me into Thee,
Mine Everlasting Rest.

13 I would be Thine, Thou know'ft I wou'd,
And have Thee all mine own:
Thee, O mine All-sufficient Good,
I want, and Thee alone.

14 Thy Name to me, thy Nature grant;
This, only this be given,
Nothing besides my GOD I want,
Nothing in Earth or Heaven.

15 Come, O my SAVIOUR, come away,
Into my Soul descend,
No longer from thy Creature stay,
My Author, and my End.

16 The Bliss Thou hast for me prepar'd
No longer be delay'd:
Come my exceeding Great Reward,
For whom I first was made,

17 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine Abode,
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
Let all I am be GOD!

F I N I S.

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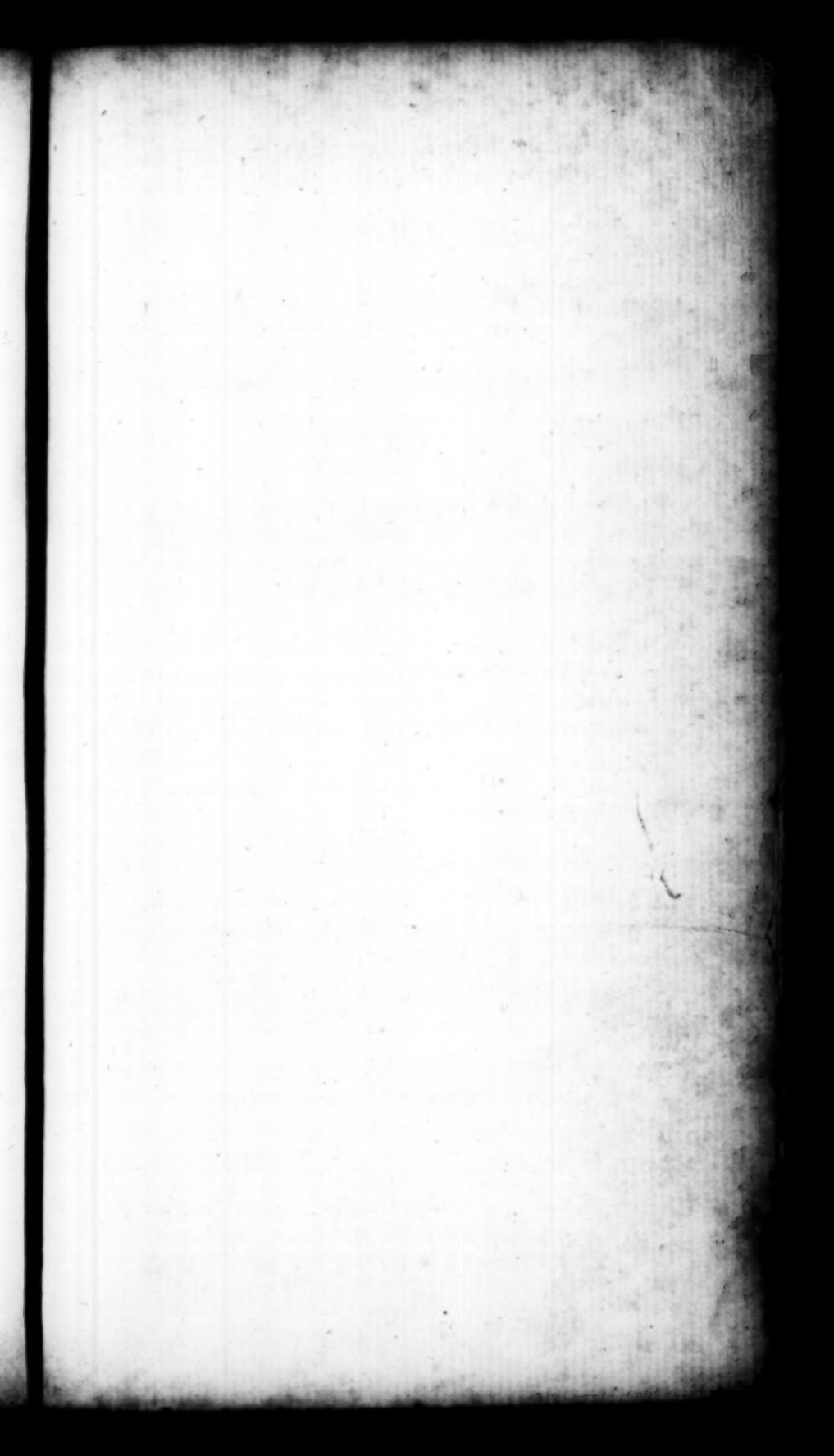
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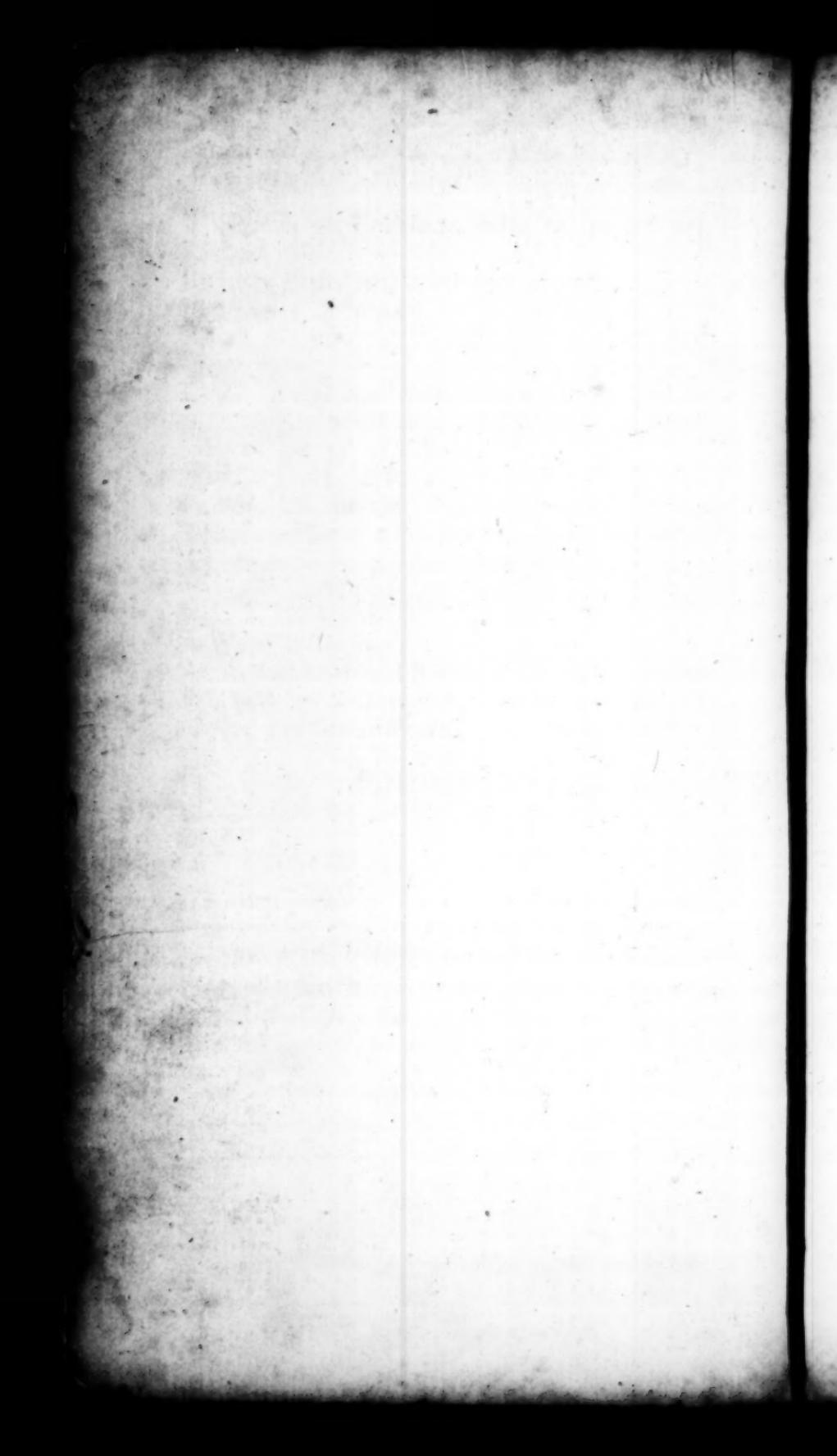
*The Rev. Mr. HENRY PIERs,
 VICAR of BEXLEY in KENT.*

1 A Sermon preach'd (in Part) before the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL the Dean of the Arches, and the REVEREND the Clergy of the Deanery of Shoreham; assembled at Sevenoaks in KENT, on Friday the 21st of May, 1742. pr. 3d.
 2 Christ born, that we may be born again. A Sermon, preach'd at BEXLEY in KENT, on Christmas-Day, 1741, and on Sunday after Christmas-Day 1742. pr. 8d.

E R R A T A.

Page 11. Line 22, Give me to know.—p. 25, l. 23, for willy read wily.—p. 213, l. 1, f. But r. See.—p. 250, l. 6, f. yeid r. yield.—p. 283, penult. f. purfume r. presume.





THE
CONTENTS.

PART I.

	Page
E UPO ^L IS Hymn to the Creator.	1
From the Greek.	1
Solitude. From the Latin.	5
The Mystery of Life.	6
Epitaph.	8
Virtue. Altered from <i>Herbert</i> .	ib.
Upon listning to the Vibrations of a Clock.	9
Doomsday. From <i>Herbert</i> .	ib.
Spiritual Slumber. From the <i>German</i> .	10
Zeal.	11
On reading Monsieur de Renty's Life.	13
Farewel to the World. From the <i>French</i> .	14
Giddiness. From <i>Herbert</i> .	15
To a Friend in Love.	16
She that liveth in Pleasure is Dead while she liveth, 1 <i>Tim.</i> v. 6.	19
Know ye not that the Friendship of the World is Enmity with GOD.	20
Hymn to Contempt.	21
Grace before Meat.	23
Another. p. 23. Grace after Meat	24
On Clemens Alexandrinus' Description of a Perfect Christian.	25
The Collar. From <i>Herbert</i> .	26
Grace. From the same.	28
Gratefulnes. From the same.	29
The Flower. From the same.	30
Bitter Sweet. From the same.	31
A Midnight Hymn for One under the Law.	32
D d	After

The CONTENTS.

After considering some of his Friends.	33
Religious Discourse.	34
Misery. From the same.	39
The Sinner. From the same.	41
Home. From the same.	42
Longing. From the same.	44
The Search. From the same.	46
Discipline. From the same.	47
Divine Love. From the <i>German</i> .	48
Written in the Beginning of a Recovery from Sickness.	50
After a Recovery from Sickness.	51
A Prayer under Convictions.	53
The liii Chapter of <i>Isaiah</i>	55
Waiting for Redemption.	58
<i>Gal.</i> iii. 22. The Scripture hath concluded all under Sin, &c.	59
Hoping for Grace. From the <i>German</i> .	61
The Dawning. From <i>Herbert</i> .	63
<i>Psalm</i> cxxxix. 23. Try me, O GOD; search the Ground of my Heart.	ib.
The Change. From the <i>German</i> .	65

P A R T . II.

C HRIST the Friend of Sinners.	67
On the Conversion of a common Harlot.	69
Looking unto JESUS, the Author and Fi- nisher of our Faith.	70
Another.	71
Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father.	72
Hymn to the Son.	73
Hymn to the Holy Ghost.	74
The Glance. From <i>Herbert</i> .	77
Free-Grace.	78
The Call. From <i>Herbert</i> .	79
The Dialogue. From the same.	ib.
Subjection to CHRIST. From the <i>German</i> .	80
Renouncing all for CHRIST. From the <i>French</i> .	81
The	

The CONTENTS.

The Invitation. From <i>Herbert.</i>	83
The Banquet. From the same.	84
Therefore with Angels, &c.	85
Glory be to GOD on high	86
Hymn to CHRIST. Altered from Dr. <i>Hicks.</i>	87
On the Crucifixion	88
The Magnificat.	ib.
Trust in Providence. From the <i>German.</i>	89
In Affliction.	92
In Affliction, or Pain. From the <i>German.</i>	93
Another. From the same.	94
In Desertion or Temptation	95
Another.	97
<i>Isaiah</i> xlivi. 2. When thou passest thro' the Water, &c.	99
The Believer's Support. From the <i>German.</i>	100
Living by CHRIST. From the same.	101
GOD's Love to Mankind. From the same.	104
GOD's Greatness. From the same.	106
Hymn on the Titles of CHRIST.	109
II. Hymn to CHRIST.	112
III. Hymn to CHRIST.	113
Hymn to CHRIST the King.	114
II. Hymn to CHRIST the King.	116
The SAVIOUR glorify'd by All. From the <i>German.</i>	117
A Morning Hymn.	120
Another. From the <i>German.</i>	121
CHRIST protecting and sanctifying. From the same.	122
Supplication for Grace. From the same.	123
Hymn to the Holy Ghost.	125
Upon the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost. Altered from Dr. <i>H. More.</i>	126
Publick Worship. From the <i>German.</i>	128
Prayer to CHRIST before the Sacrament. From the same.	129
Hymn after the Sacrament.	130

The CONTENTS.

<i>Am</i> ii. 4, &c.	131
To be sung at Work.	132
Another.	133
GOD with us. From the <i>German</i> .	<i>ib.</i>
GOD our Portion. From the <i>Spanish</i> .	134
Gratitude for our Conversion. From the <i>German</i> .	136
Boldness in the Gospel. From the same.	137
Another.	139
Congratulation to a Friend, upon Believing in <i>CHRIST</i> .	140
Hymn for <i>Christmas-Day</i> .	142
Hymn for <i>Epiphany</i> .	144
Hymn for <i>Easter-Day</i> .	<i>ib.</i>
Hymn for <i>Ascension-Day</i> .	146
Hymn for <i>Whitsunday</i> .	147
Grace before Meat.	149
At Meals.	150
Grace after Meat.	<i>ib.</i>
Another.	151
<i>John</i> xvi. 24. Ask, and ye shall receive, and your Joy shall be full.	<i>ib.</i>

PART III.

<i>ISAIAH</i> lv.	165
<i>Hebrews</i> xi. Or the Life of Faith exemplified.	169
Looking unto Jesus.	181
The same.	182
A Morning Hymn.	183
Another.	184
An Evening Hymn.	185
To the Reverend Mr. <i>Whitefield</i> .	186
To the same, before his Voyage.	187
An Hymn to be sung at Sea.	188
In a Storm.	190
<i>Zeob.</i> xii. 10. They shall look upon me whom they have pierced. From the <i>German</i> .	191

The CONTENTS.

The Means of Grace.	192
Waiting for CHRIST.	195
Before reading the Scriptures	196
Another.	ib.
Another.	197
Before Preaching.	198
After Preaching.	ib.
Hymn to GOD the Sanctifier.	199
Written in Sicknes.	201
Upon parting with his Friends.	202
Mourning.	203
<i>Romans</i> vii. 24, 25.	210
Who shall deliver me from the Body of this Death?	211
My Soul gaspeth for Thee as a Thirsty Land.	212
Longing after CHRIST.	213
In Temptation.	214
<i>Matthew</i> v. 3, 4, 6.	215
In Temptation.	216
He shall save his People from their Sins.	217
Desiring CHRIST.	218
These Things were written for our Instruction.	219
From the <i>German</i> .	222
The Resignation.	223
A Prayer against the Power of Sin.	226
After a Relapse into Sin.	228
Written in Stress of Temptation.	230
<i>Micah</i> vi. 6, &c.	232

PART IV.

R EDEMPTION found. From the <i>German</i> .	235
From the same.	236
CHRIST our Wisdom.	237
CHRIST our Righteousness.	238
CHRIST our Sanctification.	239
CHRIST our Redemption.	240
It is very meet, right, &c.	241

The CONTENTS.

Hymns to the Trinity.	242
Hymn for the <i>Kingwood</i> Colliers.	245
To be sung while at Work.	246
<i>Isaiah</i> xxxv.	247
For a Minister.	250
At setting out to preach the Gospel.	251
<i>Acts</i> iv. 24, &c.	252
To be sung in a Tumult.	253
Little Children love one another.	255
For the Anniversary Day of one's Conversion.	256
<i>1 John</i> ii. 3.	259
To be sung at Meals.	<i>ib.</i>
Before a Journey.	260
Another.	261
On a Journey.	262
After a Journey.	263
At lying down.	<i>ib.</i>
Groaning for the Spirit of Adoption.	265
Hymn to CHRIST the Prophet.	266
Father I have sinn'd against Heaven, &c.	269
At the Approach of Temptation.	272
In Temptation.	274
<i>Job</i> xxiii. 8, 9, 10.	275
After a Relapse into Sin.	276
Against Hope believing in Hope.	277
Blessed are They that mourn.	279
The Just shall live by Faith.	281
<i>Isaiah</i> xiv. 22. Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye Ends of the Earth.	285
Praise for Redemption. From the <i>German</i> .	287
On the Admission of any Person into the Society.	289
Written after walking over <i>Smithfield</i> .	290
The Believer's Triumph. From the <i>German</i> .	291
The Love Feast.	295
The Communion of Saints.	301
<i>Isaiah</i> lxiv.	311
<i>Hebrews</i> iv. 9. There remaineth therefore a REST for the People of GOD.	314

THE
INDEX.

A	Part	Page
A UTHOR of Being, Source of Light	1	1
Ask not, who ended here his Span	1	8
Accept, dear Youth, a sympathizing Lay	1	16
Ah my dear, angry Lord	1	31
And live I yet by Power Divine	1	51
Awake, sad Heart, whom Sorrows drown	1	63
And can it be that I should gain	2	78
All Glory to th' Eternal Three	2	94
Ah, my dear Lord, whose changeless Love	2	95
Arise, my Soul, arise	2	109
Author of Faith, Eternal Word	3	169
And wilt thou yet be found?	3	223
Ah my dear Master, can it be	4	250
Angel of God, whate'er betide	4	251
Almighty, Universal LORD	4	254
Angels attend ('tis GOD commands)	4	261
B		
Being of Beings, GOD of Love	1	24
Behold the Saviour of Mankind	2	88
Blest be the GOD, whose tender Care	2	150
Brother in CHRIST, and well-belov'd	3	186
Brother in CHRIST, and well-belov'd	4	289
C		
Come to Judgment, come away	1	9
Come, O my Way, my Truth, my Life	2	79
Come, Saviour JESU, from above	2	81
Come hither all, whose grov'ling Taste	2	83
Commit thou all thy Griefs	2	89
Come, HOLY GHOST, all-quickning Fire	2	125

The INDEX.

	Pt. Pag.
Captain of my Salvation, hear	2 139
CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day	2 144
CHRIST, whose Glory fills the Skies	3 183
Come, HOLY GHOST, our Hearts inspire	3 197
Come, HOLY GHOST, all-quickning Fire	3 199
Cease, foolish Heart, thy fond Complaints	3 202
Come, let us lengthen out the Feast	4 259
Come hither all, who serve the LORD	4 281
Come, and let us sweetly join	4 295
Come, thou high and lofty Lord	4 296
CHRIST, the True, the Heavenly Vine	4 303
CHRIST our Head, gone up on high	4 304
CHRIST, from whom all Blessings flow	4 306
Come, ye kindred Souls above	4 309
D	
Dead as I am, and cold my Breast	1 11
Depth of Mercy, can there be	3 228
E	
Enslaved to Sense, to Pleasure prone	1 23
Eternal Beam of Light divine	2 92
Eternal Depth of Love divine	2 133
Extended on a cursed Tree	3 191
Earth rejoice, the LORD is King	4 253
F	
Fountain of Being, Source of Good	1 23
Faint is my Head, and sick my Heart	1 42
Father of Light, from whom proceeds	1 53
Father our Eyes we lift to thee	2 150
Fountain of all the Good we see	2 151
Father of all, in whom alone	3 196
Forth in thy Strength, O LORD, I go	3 198
Father of Mercies, God of Love	3 210
Fountain of Deity	4 242
Father live by all Things fear'd	4 242
Father of Mankind, be ever ador'd	4 244
Father, if I have sinn'd, with thee	4 259
Forth at thy Call, O LORD, I go	4 260
Father, If thou my Father art	4 265
Forward I now in Duties go	4 275
Father, hail, by all ador'd	4 299

The INDEX.

	Pt. Pag.
Father, Son and Spirit, hear	4 301
G	
Glory be to GOD on high	2 86
Granted is the SAVIOUR's Prayer	2 147
GOD of Love, thine Ear incline	3 182
Glory to Thee, whose powerful Voice	3 190
Glory and Praise and Love to Thee	3 198
Glory to GOD, whose Sovereign Grace	4 245
Give we to the LORD above	4 246
Giver of Concord, Prince of Peace	4 255
Glory to GOD, and Praise, and Love	4 256
GOD of my Life, whose gracious Pow'r	4 272
Gracious Soul to whom are given	4 279
H	
How hapless is the applauded Virgin's Lot	1 19
Hear from afar the Finish'd Height	1 25
Hear Holy Spirit, hear	2 74
Hark how all the Welkin Rings	2 142
Hail the Day that sees Him rise	2 146
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh	3 165
Holy LAMB, who Thee receive	4 236
Heavenly Father, Sovereign LORD	4 247
How do thy Mercies close me round	4 269
High Praise to Thee, all gracious GOD	4 287
Hail, Holy Martyrs, Glorious Names	4 290
I	
Instructive Sound, I'm now convinc'd by Thee	1 9
JESU the Sinner's Friend, to Thee	1 59
JESU, my great High Priest Above	1 63
JESU, whose Glory's streaming Rays	1 65
JESU, to Thee my Heart I bow	2 80
JESU, behold the Wise from far	2 87
JESU, thy boundless Love to me	2 101
JESU, my GOD, my King	2 114
JESU, Thou art our King	2 116
JESU, thy Light again I view	2 121
JESUS, the all-restoring Word	3 184
JESUS, the all-atoning LAMB	3 185
JESU, the Strength of all that faint	3 213

The INDEX.

	Pt. Pag.
J ESU, if still the Same Thou art	3 215
J ESU, Lover of my Soul	3 216
J ESUS, in whom the Godhead's Rays	3 217
J ESU, if still Thou art to-Day	3 219
I Thirst, Thou wounded LAMB of GOD	3 222
I am the Man who long have known	3 230
J ESU, Thou art my Righteousness	4 238
J ESU, my Life thyself apply	4 239
J ESU, thy Blood and Righteousness	4 291
K	
K ing of Saints, to whom are given	4 307
L	
L ORD, let the Angels praise thy Name	1 39
L ORD, if to me thy Grace hath given	2 80
L ORD, and GOD of Heavenly Powers	2 85
L o GOD is here, let us adore	2 128
L ORD of the wide extended Main	3 188
L ong have I seem'd to serve the L ORD	3 192
L ORD, how long, how long shall I	3 212
L et Heaven and Earth agree	4 244
L et us join, 'tis GOD commands	4 297
L ORD, I believe a Rest remains	4 314
M	
M y Stock lies dead, and no Increase	1 28
M y Soul before Thee prostrate lies	1 61
M y Soul extols the mighty L ORD	2 88
M y GOD, if I may call Thee mine	2 97
Made unto me, O L ORD, my GOD	4 237
Meet and right it is to sing	4 241
M y GOD, my GOD, on Thee I call	4 276
M y GOD, I know, I feel Thee mine	4 277
N	
No more I cry'd shall Grief be mine	1 26
Now have I found the Ground wherein	4 235
O	
O Thou who all Things can't controul	1 10
O what a Thing is Man! from Rest	1 15
O Throw away thy Rod	1 47
O Filial Deity	2 73
O Thou, to whose all-searching Sight	2 100

The INDEX.

	Pt. Pag.
O GOD of Good, the unfathom'd Sea	2 104
O GOD, Thou Bottomless Abyss	2 106
O JESU, Source of calm Repose	2 122
O GOD of Good, in whom combine	2 123
O Thou whom Sinners love, whose Care	2 129
O GOD, my GOD, my All, Thou art	2 134
O that Thou wouldest the Heavens rent	3 226
O that Thou wouldest the Heavens rend	4 311
P	
Peace, flutt'ring Soul, the Storm is o'er	1 59
Peace doubting Heart, my GOD's I am	2 99
Parent of Good, whose plenteous Grace	2 149
Praise be to the Father given	2 243
Prophet on Earth bestow'd	4 266
Partners of a glorious Hope	4 298
R	
Rise my Soul, with Ardour rise	2 151
Regardless now of Things below	3 181
S	
Solitude where shall I find	1 5
So many Years I've seen the Sun	1 6
Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright	1 8
Sing ye Heavens and Earth rejoice	2 69
SAVIOUR of Men, how long shall I	2 71
SAVIOUR, if thy precious Love	2 79
SAVIOUR, the World's and mine	2 112
Still, O my Soul, prolong	2 113
See the Day-spring from afar	2 120
Sons of Men, triumphant rise	2 130
Son of the Carpenter, receive	2 132
Summon'd, my Labour to renew	2 133
Shall I, for Fear of feeble Man	2 137
Sons of GOD, behold from far	2 144
Servant of GOD, thy Summons hear	3 187
Sinking underneath my Load	3 214
Sing we to our GOD above	4 242
SAVIOUR, who ready art to hear	4 262
Sinners, your SAVIOUR see	4 285
T	
Thou, who hast given so much to me	1 29
To speak for GOD, &c.	1 34

The INDEX.

	Pt. Pag.
Thou hidden Love of GOD, whose Height	1 48
Thee, O my GOD and King	2 72
Thou LAMB of GOD, Thou Prince of Peace	2 93
Thou, JESU, art our King	2 117
The Word pronounc'd, the Gospel Word	2 131
Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower	2 136
Teacher Divine, we ask thy Grace	3 196
Thou Son of GOD---Thou Son of Man	3 211
Thee, O my great Deliverer, Thee	4 240
To GOD, who reigns enthron'd on high	4 243
Thou, LORD, hast blest my going out	4 263
U	
Unchangeable Almighty LORD	3 195
W	
We deem the Saints from mortal Flesh releas'd	1 13
World adieu! thou real Cheat	1 14
Where has my slumb'ring Spirit been	1 20
Welcome Contempt, stern faithful Guide	1 21
While sad my Heart, and blasted mourns	1 30
While Midnight Shades the Earth o'er- spread	1 32
Why do the Deeds of happier Men	1 33
When all the Secrets of my Heart	1 41
With bending Knees and aking Eyes	1 44
Whither, O whither art Thou fled	1 46
Who hath believ'd the Tidings? who?	1 55
Weary of struggling with my Pain	1 58
Where shall my wond'ring Soul begin	2 67
When first thy gracious Eye's Survey	2 77
Welcome, delicious, sacred Cheer	2 84
When CHRIST had left his Flock below	2 126
What Morn on Thee with sweeter Ray	2 140
While Sickness shakes the House of Clay	3 201
When gracious LORD, ah tell me when	3 208
Where shall I lay my weary Head	3 218
Wherewith, O GOD, shall I draw near	3 232
When I was a Little Child	4 270
Where, my Soul, is now thy Boast	4 274